Fall, 1966

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Recollections of OLD MILESTOWN
BY S. GORDON

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"BET-A-MILLION" GATES—MAGICIAN!
TRAVESTY TOWN • WHEN PANIC TOOK OVER
WORLD'S GREATEST SLAUGHTER • CONQUERING THE ROCKIES WITH A CAMERA

SKY OF BRASS, EARTH OF IRON

BY
DAVID LAVENDER

OLD WEST

A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

FALL, 1966
VOL. 3, NO. 1
WHOLE NO. 9

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SKY OF BRASS, EARTH OF IRON

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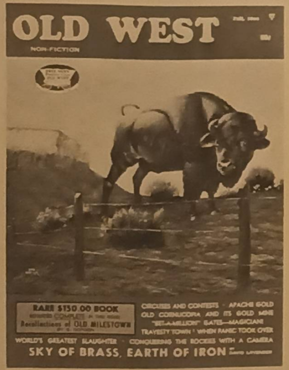
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SKY OF BRASS, EARTH OF IRON

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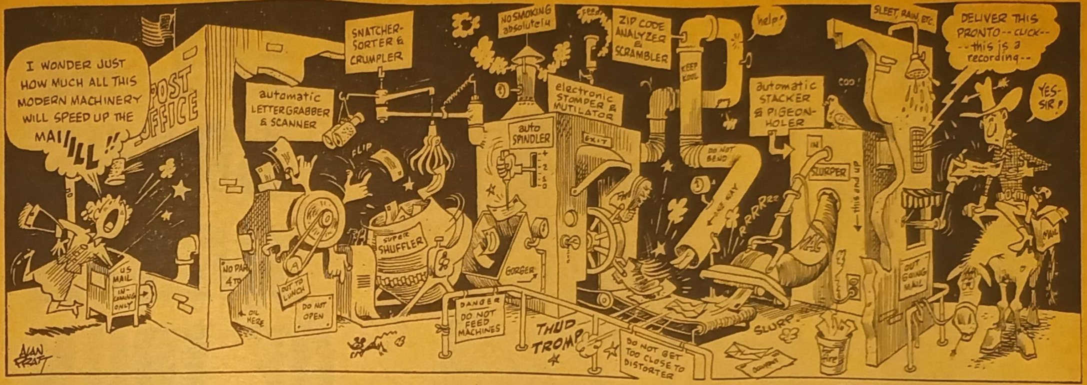
I WONDER JUST HOW MUCH ALL THIS MODERN MACHINERY WILL SPEED UP THE MAIIIILL!!
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US MAIL IN-COMING ONLY
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DO NOT GET TOO CLOSE TO DISTORTER
help!
automatic STACKER & PIGEON-HOLER
COO!
IN
SLURPER
SLURP
this end up
SLEET, RAIN, ETC.
OUT GOING MAIL
DELIVER THIS PRONTO--CLICK----this is a recording--
YES-SIR!
MAIL
ALAN PRATT

Sketch by Alan Pratt, staff artist, *Seattle Times*

IF YOUR MAGAZINES ARE MUTILATED

WE HAVE SEEN more mutilated magazines in the last year (not only ours!) than ever before in our thirty years of publishing.

We are right in the middle of finding out just what is happening since we do not sweat, bleed and work our hunkuses off in an attempt for near perfection in order to deliver you a magazine that looks like it has gone through a giant whirlwind in rocky country! We are as interested as you are in seeing that you receive a really good-looking magazine in perfect condition.

What is the trouble? We are trying to determine that now. Our newsstand copies are wrapped in heavy paper, with cardboard on top and bottom, and are bound with strong wire. Since we started this, we are not having much trouble with newsstand copies.

However, subscriber copies continue to be sent back to us in an utterly impossible condition. Naturally, we immediately replace these with copies in extra strong envelopes.

For many years we have sent out magazines—well wrapped—to subscribers. When they reached your city, the bundle was opened by the post office and single copies were delivered without wrapping. We didn't get over one complaint a year. Practically all other magazines used the same method, and their complaints were just about zero. Then, all of a sudden, things started happening. That's when we began investigating. We didn't know it would have been a rough assignment for the F.B.I.!

The post office here in Austin has been tremendously cooperative. They have pointed out some mistakes made by our mailer and by ourselves. For a while, we are going to send all magazines in envelopes. This is a tremendous expense but we've got to get your magazine to you in good condition. Some of the smaller circulated magazines can use expensive-type wrappings and bindings and their over-all cost isn't so much, but with our rather large subscription list, we have to watch every angle. Again, however, we are going to get your magazines to you in good shape if we have to deliver them personally.

I CAN'T RESIST running, as a humorous note, the cartoon by Alan Pratt which appeared in the *Seattle Sunday Times*. C. E. Land, Route 1, Box 37, Snohomish, Washington 98290, sent it in with a little notation suggesting "here is what may be happening to your three magazines—too much automation!" He goes on to say that he has been a subscriber since WESTERN SPORTSMAN days and his magazines have always been delivered to him in good condition.

We know that the post office department is going all out on correcting this situation. Just a few weeks ago Postmaster General Lawrence F. O'Brien put out a bulletin which went to every postal installation in the country. It carried the headline, "Shoddy Postal Service Will Not Be Tolerated," and he was sincere about it.

The message I am trying to put over is—with the determination to deliver mail in better condition by the post office officials as well as our determination to see that all copies *leave here in good condition*—this trouble should be ended for good. In the meantime, any time you get a damaged magazine, send it to us. We want to look it over and figure out what could have happened. We'll send you a new one by return mail.

NOW, a little about our next issue. It will carry the last of the reprints from early issues of TRUE WEST. Without a doubt (you can always tell by newsstand and subscription sales!) this has been a very popular feature for those of you who did not get the early issues of TRUE WEST. Many readers write in that they lent out certain issues and never got them back, and are glad to fill in. However, we'll be up to the available issues and a continuation of reprinting would be pointless. Therefore, after the Winter issue, you will have a magazine with all new material, and we are anxious to know how this will go. From your letters it should go good since you tell us that OLD WEST is now an established magazine and will be on your list as strong as TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES. Keep on the lookout for an occasional article printed from the old, old issues of FRONTIER TIMES (it was started in 1923)—we really have some gems there. In those days there were still plenty of "eye-witness" people living and some of those accounts are extremely valuable.

We'll also continue with the valuable old books. The one in our next issue is "*West Wind, the Life Story of Joseph Reddeford Walker, Knight of the Golden Horseshoe*" by Douglas Watson. It was privately printed by a wealthy Californian in 1934—only 100 copies were printed and he gave them all away. This is one of the few books ever written on this colorful, early-day fur trader. And if you want it for your library rather than reading it in a 50c magazine, the cost is only $125! See you later—Hosstail.

See August TRUE WEST (on sale now) for Contest results!

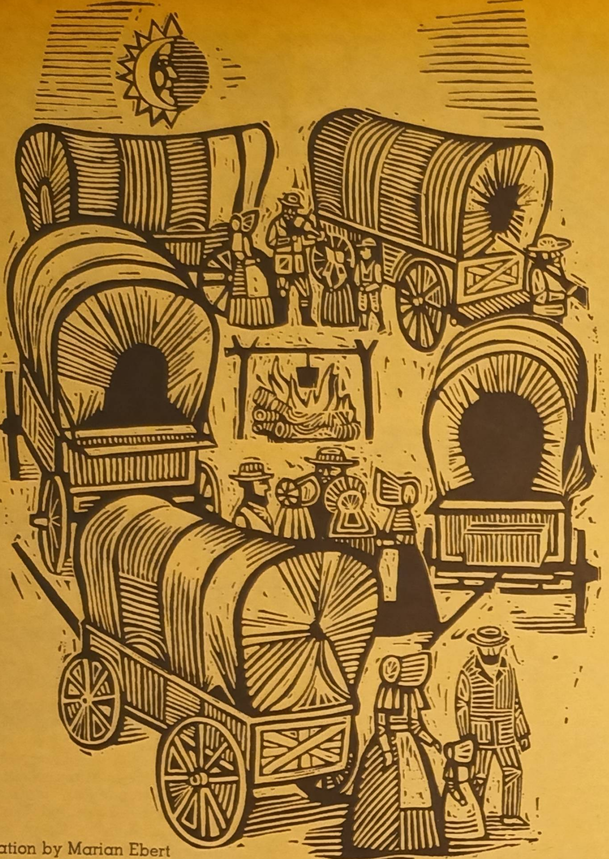


Illustration by Marian Ebert

SKY OF BRASS, EARTH OF IRON

A story of the bitter in-fighting which sometimes occurred among the early missionaries. Literally they penetrated the wilderness only to "Hate ye, one another."

Reprinted from the book WESTWARD VISION by David Lavender, through arrangement with the publishers, McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., New York, copyright 1963

By DAVID LAVENDER

SAMUEL PARKER was fifty-four years old when he felt the stirrings of adventure. After graduating from Williams College in 1806, he had gone as a home missionary to the raw frontier of western New York State. As the country settled, Parker settled with it. He held Presbyterian and Congregationalist pulpits in various hamlets of the Finger Lake area. By his second wife he fathered three children whose ages in 1833 ran between ten and sixteen. He was handsome, fussy, stingy, shrewdly observant, soundly analytical, and enormously sure of himself. At the time of his middle-aged excitement he was teaching at a girls' academy in Ithaca. One would hardly expect him to chuck job and home and take off for the Northwest on impulse. But that is what he did.

As in the case of Jason Lee, the impulse came from William Walker's letter in the *Christian Advocate* about the Flathead and Nez Percé Indians who had journeyed to St. Louis in quest, perhaps, of religious salvation. On reading the appeal, Samuel Parker dashed off a letter offering his services to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, a cooperative organization supported by Presbyterian, Congregational, and Dutch Reform Churches.

The commissioners had already contemplated a mission in Oregon. In 1820 they had established a station in the Hawaiian Islands and since then had talked, somewhat desultorily, of using the establishment as a starting point for the Northwest. Nothing had happened, however. Funds were short and demands for support world-wide. Moreover, laborers in the vineyard preferred peaceful regions that supported dense, if heathenish, populations—China, for instance—where opportunities for numerous conversions seemed bright. A handful of nomads, many of them addicted to indiscriminate slayings of white men, suffered by comparison. Unbalanced zealots transported by sudden enthusiasm did volunteer from time to time. But educated, patient missionaries able to teach primitive minds in an intelligible and interesting way were hard to find.

A family man of Parker's age and inexperience in wilderness living scarcely seemed the answer. The Board turned down his offer. But Samuel Parker was not inclined by nature to brook denial. He secured as potential companions two youngish bachelors, Samuel Allis, twenty-nine, and John Dunbar, thirty. He then toured the churches around Lake Cayuga, exciting missionary societies with his handsome face and fervent eloquence. After receiving from the First Presbyterian and Dutch Reform congregations of Ithaca a pledge to finance an exploratory trip beyond the Rockies, he again bombarded the American Board, asking only that it provide $450 a year for the support of his family during his absence.

Thus beset, the commissioners authorized the journey. They did suggest an alternative: if, on reaching the Missouri frontier, the three explorers found a trip to the Oregon country inexpedient, they should content themselves with establishing a mission among the Pawnees along the lower Platte.

THE TRIO reached St. Louis six weeks after the fur caravans and Lee's Methodists had departed. Envious of Lee, Parker wished to go on with only a single guide for protection. Horrified churchmen in the city told him he was mad; so tiny a party could not possibly survive. "If these statements," Parker sniffed by letter to the Board, "came from Roman Catholicks or Fur Traders who disregarded religion, we should not have regarded them, but they are from intelligent, experienced, Christian men."

Feeling that the Board's alternative suggestion now became operative, Allis and Dunbar departed for the Pawnees. Not Parker. He returned home, hitched up his buggy, and in the dank cold of November and December, 1834 toured the little churches of western New York, searching out recruits and funds for another effort.

In Steuben County he was approached by a chunky, round-headed doctor named Marcus Whitman. Whitman was just the sort Parker wanted. The son of impoverished pioneers, he had trained himself in medicine by "riding" for two years through the lumber camps of western New York as an apprentice to a doctor named Ira Bryant. He had taught Sunday School and had urged temperance in roughneck communities. Later he had studied for two sixteen-week terms at a medical college in Fairfield, Ohio, winning his degree in 1831 at the age of twenty-nine. If in today's view the training seems skimpy, it was better than that possessed by most country practitioners of his time. For reasons now unknown, however, medicine in the tiny town of Wheeler left him dissatisfied. Seeking fulfillment, he had offered himself to the American Board as a medical missionary but had been rejected on his admission of severe recurrent pains in his side. Since then, however, his health had improved and he told Parker that he was eager and fit for Oregon.

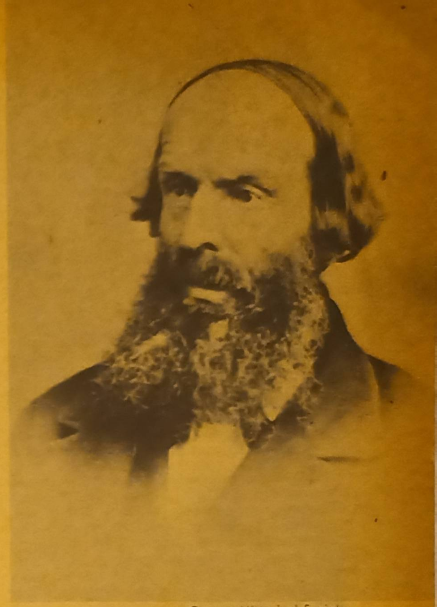
Traveling still farther west, to Amity in Allegany County, Parker met a tall blond woman, "symetrically formed" and buxom—136 pounds. She was Narcissa Prentiss, eldest daughter of a master builder called "Judge" in deference to his single term on the county bench. Narcissa was an exotic name for a potential missionary, but it suited her. Comely, possessed of a lovely voice and bubbling good humor, she had many admirers. Although twenty-six she had not married. She was very devout. As her most recent biographer, Nard Jones, points out, she had absorbed in full the misty, romantic notion that the Indians of the western United States were the true natural man of the Philosophers, ready for fruitful development as soon as their spirits were properly touched. Parker's zeal brought her vague yearnings to focus and she offered herself as a missionary—providing, of course, that it was proper for unmarried females to go to Oregon.

This time the American Board accepted Whitman's appeal and authorized his joining Parker on an exploratory trip into the land of the Flatheads. Logically enough, Parker thereupon put the thirty-three-year-old bachelor doctor in touch with the spinster. The two had already heard of each other through their church work and possibly had met. But in January, 1835 there was no time to use the mutualities as the starting point for a normal courtship. Parker was determined not to miss the fur caravan again this year. He granted Whitman time enough to visit Narcissa's home only over a single week end. The stay was sufficient, however, for them to reach an understanding: If a mission among the wild Indians of the West was a suitable spot for a woman, he would return for her and they would be married.

The two men traveled separately to St. Louis, arriving early in April. Whitman rode horseback, put his horse and saddle in a livery stable and lost both when the barns were consumed by fire. Journeying more easily and expensively by stagecoach and steamboat, Parker appeared immediately thereafter, unrumpled in the same garb that he wore for teaching in the girl's academy at Ithaca—a white stock tied neatly under his chin and a tall plug hat atop his head. He would wear the costume most of the rest of the way across the continent. It was symbolic enough. The bulk of the United States, like Samuel Parker, was dreadfully short of realistic information about the dusty way West.

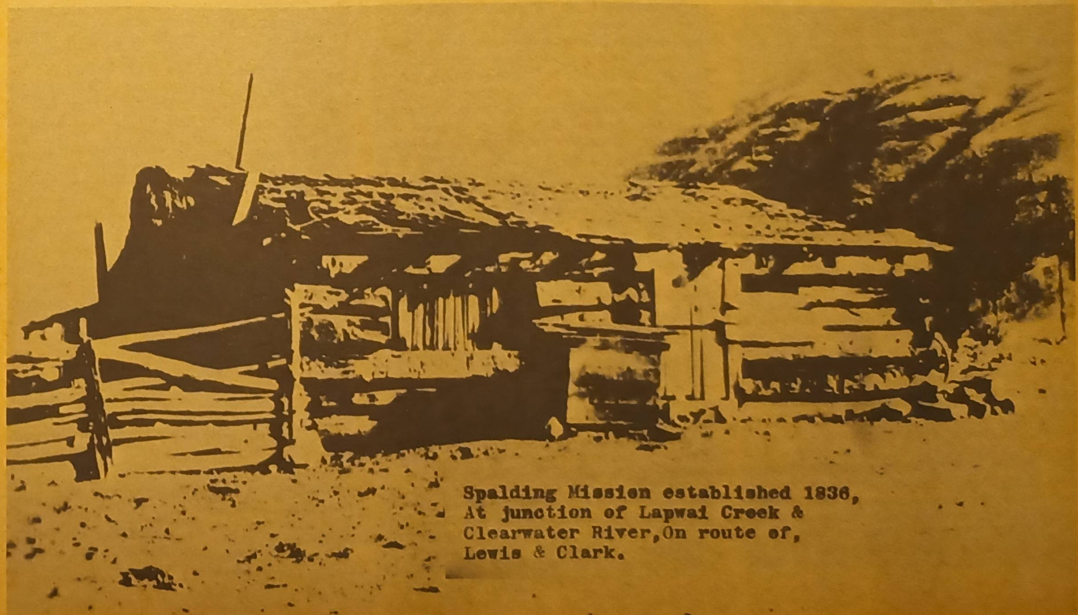
THE American Fur Company's caravan would be led that year as far as Fort Laramie in southeastern Wyoming by moody Lucien Fontenelle. In 1834 Astor sold the Western Department of the American Fur Company to Pratte, Chouteau and Company of St. Louis. In 1834-35, Pratte, Chouteau and Company absorbed the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. In 1838 Pratte, Chouteau and Company became Pierre Chouteau, Jr., and Company. The mountain men ignored all those name changes and continued to call the successors of the Western Department by the old, ingrained title—the American Fur Company. Most narratives that touch on the period, including this one, avoid confusion by following their lead.

Parker sought him out in St. Louis, probably after talking to his employers. None of them really wanted any Bible-packers along, but they didn't quite dare risk popular condemnation by saying so. Grudgingly Fontenelle told the missionary-explorers that they could go with his caravan if they got themselves to the company's new Bellevue fort near Council Bluffs on time. He was going to move up



Oregon Historical Society

Henry Harmon Spalding



Spalding Mission established 1836,
At junction of Lapwai Creek &
Clearwater River,On route of,
Lewis & Clark.

Oregon Historical Society

the north bank of the Platte this year, as Ashley had done a decade before and as the Mormons would do a decade later; and he had no intention of waiting for anybody.

His peremptoriness startled the missionaries into catching a steamboat the very next day. But the Missouri was not ready for haste. Low water and snags caused one delay after another. On April 19, Parker noted in his journal, ". . . . one of the main shafts-large, made of iron was broken, by too much steam being raised, common steam and the fumes of whiskey." Halted thus, the travelers took a wagon as far as Liberty, a small town opposite Independence, inland a few miles from the river and nearly 200 miles short of their destination. In Liberty they learned there was no hurry after all. The steamboat on which Fontenelle was traveling had gone aground on a sand bar far downstream.

Liberty was as far as any of the boats were going to run. The rest of the trip would have to be made overland with horses. Here Parker's frugality came into full bloom. He had had a hard time squeezing money for this trip out of impoverished church missionary societies and he was already vexed that Whitman had lost a perfectly good animal and saddle in a barn fire—as if it had been Whitman's fault. Now he declared that they should limit themselves to one horse each for riding and a single mule for packing their tent, camp gear, personal goods, ammunition, medical instruments, hymnbooks, and whatever trade goods they might need for bartering in the wilderness. Whitman could not pry another animal out of him even by suggesting that they might need a spare in case anything happened to one of the others.

Nearly four weeks passed before Fontenelle arrived and was ready to go. For a time he carted some of the missionaries' excess baggage in one of his wagons. Then a series of rainstorms struck, the vehicles mired, and Fontenelle ordered the goods out. Along came a wagon driven by one Moses Merrill, a Baptist who had attached himself to the caravan for its protection as he returned to his mission near the company's fort at Bellevue. Merrill had just jettisoned some of his own baggage to ease his horses. But one simply did not say no to Samuel Parker, serene above the mud in his white tie and tall plug hat. Into Merrill's wagon went the explorers' impedimenta.

Marcus Whitman did not say no to him, either. Parker told him flatly that although they ate crosslegged on the ground in a tent possessing limited conveniences, all must nevertheless be "conducted on good style; for I would not dispense with attention to decencies, because (we are) beyond the boundaries of civilization." That was fine—if someone else packed the mules, pried the wagon out of the mud, chopped the wood, cooked the dinner, washed the tin dishes, and cared for the stock. Whitman did, while Parker dilated his nostrils to savor the evening breeze and later relaxed to the soothing patter of raindrops on their tent. Now and then he pursed his mouth disapprovingly when the doctor came in exhausted and smelling of mule sweat, and forgot to wash before eating.

IT WAS a hard two-week trip. Streams were flooded. They had to raft goods across rivers that normally were fordable. At several swamps the men had to unload the bogged horses, shoulder the loads, and wade out of the muck with the equipment on their own backs. Fontenelle's roustabouts sought to drive away the resultant chills with large libations of whiskey. Legend has it that once they endeavored to make Whitman drink with them. He refused, declaring he would not touch the bottle though they held him under water until he drowned. On another occasion, so the tale runs, they pelted him and perhaps Parker, too, with rotten eggs.

Whitman reached Bellevue worn out and tortured by the old pain in his side. He hoped he might rest a bit while the caravan prepared for the long jump to the mountains, but almost immediately he was called on for help. The missionaries and most of the trappers were camped on a farm which Fontenelle owned, a mile or so below the fort. It was bottomland and the rains had turned it into a quagmire. As the men slopped listlessly about their work, several of them fell ill. Symptoms were violent—diarrhea, vomiting, agonizing cramps, fever, thirst, and convulsive shivering. The skin shrank. First the fingernails and then the face turned blue.

In 1835 no one could miss the signs—Asiatic cholera. It had first struck the United States three years before and had roared terribly across the country, perhaps the worst killer the United States has known. The summer of 1832 was the worst time—in New York City alone, 3,000 people died—but it continued sporadically afterward and would break out violently again on the emigrant trails during the Gold Rush of 1849. Written accounts did little to allay the terror it created. For example, a professor of Natural Philosophy at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, was moved by a resurgence of the disease in 1833 to deliver himself of a discourse entitled "The Cholera, God's Scourge for the Chastisement of Nations."

To people who might soon catch the disease he said: "And the excruciating—the awful agony of the sufferer is such as to render him an object of amazement and terror around him. The sight is sufficient to shock and appall humanity . . . . Physicians, men of the stoutest nerve and inured to scenes of suffering, confess themselves completely unmanned, and thrilled with horror."

The author then assigned seven reasons for the plague: slavery, mistreatment of the Indians, intemperance, politics (which led men "to compromise everything like honesty, integrity or dignity of character for the sake of carrying a point . . ."), national infidelity, division among churches, and individual sins. Not all amateur analysts covered quite so much territory, but they generally agreed that the disease struck hardest among persons addicted to vice and spirituous liquors.

No one really knew a cure, but many remedies were suggested, especially through *The Cholera Gazette*, which published sixteen issues between July 11 and November 21, 1832, to disseminate information about the epidemic. A patient must be kept warm. Suggestions: steam him with vinegar poured on hot bricks placed under his bedclothes. Or raise the bedclothes on hoops and burn a cupful of alcohol between his legs. Bleeding, particularly by cupping the epigastric arteries supplying the abdomen wall; was considered useful; in fact, bleeding was employed for all ailments. Purges were popular: "Puke with tepid salt and water" or with ipecacuanha.

MARCUS WHITMAN was ill in his tent with his usual side pains on June 10 when Fontenelle sent him an urgent message. He dragged himself out to do what he could. No doubt he bled the sufferers, as he bled himself and Parker whenever they felt rocky. He also recommended that Fontenelle move his men out of the bottomlands to a drier, fresher location on the bluffs. This may have done the trick; or perhaps the disease just burned itself out as quickly as it had come—it often did. Although three men died and several, including Fontenelle, were violently ill, the enfeebled caravan was ready to move on June 21.

June 21 was a Sunday. The missionaries refused to budge. Fontenelle, far behind schedule already, left without them. The majority of the men were too weak to ride many miles those first days, however. By starting early on Monday and pressing hard, the missionaries, equipped now with an extra pack mule, were able to overtake them by dark. This time there was no mockery of Marcus Whitman.

Fontenelle was using the journey to conduct another experiment with wagons. The emphasis of the fur trade was shifting toward buffalo robes—in 1835 they brought more on the market than beaver did—and transportation problems were shifting correspondingly. Robes were unwieldy to pack on mules. Though persistent attempts were made to float the bulky cargo in shallowdraft boats down the spring flood of the Platte, the river's erratic sand bars nearly always frustrated the efforts. Wagons would be better—if wagons could be taken readily as far as Fort Laramie, the outpost of the robe trade. To learn, Fontenelle took with him six light wagons in addition to the usual long line of pack stock, handled on this occasion by sixty men.

Although the cholera had delayed them long beyond the normal travel dates, events went as usual—crashing thunderstorms; rivers forded by covering the wagon boxes with skins; Indian scares; dysentery. Whitman was so afflicted with the last that he could not keep up with the caravan, let alone cook supper or pitch the tent. Parker, traveling earnestly westward to save the heathen, thereupon jogged ahead to dine with the brigade leader while the doctor, who reached the campground late at night, crept into bed without supper. The next day Fontenelle, the disbeliever, sent a man back to look after the packs and help Whitman on and off his horse until the doctor could navigate on his own again.

More than a thousand tall, clean, handsome, colorfully clad Oglala Sioux fell in with the caravan just short of Laramie and continued with it to the fort. The Indians were curious about the missionaries. Several came into the tent one evening while Parker was reading his Bible. Calling on such rudiments of sign language as he possessed, he endeavored to teach them the purport of the book and the proper methods of worshiping God. Bogging down, he stood and sang a hymn instead. The fascinated Sioux politely shook his hand as a way of expressing appreciation, ". . . and," he assured himself in his journal, "the expression of their countenances seemed to say, we want to know what all this means."

The Word, he felt, was needed. When the caravan and its tins of alcohol reached Fort Laramie, whites and Indians staged a thunderous drunk. One trapper shot at another. "I'm a dead man!" cried the wounded (in Parker's account). Then he reconsidered. "No, I'm not." The assailant thereupon reloaded to finish the job but was disarmed by bystanders. Even more distressing was a buffalo dance by the Sioux, who donned shaggy masks and horns and cavorted in imitation of the animals. The applauding trappers rewarded the performance with generous slugs of alcohol. Parker was not amused; white men debauching red men for acting like beasts! "What will become of their immortal spirits?"

BUT THESE were not Flatheads. His and Whitman's duty lay beyond the mountains. After six days at Laramie, the caravan moved on toward the rendezvous, led now by Thomas Fitzpatrick. The wagons, however, stayed behind: taking them farther was deemed impractical.

On South Pass they noticed the surprising chill of the high-altitude nights even in August. By forced marches they crossed the deserts bordering the Green and turned upstream to the appointed site under the morning shadows of the Wind River Mountains, where the creek draining New York Lake ran into the main stream, near modern Big Piney.

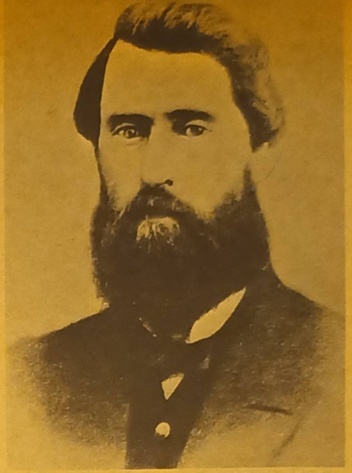
Fort Bonneville stood twenty-five miles to the north. Bonneville himself had left a little earlier that summer with his pelts by way of the Big Horn Basin, where he detached Joe Walker and a brigade to trap. The captain planned to return with supplies in 1836, but his difficulty with the Army and the discouragement of his backers kept the plan from materializing. As a fur trader Bonneville was finished.

Bonneville's twenty decaying wagons probobly still sagged outside the crude stockade—no diarist ever bothered to mention what ultimately became of the historic vehicles. But Whitman heard of them and later used them as part of his proof to the American Board that women could cross to the Oregon country.

The rendezvous was standard—scores of trappers and, by Whitman's estimate, 2,000 Indians. Most of them packed a burning thirst, aggravated by the unusually long wait for the delayed caravan. Parker, though, was at last beginning to sense why a trapper acted as he did; even after seeing young Kit Carson fight a pistol duel on horseback with another man over an Arapaho squaw, his concern for immortal souls was not so toplofty as it had been at Fort Laramie.

Whitman, perhaps the only doctor ever to reach an early rendezvous, was meanwhile called on to ply his trade again. Jim Bridger had been packing a three-inch arrowhead in the flesh of his back for three years; its barbed point had stuck in a bone and cartilage had grown around it. Another trapper had borne a similar arrowhead for more than a year. Whitman stretched both of them out and went to work without anesthetic in front of a ring of staring mountain men and Indians.

Great medicine: the next day the Flatheads and Nez Percés (who disappointed Parker by having neither flat heads nor pierced nostrils) came around to talk about spiritual healing. The missionaries also talked with William Stewart, the Briton who had gone to Fort Vancouver with Jason Lee the previous fall and who in the spring had returned to the rendezvous with Francis Ermatinger of the Hudson's Bay Company. From Stewart the newcomers learned that the Methodists had marched straight past the original red seekers for truth and had set up shop in the Willamette. So Parker was not too late after all; the Flathead field was wide open.


Idaho Historical Society

Jason Lee

Unfortunately, the two men had been sent to explore, not to establish a station. If they spent the rest of the summer pinpointing a site and later returned East to report and engage workers, no building could be started for at least two years. To their enthusiasm, fired by the wistful insistence of the Indians that they did want to learn about God (a concept the savages related vaguely both to their own mythology and to the white man's wonderful power of making cloth, guns, and whiskey), two years seemed unbearably long. Besides, Whitman had Narcissa in the back of his mind. After prayers in their tent that evening, he remarked that if only their party had consisted of three men, they could save a year by having one member go East while the other two continued searching for an appropriate site.

Parker replied that an extra man was unnecessary. He would explore alone. Whitman was aghast. Four months on the trail had left the elderly preacher as innocent of campcraft as he had been at the beginning. He simply could not make such a trip unattended.

God would attend him, Parker said. With such assistance he could not fail.

The next morning he asked the Nez Percé chiefs if they would escort him on an exploratory tour through their country and then deliver him at Walla Walla, so that he could go down the Columbia and winter at Fort Vancouver. The Indians agreed with a shout of excitement and promised him one of their best young men as a personal retainer. Captain Stewart further assured the dubious Whitman that the Nez Percés were the most reliable and peaceful Indians in the mountains and would do as they promised. If an interpreter could be hired—he turned out to be Charles Compo, a French-Canadian with a Nez Percé wife—then what seemed at first blush an insane idea might very well succeed.

Thus it was agreed: Parker would find a site and the next summer would meet Whitman's reinforcements at the rendezvous with full details. Of course, he said, he would need both pack mules for the trip. He gave Whitman $5 for purchasing a replacement. Since good horses sold at the rendezvous for $75 to $100, one can imagine the scrawny, sorebacked discard the doctor was finally able to buy. Whitman would not be traveling alone. Having discovered a Nez Percé boy named Tackitooits (Whitman rechristened him Richard), he enlisted the lad to go East with him so that they could learn more of each other's language. The envious father of another boy named Ais (he became John) then asked if his son could go too. Anticipating the Board's disapproval on the grounds of needless expense, Whitman demurred. Parker, eager to please his new hosts, overrode the objections; and the doctor, like Wyeth, found himself with two young savages to shepherd through the shocks of civilization.

ON AUGUST 22 the fifty-six-year-old schoolteacher settled his plug hat firmly on his head, said farewell to his companion, and began his incredible trek. He jogged north with Bridger's trapping brigade as far as Pierre's Hole, then on over the hair-raising trails of the Salmon River Mountains of central Idaho with his swarming, ecstatic Indians. He taught them to say the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments by rote, demanded and received special foods from them and often while so sick he could scarcely ride, took copious notes on everything he saw. Recast later in an enormously popular book and also incorporated into hundreds of lectures which Parker made throughout New England, these data gave the United States its first thorough look at a large part of the Northwest.

After he had departed, Whitman waited another five days beside the Green for the fur caravan to start for Bellevue. The trip was uneventful, though no doubt arduous. But at least his health had improved in the mountains. When he reached western New York State early in December 1835, he was bursting with energy.

He needed it. In order to be sure of catching American Fur Company's 1836 caravan to the rendezvous, where Parker supposedly would be waiting, he wanted to start back to St. Louis by early February. This gave him two months in which to complete his arrangements with the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions—arrangements not only for himself but also, he hoped, for the bride he would take West with him.

He put one of his Indian boys with Parker's family in Ithaca. He took the other to his old home town of Rushville, where he made his headquarters in the home of a friend. He wrote letters to the Board justifying their expense, and adapted his laconic journal to serve as a report of his trip. He wrote a long reply in answer to a question propounded by David Green, secretary of the American Board: "Have you carefully ascertained & weighed the difficulties in the way of conducting females to those remote & desolate regions and comfortably sustaining families there?"

Yes, Whitman said. Fontenelle of the American Fur Company had promised assistance. The missionaries would use wagons for the first part of the trip—although twenty vehicles had already crossed South Pass, he admitted that he probably would drive them no farther than Fort Laramie. By then the females would be well enough adapted to rigorous living to take to saddles—sidesaddles, of course; no white woman of the time would have considered putting on pants and riding astride. Some male tourists at the rendezvous professed shock at seeing even squaws ride that way.

They would drive cattle with them, Whitman continued. He expatiated on the wild game available for food. Not knowing of Wyeth's impending bankruptcy, he said that heavy equipment could be sent to the Columbia as Lee's party had sent theirs—by Wyeth's trading ship. He was sure that flour and other staples could be purchased from the Hudson's Bay Company.

Having been West, he was convinced that none of the problems of travel or living was insuperable. The big block lay closer to home—the questions of associates. The mission would urgently need what was then called a mechanic, a jack-of-all-trades capable of handling the manual chores that would beset even the humblest construction work. An even more pressing need, at least in the eyes of the church, was for an ordained minister to be in charge of the station. Whitman was a doctor only and could not elevate heathen souls to salvation. Unless a minister was found, the Board would not authorize the mission. Without the mission, there would be no marriage. That was Whitman's agreement with Narcissa Prentiss.

AS SOON as he reached New York State, he went to see her at Angelica, Allegany County, where her family was then living. The outlook was not promising. Apparently the Board had kept Narcissa informed about prospective candidates for the mission, and there were precious few of them. Even these few were hedged about by contingencies. As the worried couple discussed the situation, Narcissa brought up, out of desperation, the names of Henry Harmon Spalding and his wife Eliza.

It is strange that she should have done so. Her experiences with Henry Spalding had been painful. He had a warped, brooding, vindictive nature—as well he might. He was an illegitimate child. When he was fourteen or so months old, his mother had bound him out to foster parents who, in return for raising him, could command his services until he was twenty-one, a not uncommon arrangement in those days. He seems never to have seen her again. He hated the shadow of her passionately.

He grew up near Wheeler, where Marcus Whitman later practiced medicine for almost two years. He was educated only to the extent that he could scratch out his signature and read printing with difficulty. When he was seventeen, his foster father became enraged over something, got liquored up, took a whip first to his wife and then Spalding, howled "Bastard." at the boy, and threw him out of the house. Towns of equal size lay to the south and to the north of him. For no particular reason, the weeping boy stumbled north to Prattsburg, where Judge Prentiss and his family then lived.

For the next four years he lived with a schoolteacher, working for board and room and attending class when he could. In 1825, the people of Prattsburg opened an academy, a then-popular halfway step between common school and college; Judge Prentiss was one of its trustees. Spalding meanwhile had experienced conversion and had determined to become an ordained minister and missionary. The training for a theological degree was a long haul for a poor man twenty-two years old (a longer road than Whitman had been able to face when wavering between theology and medicine), but Spalding resolutely entered the academy as the oldest member of the group. He was awkward, lonely and agonizingly bashful. In 1828, when he was twenty-five, Narcissa also enrolled. She was nineteen, beautiful, popular, gay. She smiled on him out of natural kindliness, and Henry Spalding fell hopelessly in love.

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Eliza Spalding Warren, daughter of missionaries Henry H. and Eliza Spalding. She survived the Whitman massacre.

He learned, perhaps through their church work together, that she too wanted to be a missionary. That was enough to convince Spalding that he was just the man for her. He blurted out a proposal and was completely embittered when, to his astonishment, she refused him. In his hurt he proclaimed throughout Prattsburg that he would never go to a mission that housed Narcissa Prentiss. "I question her judgment"—a remark that Narcissa's hot-tempered father took more amiss than she did.

A little later Spalding began a courtship by correspondence with Eliza Hart, who lived off east toward Utica. She was frail, scrawny, dark, and coarse-featured, the antithesis of Narcissa, although Spalding did not know that when he began writing. Eliza was also alert and kind, and the possessor of an appeal which does not emerge in print but which strongly attracted those who penetrated her shy and rather forbidding exterior.

She fell in love with him, or at least with his missionary dreams. When he went to Western Reserve College in Ohio, where he supported himself with part-time jobs, she followed him and waited patiently until he earned his bachelor's degree. After his graduation, they were married and shifted to Lane Theological Seminary in Cincinnati. As Spalding put matters in his inimitable way to the American Board, he "married for the express purpose of giving my wife the opportunity of pursuing the same Theological studies with myself." While she studied, she took in boarders—and Spalding kept on with part-time jobs.

When they left Lane in the Spring of 1835, Eliza was pregnant. They went to her home near Utica while they waited for the baby—and for an appointment. During the summer, Spalding visited old friends in Prattsburg (by this time the Prentiss family had moved to the next county) and there he was ordained a Presbyterian minister. He was thirty-two. Whatever else might be said of the poor bastard, he at least had been persistent.

OTHER THINGS might be remarked. When their baby was still-born in October, 1835, the father wrote, "The Lord most righteously chastised us for our sins." In recommending the Spaldings to the American Board, one of their references stated that Eliza, well loved by a large circle of friends, was "one of the best women for a missionaries (sic) wife with whom I am acquainted." As for Spalding, he was pious, industrious, and willing to make sacrifices. "He can turn his hand to almost any kind of handy work, is not remarkable for judgment and common sense . . . is sometimes too much inclined to denounce or censure those who are not as zealous and ardent as himself . . . jealous."

During the fall, the Board appointed him, with some reservations, to the Osage Indian mission in western Missouri. As a going-away present, Eliza's father gave the couple a horse, harness, and a light wagon especially constructed to withstand the rigors of western roads.

At about the same time, a letter arrived from Marcus Whitman, asking if Spalding would consider an appointment among the Indians beyond the Rocky Mountains. How much the doctor knew of the minister's early love for Narcissa is uncertain. Her nature is such that one assumes she told him. In the face of these larger urgencies, the matter may not have seemed important to Whitman.

As Spalding read the letter, he must have thought sourly that the woman who had rejected him was now asking him, in effect, to make her marriage to another man possible. It may have crossed his mind, also, that the Board would hardly approve of a last-minute switch in assignment. Under the circumstances, generosity did not cost anything. He told Whitman he would go if the Board permitted.

The Board did not authorize the change. Its representatives and Whitman continued to work feverishly to find another candidate. One by one each prospect withdrew. Completely desperate, Whitman again urged Spalding on the commissioners.

The date on which Whitman had hoped to leave for the West arrived and passed. At last an ambiguous letter arrived from the Board's secretary. Whitman interpreted it to mean that if Spalding himself expressed a wish to go to Oregon, the Board would authorize the switch.

Whitman immediately rode from Rushville through deep snow to Prattsburg, hoping to catch Henry and Eliza there. But they had already attached sleigh runners to the light wagon and were driving to Cincinnati, where they planned to board a steamboat for St. Louis and western Missouri. The doctor nevertheless pressed on, reasoning that the pair would not have traveled on the Sunday which had intervened. They hadn't, and he managed to overtake them.

No one can possibly know what thoughts went through Spalding's mind. Undoubtedly he mentioned Eliza's poor health, perhaps sincerely, perhaps as an escape. Legend has it that she retired alone to their inn room and prayed for an answer. It came out ambiguous, too. Christ had instructed His ministers to preach to all the world—mountain Indians as well as Osages. In other words, she would go wherever her husband led.

Did it occur to Henry Spalding that as an ordained minister he would outrank Whitman at the mission? Did he reflect that forever after Narcissa Prentiss would owe her marriage to him? Or was he being truly Christian when he resigned his own ambitions among the Osages and said his original promise still held: he would go with Whitman if the Board sent him a clear-cut authorization. The letter could catch him either at Cincinnati or St. Louis. No time would be lost. Whatever his destination proved to be, he had to go through both cities.

As far as Whitman was concerned, this was tantamount to settlement. Of course the station still needed a mechanic, but that was the Board's problem. He'd found the minister, hadn't he?

BY CHANCE the Board received, at almost the same time it received Whitman's letter, an application for Oregon from William H. Gray, a devout twenty-six-year-old cabinetmaker of Utica, who had learned of the opening through a minister with whom Whitman had corresponded. (Gray did not know Eliza Spalding; their coming from the same area is just another of the coincidences of the entire strange siuation.)

The man Gray cited as a reference searched hard for good points, said he was a skilled worker, healthy, and abstinent. He then said that William Gray was not good missionary material; the carpenter evinced "a confidence in his own abilities to a fault . . . is a slow scholar." In fact, Gray's teachers at school called him a complete dullard. His monumental ego nevertheless had led him in the fall of 1835 to start studying medicine. The physician who tried to teach him soon threw up his hands in defeat. (Thirty-five years later, dullard Gray wrote *A History of Oregon*. Acidly prejudiced and enlivened with sour, non-academic humor, the book is nonetheless full of telling observations and is essential source material for the period of which it treats.)

Now Gray wanted to be a missionary. With no further search into his qualifications, the harassed Board told him to overtake the party in Missouri. The secretary also wrote Spalding, addressing the letter to Cincinnati, and directed him to change his destination to Oregon.

The road to Cincinnati took the Spaldings through Angelica, where the Prentiss family lived. Spalding stopped long enough to apologize to Judge Prentiss and to Narcissa for the derogatory remarks he had once made about her. He did it on February 16 or 17. On the eighteenth, Marcus Whitman and Narcissa Prentiss (she dressed herself in black) were married. The Spaldings did not stay for the wedding of the couple with whom they had said they were willing to associate themselves, but plodded on through miserable winter weather toward their still-unknown destination.

If these four oddly suited people had stayed at home, they probably would have remained undistinguished, even in the narrow little towns of western New York. But they listened to the first faint whispers that were beginning to stir through the country about the land beyond the mountains, and as a result more words have been written about them than about any other pioneers in our history.

Eliza Spalding and Narcissa Whitman were the first women to cross the North American continent—that in itself would be piquant enough for a volume or two. In addition, for Narcissa, this was a honeymoon trip, and she was beautiful to boot. During her wedding journey she and her husband would sleep in the same tent with the brooding, jealous, rejected suitor whose generosity, if that is the word, had made her marriage feasible. Imagination could hardly have invented such a situation. But the ordinary wrenchings of life did. And as long as these four were fated to be the precursors of civilization in the Northwest, it seems fitting enough that they should take a few of civilization's grubbier complications along the trail with them.

ON THE WAY to Pittsburgh to catch a steamboat down the Ohio, the Whitmans and their two Indian boys joined forces with Dr. Benjamin Satterlee and his ailing, twenty-three-year-old bride, Martha. Neither Dr. Satterlee nor Dr. Whitman could diagnose the young woman's complaint (it sounds like tuberculosis), but she refused to turn back. Her husband had just been assigned to the Pawnee mission which had been founded by John Dunbar and Samuel Allis, Parker's companions on his short-lived 1834 trip, and his wife was not going to interrupt his budding career now. Besides, she had responsibilities. She was chaperoning Miss Emaline Palmer, who was traveling to the same mission to marry Samuel Allis.

In Pittsburgh the travelers learned that the Spaldings were two weeks ahead of them. Henry had sold his horse but had shipped the wagon to St. Louis. For Eliza's sake Spalding very much hoped that wagon travel would prove as feasible as Whitman insisted, for the trip was beginning to look formidable. Ominous advice had just some to him from George Catlin, an artist who had considered himself an authority on the West ever since his 1832 trip up the Missouri to paint pictures of the Indians who hung around the trading posts.

Catlin flatly told Spalding that the fatigues of a journey across the plains would "destroy" white women. The details Spalding summarized somewhat incoherently in a letter to the Board: "1400 miles from the mouth of the Platt, on pack horses, rivers to swim, and every night to spend in the open air, hot sun and storms, the buffalo meat we can live on doubtless." Furthermore, "the enthusiastic desire to see a white woman prevailing among the distant tribes, may terminate in unrestrained passion consequently in her ruin."

Like ailing Martha Satterlee, however, Eliza refused to be the cause of turning back. Calmly she told her husband that she would trust in God and go forward without fear.

In Cincinnati they tarried to visit old friends from Lane Theological Seminary, and there the Whitmans overtook them as did the Board's official permission to switch to Oregon. Though Narcissa may have felt restraint on meeting Spalding again, there was none with Eliza. By the time the united party had reached St. Louis, she was writing, "I like her very much. She wears well upon acquaintance. She is a very suitable person for Mr. Spalding—has the right temperament to match him. I think we shall get on very well together."

In St. Louis they picked up a letter from the War Department (addressed to Spalding alone; that showed who was in charge, didn't it?), authorizing the two men to establish a station in the Indian country. And it was Spalding who arranged special steamboat rates to Liberty, where the party would make connections with an American Fur Company vessel bound to Bellevue, the departure point for the supply caravan. Spalding's long struggle for an education had inured him to charity. He confronted the captain of their boat with a pompous statement of their cause and demanded, rather than requested, preferential treatment.

The embarrassed man, retreating like other captains Spalding had faced down along the Ohio, reduced the party's costs from $180 to $100. And when the newly married Whitmans indulged themselves one evening on the upper deck to watch by moonlight the majestic confluence of the Missouri and the Mississippi, Spalding recalled them to their place, striding up from below. "I could have dwelt upon the scene still longer with pleasure," Narcissa wrote plaintively. "But Brother Spalding called us to prayers and we left."

THEY OUTFITTED themselves in Liberty while waiting for the fur company's steamboat, *Diana*. They bought tin dishes, hunting knives to wear strapped to belts about their waists, staple foods, and extra clothing. They purchased fourteen horses, six mules, four milk cows, and thirteen beef cattle. They acquired a heavy farm wagon to supplement Spalding's light vehicle, and that meant buying more harness. (It does not appear whether the wagons were canvas-topped, like those revered in our folklore. The big freighters used on the Santa Fe Trail and the carts being introduced by the fur company were roofed with canvas; probably these were too. It was the logical way to combat weather.)

To help drive the cattle and attend to the chores they hired a white youth named Dulin and another Nez Percé boy, who happened to be in town looking for a way home. (Curious Indians every now and then went to the settlements with the caravans.) They bought saddles for everyone, including sidesaddles for the ladies, and enough heavy, oiled, striped cotton cloth called bed ticking to make a conical tent large enough for sheltering the entire party. Expenses came to a horrifying $2,800.

During the bustle William H. Gray arrived. About the same time Samuel Allis appeared from the Pawnee mission to marry Emaline Palmer—Spalding conducted the services. But there was worry amid the rejoicing. Martha Satterlee was dying.

To save freight expenses, the missionaries loaded their baggage into the two wagons and sent the vehicles overland to Bellevue with the cattle. Because the distraught Satterlee wanted Whitman to stay with him and his wife, it became the lot of Gray and Spalding to make the trip. The others planned to follow by steamer.

Five days after the advance caravan had left, Martha Satterlee died. A grave was dug beside the river and on Sunday, May 1, the little group gathered for the final rites. In the midst of the services the American Fur Company's steamboat chugged around the bend. To Whitman's and Allis' consternation it did not put into the dock serving Liberty, as it was supposed to do, but sailed on. To stop it the dismayed missionaries stampeded from the open grave to the water's edge, waving and shouting. The captain tooted his whistle, waved back—and went on. His action, in view of the company's promise that the boat would stop in Liberty, has never been adequately explained.

The missionaries had to catch the supply caravan at Bellevue; in no other way could they cross the plains. If they could not travel the 200 miles to Bellevue by boat, then they must go the slower, harder way by land. Rushing back to the grave, they hurried through the services. Then, although it was Sunday, they began frantic preparations for the unequal race.

Save for such personal items as the travelers had planned to take on the steamer, their entire complement of baggage had been sent ahead with Gray and Spalding. Buying duplicate items wrenched Whitman's conscience; expenditures had already exceeded the Board's anticipation. But there was no help for it. He bought what was necessary and rented oxen and a wagon to carry the load. But he did not include a tent. Thus the carefully reared females—Narcissa, Eliza, and Emaline Allis—abruptly found themselves sleeping on the ground with no covering other than their blankets.

It was the beginning of a long struggle to dress and undress and meet sanitary needs in modesty. Naturally their journals do not mention it. Neither do and diaries of the pioneer women who followed them. But it must have been a very real problem, especially along the Platte, where dysentery created its invariable havoc and not so much as a willow bush grew to afford privacy.

They crawled up the Missouri to a ferry that crossed to Fort Leavenworth. The six of them and their gear were too much for the rented oxen. After they had crossed the river, Whitman sent Allis ahead on a horse to bring Spalding back with the light wagon.

Spalding appeared in miserable shape. During the uproar of driving the livestock onto the ferryboat he had been kicked in the chest by a mule. On the boat itself a fractious cow whose halter he was holding had leaped overboard and pulled him into the river. That evening a storm leveled their tent and he had shivered out the rest of the night shelterless in a cold spring downpour. The next day he had been almost too sick to navigate.

Fortunately he and Gray had acquired another helper just before the accidents, Miles Goodyear. Miles was thin, towheaded, and ragged. He looked to the missionaries to be sixteen. Actually he was nineteen. Orphaned at five and bound out at ten as an apprentice to a Connecticut farmer, he had started West as soon as his service was finished. "He was determined," Gray wrote later, "to be his own man," and the mountains seemed the place for that.

When the missionaries found him trudging alone over the prairie, he had not eaten for two days and possessed no powder for his ancient rifle. But he was not discouraged. Yes, he told them, he'd lend a hand in return for his vittles as he moved toward the freedom he wanted. With infinite relief, Spalding turned his share of the chores over to the boy.

Whitman bled the aching Spalding and gave him a gigantic dose of calomel. Spalding grew sicker. Then a message arrived from the Otoe Indian Agency at Bellevue, eighteen miles to the north. A man was desperately sick there and could the doctor please come? Whitman rode ahead and so learned that the caravan, this year in the charge of Thomas Fitzpatrick, had left the day before without them. Once again it was traveling up the north side of the Platte.

AFTER TREATING the invalid and sending a guide back to his own party, Whitman raced after the fur traders. Fitzpatrick proved to be ruthlessly blunt. No, he would not wait. He had 400 horses and mules to keep in check. He carried tens of thousands of dollars' worth of goods on his pack animals and in seven big freight wagons, each drawn by six mules. His partner, Milton Sublette, who recently had lost a diseased leg by amputation, was jouncing along with them in a little cart pulled by two mules hitched in tamdem. The ubiquitous Scot, Sir William Stewart, and a friend named Sillem were on hand with two more carts. The whole was shepherded by seventy men.

They were due at the rendezvous on the Green River, Fitzpatrick said, by July 4 (it was now May 16 or 17) and he could not spare a day. The missionaries were welcome to travel with the caravan if they caught up, but he would not disrupt his timing to suit their convenience.

At least Whitman had learned what he was up against. Back to the Otoe Agency he galloped. The first problem was to get his party to the north side of the Platte. Strangely enough, no aid appeared from the Agency, and the all-but-helpless missionaries, their three young Indians, and two hired hands (Dulin and Goodyear) were left to their own resources. The Otoe Indians were away on a hunt; but John Dunbar of the Pawnee mission was there. So was the Otoe agent, John Dougherty, and presumably, so were various Agency workers. Other establishments near Bellevue must have contained able-bodied men. But evidently no one was impressed by the group's historic nature, and they all ignored the struggles of the desperate greenhorns.

The wagons had to be unloaded before they could be dragged through the sandy river bottom. For ferrying the baggage and passengers Whitman obtained a boat of buffalo skins, but during the night Indian dogs reduced its capacity by eating part of it. Satterlee was still grief-stricken, Spalding was sick, the hired hands had enough to do with the wagons and livestock. Back and forth among a mile of sand bars and potholes, Gray and Whitman dragged the skin canoe, transporting a single passenger and two or three boxes per trip. Much of the time it rained.

By Thursday evening Whitman was so chilled and exhausted that he could scarcely crawl up the bank after the day's last crossing. On Friday they finished. But the big farm wagon had been damaged as it lurched over the riffles and they had to spend Saturday morning repairing it. All this while the caravan was getting farther ahead.

Should they break a Commandment by traveling on Sunday? Sterner members said no; the Lord might punish them by putting the caravan entirely out of reach. After anxious prayers, however, the majority decided that it was a chance they would just have to take. At the Elkhorn River, which they forded on Monday, the group bound for the Pawnee mission left them and the Oregonians pressed on by forced marches that sometimes lasted until midnight. At Loup Fork, a hundred miles or so from the fording of the Platte, they overtook the caravan, which had been having shakedown problems of its own.

ROUTINE now established itself, fur-caravan routine. At the first pallor of dawn the shout to arise rang through the camp. This stirred the picketed, hungry mules to a hideous braying to be turned loose for breakfast. On every hand figures bustled about, packing up. By six, Fitzpatrick was shouting for men and wagons to fall into line—the missionaries were seldom able to gather themselves together that soon—and the caravan lurched off on its serpentine course. Fitzpatrick rode in the lead. Behind him came the long single file of pack mules, then the fur company's wagons and Sublette's mule cart. Eating the dust in the rear plodded the missionaries. Miles Goodyear rode first as pilot for the teams. Behind him Gray drove the four horses that pulled the baggage-laden farm wagon.

The Spaldings and Whitmans followed in the lighter two-horse vehicle—though sometimes, to escape Spalding's growing irritability, the doctor and his bride changed to horseback and accompanied the Indians and Dulin, who brought up the rear with the cattle. The Spaldings never took to saddles; Eliza's health did not allow.

The caravan traveled until about eleven, nooned under the blazing sky in a huge sprawl until about two, and continued until six or so. Streams were the biggest trouble, both their steep banks and the water itself. Diaries of the party do not mention the expedient, used wherever possible by later travelers, of raising the wagon boxes above water level by driving chocks of wood between the beds and the frames. Probably the device was employed, however; loading and unloading at each creek was hard, not only on the goods but on time and tempers.

But raising the beds would not suffice at major rivers. Out the packages came, to be heaved onto the tallest horses or loaded into bullboats. Women crossed like the baggage, on horses or in bullboats. The empty wagons were taken over in one of two ways. Sometimes they were turned into precarious boats by covering the boxes with waterproofed skins. Or sometimes a dugout canoe was worried under the wheels of each side, the canoes were lashed together by sticks, and the vehicle was teetered across by men hauling on long ropes. Indian cattle drovers sometimes splashed after their herd on horseback. Or sometimes they stripped naked, tied their shirts around their heads, waded in afoot, and swam. "Such a snorting & hallowing you never heard," Narcissa wrote, "at the same time you can see nothing save so many heads floating upon the water."

The cow herd could seldom keep up and generally reached camp at dark or later. They found wagons and packs arranged against a stream in the usual large hollow square. What section of the square the missionaries occupied is not apparent in their reminiscences. They might have liked privacy, away from the hair-curling, automatic profanity and the show-off prancing of the men; but greenhorns were generally placed in the safest spot, beside the stream. The barricade of wagons and baggage, it should be noted, was not tested by armed Indians that year or for many years thereafter. But the savages of the plains had other ways of being pestiferous. They haunted the camps to beg and to steal whatever object was left momentarily unwatched. They occasionally raided horses or mules that strayed a little distance from the camp, but seldom bothered oxen or cattle. They frequently robbed and occasionally murdered stragglers. It behooved trains to keep together, and in general the fur caravans did. The only ones of the missionary group who were ever in danger of physical violence—fortunately it did not materialize—were the drovers bringing up the sore-footed cattle in the rear.

WITHIN THE BOUNDS of the caravan's routine, Narcissa and Eliza worked out their own housekeeping habits. Variety in menus was no problem: there was none. Though Narcissa does not mention the staples of the later migrations—bacon, beans, and rice—the missionaries doubtless ate them during the first part of their journey. They had tea, coffee, and sugar. They carried ample flour. They may have had pickles and vinegar. Thanks to their cows they had the luxury of milk and cream and probably made butter.

They had trouble learning the awkward art of baking outdoors enough bread every day to satisfy ten hungry people. In theory it was simple. One mixed flour, warm water, soda, and salt in a large tin basin, meanwhile keeping out blowing sand and mosquitoes, which sometimes got stuck in the mass in such numbers as to turn it black. The kneaded dough was then flattened until it was an inch thick and put into a liberally greased Dutch oven or an iron skillet with a heavy lid. Coals were then heaped on the lid. The trick was to cook the inside of the bread through without turning the top and bottom crusts to charcoal.

Before buffaloes were sighted, the missionaries butchered two of their beef cattle, sharing some of the meat with Fitzpatrick. The usual frantic excitement attended the appearance of the first herd. Whitman indulged the women by stopping the wagon long enough to let them run onto the bluffs for a closer look at the stirring sight. Male travelers meanwhile seized rifles and galloped in frenzied pursuit, to discover (as Cornelius Rogers put it in 1838) that "on account of the peculiarity of their shape, few, except those who know at what part to aim, succeed in killing them." Mountain men who did know made wanton slaughter among trailside herds, shooting just for practice. Many a carcass was left untouched; from most only the tongue and choice hump ribs were taken for food.

The meat could be prepared in various ways: boiled for ten minutes (longer cooking toughened it), cut into thin strips and dried into jerky, fried, or roasted on the ends of sticks. Having mastered the different methods the year before, Whitman appointed himself cook. Thereafter their flour was used only for thickening broth.

At first Narcissa delighted in meat three times a day, rounding out the meals only with tea. "I relish it well and it agrees with me . . . So long as I have buffalo meat I do not wish anything else." This on June 27. But by July 22 she was wearying: "I fancy pork & potatoes would relish extremely well. Have been living on fresh meat for two months exclusively. Am cloyed with it"—a satiation that seems never to have afflicted mountain men. They could eat buffalo endlessly, as much as eight pounds per man at a sitting.

As every schoolchild now knows, cookfires were built of buffalo dung. ("I suppose now Harriet will make a face at this," Narcissa wrote home, "but if she was here she would be glad to have her supper cooked at any rate, in this scarce timber country.") While the men of the later migrations unpacked, pitched tents, and tended to the stock, the women and children wandered around the nearby plains with sacks or pieces of canvas, picking up enough round dry chips to last through supper and breakfast. The missionary women probably had to glean the dung also; it was part of housekeeping.

The usual method of burning it was to dig a shallow trench in the direction of the prevailing wind and heap the trough full of fuel. The coals glowed with very little flame—adequate for cooking but small comfort on a cold night. If a hard rain fell during the afternoon, supper was served cold—unless someone had found driftwood along a stream bank. Wood was eagerly sought and often carried many miles. After sagebrush had been reached, its knotty stems furnished a quick, hot fire. Finicky eaters, however, thought that sage ash in their food spoiled its taste. They claimed, indeed, that sage chickens, a game bird which inhabited sage country, were quite inedible (something that this writer, who grew up among the aromatic plants, never noticed) and that any fresh meat which happened to brush against the pungent, gray-green leaves might as well be thrown away.

LIKE HUNDREDS of wistful women who followed them, Narcissa and Eliza (to the extent of her health) tried to preserve the amenities. Like the trappers, they ate off the ground from tin dishes with hunting knives. Unlike the trappers, they spread out an India-rubber cloth in lieu of table covering, whittled forks from sticks, and either folded blankets for seats or drew up boxes. For a time Marcus made a ceremony of conducting Narcissa to her place—"in a way that would make you laugh to see us," she wrote proudly. But Eliza was too sick to laugh, Spalding too highminded for vanities, and Gray too resentful of this starchy blonde who disdained his self-important ways. Still, she enjoyed the expanding freedom and adventure of those early days. "I was never so content and happy before." She even invited the Englishmen, Fitzpatrick, and Black Harris to tea one afternoon. They were gracious and merry, and everyone had a marvelous time. Except Gray. He had a bilious prejudice toward all things English; anyway he did not believe in truckling to people who claimed superior rank.

A week's rest at Fort Laramie gave the women an opportunity to do their first laundry since leaving Missouri. "It is very pleasant," Eliza wrote, "to fix my eyes, once more, upon a building." Narcissa exclaimed over real chairs with seats of buffalo hide. They savored their first Sunday of quiet in more than a month, and were pleased that several mountain men congregated under the nearby cottonwood trees to listen to Spalding's sermon on the prodigal son.

The fur company and Stewart left their vehicles at the fort. The missionaries were persuaded to abandon their large wagon also. But not the little wagon, the Dearborn. Although it was Spalding's property, accounts agree that Whitman was the one who determined to take it as far as Oregon if possible, and so became its slave.

Since its carrying capacity was limited, baggage from the big wagon was repacked for mule travel. Much had to be discarded. But what? Animosities that had been smoldering along the Platte flared openly. Tired tongues began recriminations, then caught themselves just short of eruption and painfully stitched the ragged edges back together. In stiff politeness the packs were readjusted more or less to suit everyone.

Whitman's determination led one-legged Milton Sublette to continue in his mule cart. Sublette's presence in turn led the fur company to dispatch a pair of men to help work out a road through the Laramie Mountains that had caused Bonneville so much trouble. They chopped cottonwood logs out of the way in the bottomlands, dug through gully banks, leveled side hills. In spite of them the wagon upset once, the cart twice. Wheels jolted agonizingly over stones, sage stumps, and transverse buffalo trails. Still, Eliza preferred the wagon to her sidesaddle. Growing faint under the broiling sun, she fell off her horse twice and once blacked out completely.

As caravans usually did before crossing the Sweetwater, this one camped near bowl-shaped Independence Rock. The rock's brittle granite was already accumulating the crudely lettered names which a few years later led Catholic missionary Pierre-Jean De Smet to call it the great record of the desert. Names daubed on with paint or axle grease weathered better than did those chisled into the exfoliating rock. Gray says this group added more lettering. Surely, someone included the names of the first white women to look on the massive, oval, swaybacked hummock—and perhaps the writing was the first in axle grease, unless Bonneville or Smith, Jackson, and Sublette had felt a similar urge a few years earlier. Or was weariness in the missionaries' camp too great for vanities? No record tells.

FROM Independence Rock, Fitzpatrick sent an express ahead to let the trappers know when he could be expected at the rendezvous. Inevitably the messenger also relayed the astonishing information that two white women were approaching. The sensation was tremendous. In addition, a group of Nez Percés, puffed with importance, were bearers of a letter from Samuel Parker to the newcomers. Under the leadership of Joe Meek, a burly, black-haired Virginian, twenty-six years old and already famous as a slayer of grizzly bears, these Indians and several trappers decided to make the delivery of the letter and the welcome of the women a momentous occasion.

They met the caravan after it had crossed South Pass and while it was toiling through the sagebrush toward the Little Sandy. Riding like demons, they swept along its full length, howling and firing their rifles as fast as they could reload. The men in the caravan howled and fired in return. Horses plunged; dust billowed; the train jolted to a stop. Everyone gathered around as Whitman stepped forward to accept the letter. There were quick glances of appraisal at pallid Eliza, longer ones at Narcissa. Then the expression of the doctor's face showed that the news was bad, and the missionaries forgot their reception committee.

Parker was not coming to the rendezvous. He had meant to. After a pleasant winter at Fort Vancouver, with time out to visit Jason Lee in the Willamette, he had boated with a Hudson's Bay brigade up the Columbia to Fort Walla Walla. On horseback he had examined the Spokane country and the area around Forts Okanogan and Colvile in northern Washington. But he was fifty-seven years old, and when he faced the prospect of riding several hundred miles across the snowy mountains of Idaho to the Green River, his energy ran out. So he had substituted this letter instead, a vague, rambling account of general areas that might do for missions. Entrusting the missive to some Indians, he had then returned to the comforts of Fort Vancouver.

Whitman and Spalding looked at each other in consternation. The letter gave them none of the specific information they needed. Exactly where were they supposed to go? Should they entrust themselves and their wives to no more escort than these red savages whose language they did not understand? What preparations, if any, was Parker making to help them erect and furnish their buildings before winter gripped the land?

At the moment they had no choice but to continue to the rendezvous and there adjust their thinking to this catastrophic development. They forded the Green and worked up its far bank to the triangle between Horse Creek and the river, the limit to which Bonneville had taken his wagons. The views of the two men about what they had accomplished was perhaps affected by the way their wives had taken the trip this far.

Spalding wrote to the Board from the rendezvous, "Never send another mission over these mountains if you value life and money." But Whitman wrote, "I see no reason to regret our choice of a journey by land." By now, the two colleagues were not seeing eye to eye on anything.

Before leaving New York, Narcissa had made several dresses of a bright calico print that she had hoped would impress the Indians. Perhaps she put one of them on in preparation for this occasion. Fifteen hundred Indians had assembled at the rendezvous and most of them turned out to stare at her and Eliza. As the ladies stepped to the ground no doubt feeling self-conscious, a line of Nez Percé squaws formed to welcome them. The Indians' experience with trappers had led them to believe that whites always greeted women with a kiss. One by one they filed by, planting a resounding buss on the lips of the newcomers.

Later the massed warriors of four tribes—Flatheads, Nez Percés, Shoshones and Bannocks—staged a thunderous horseback show in full regalia: war paint slashing their naked ribs, feathers, leather shields, streamers of bright cloth and animal tails fluttering from their lances. After things quieted down, the leaders of the mountain men paid court to their visitors. Shaggy workaday trappers walked back and forth in front of the conical tents, hoping for a smile. The nervier ones bobbed in to ask for Bibles or tracts. Sensing what she thought was a spiritual void, Narcissa wrote home that they could have passed out two mule-loads of literature for the boys to read when they came in tired from their hunting.

Both women started compiling Nez Percé vocabularies. Eliza, who had an aptitude for language and to whom the Indians would always be instinctively drawn, made good progress. Narcissa didn't. According to Gray, she spent too much time flirting with men like Meek and Fitzpatrick and that Englishman Stewart. "In consequence of these attentions or interruptions, she did not acquire the native language as fast as Mrs. Spalding."

THE REMINISCENCES of both the trappers and the missionaries make scant reference to the standard sinfulness of the rendezvous. Perhaps the presence of white women elevated the tone of the gathering—unlikely. Or the boys were considerate enough to slip out of earshot—possibly. Or they were so overwhelmed by the event that they wrote about it rather than about the familiar carousals—probably.

Six days after the missionaries arrived, Nathaniel Wyeth appeared on his way to the States. (He would never return to the mountains; a few months later he sold Fort Hall to the Hudson's Bay Company.) He had ridden over from the Columbia with a brigade commanded by John McLeod and Tom McKay of the English concern. They brought with them verbal and written intelligence from Samuel Parker, who suggested that his colleagues continue to Walla Walla under protection of the Bay Company. The brigade leaders added their own invitation, and in relief Spalding and Whitman accepted. They hoped now to join Parker at Vancouver and there obtain from him the information they needed.

On July 18 they swung southwestward through blistering heat to what would become Sublette's Cutoff. Though the English were pessimistic about taking a wagon very far, Whitman was insistent. He had lost one hired hand at the rendezvous—Dulin—but had replaced him after a fashion by a Negro named Hinds, who was ill and wished to stick close to the only doctor in reach. A vociferous gang of Indians went along, lodgepoles rattling as the squaws trotted by, their babies' black heads jiggling in papoose-carriers strapped to the mothers' backs, the wolfish dogs baying away after jackrabbits and antelope.

After the triumph at the rendezvous—as tremendous a reception, perhaps, as any woman anywhere ever experienced—the return to routine was an anticlimax. It was also uncomfortable. The Indians refused to halt for the noon rest to which Narcissa and Eliza had grown used, and the brigade toiled dustily along with the savages. The women found the omission hard to bear. Indeed, the earlier lilting sense of adventure had vanished from the trip for Narcissa (it had never existed for Eliza) and she could not recover it. She tried, castigating herself severely. The struggle she waged with herself appears in the vacillating, disjointed entries she made each evening in the journal she was keeping to send back to her family.

The account of July 27, while they were making their way down the Bear River, is a fair sample. It starts matter-of-factly. The caravan is shrinking in size: McKay has detached thirty trappers, and several lodges of Indians have departed on their own business. Some of the cattle have had to be shod because of sore feet. And then the outburst comes, so different from the sort of thing she had written on the way up the Platte. The trigger is the dried buffalo meat which is now their principal food.

"I can scarce eat it, it appears so filthy, but it will keep us alive & we ought to be thankful for it . . . (Girls do not waste bread, if you know how well I should relish even the dryest morsel you would save every piece carefully.) Do not think I regret coming. No, far from it. I would not go back for a world. I am contented and happy notwithstanding I get very hungry & weary. Have six weeks steady journeying before us. Will the Lord give me patience to endure it. Feel sometimes as if it were a long time to be traveling. Long for rest, but must not murmur. We are told we shall find the heat greater as we go on. . . ."

THAT APPALLING HEAT! Day after day it pressed down with the dust until on August 2 she cried, "Truly I thought 'the Heavens over us were brass, & the earth iron under our feet.'" In addition to heat there were nervous tensions. The fester of discord between Spalding and her had long since bred a similar animosity between Spalding and her husband. Gray, too, was a trial with his egotistical, holier-than-thou attitude. There was no escape from any of the problems except through her faith. July 24: ". . . the privation has been made good to me by a rich supply from the fountain head God, the Father, Son & Holy Ghost. O blessed privaledge, that such a sinner as I may have access to a mercy seat through such a Savior as Jesus Christ."

She worried over her husband's bullheaded struggles with the wagon. As they were crossing the mountains to Smith's Fork, the maddening vehicle stuck fast in a creek and he spent hours up to his waist in water, trying to pry it loose. Then they encountered side hills so steep that it upset twice. "It is not very grateful to my feelings to see him wear out with such excessive fatigue as I am obliged too." Three days later an axle broke. She rejoiced, thinking he would have to abandon the wagon. But no: "They are making a cart of the hind wheels this afternoon and lashing the forward wheels to it, intending to take it through in some shape or another."

Even the smell of sagebrush had become offensive to her. She complained about it for the first time on August 2, although she had been riding through it for weeks. Perhaps a clue lies in that new distress. Perhaps Narcissa was experiencing for the first time the miseries of morning sickness. Naturally her journal never breathes so delicate a matter. Still, realization of her pregnancy must have come to her about this time. The child, a girl, would be born on March 14, 1837. Presumably conception had been accomplished during the pause at Fort Laramie in mid-June; one has difficulty imagining it as occurring in the big communal tent with the Spaldings perhaps awake on one side, William Gray humped sourly on the other, and the hired hands snoring across the way.

The distress the forming embryo brought her must have been more than physical. Despair was chipping at her, too. Where was she taking this new life? Samuel Parker, the man they had counted on to find a site for their home, had failed them. After another site had been found and a cabin erected, would sharing it indefinitely with the Spaldings prove endurable? More to the point, to what end would the effort lead? By the time the caravan had reached the brief, blessed relief of Fort Hall—its fried bread and turnips were a luxury—Narcissa had been surrounded by Indians for nearly four weeks. Was she beginning even then to glimpse the red face of reality and sense the truth that later would overwhelm her—that she was following a romantic dream through desolation into failure?

Independence Rock, historic landmark along the trail

At Fort Hall, Miles Goodyear said that either the wagon left or he did. The missionaries chose the wagon. Miles wandered off with the trappers to follow his own dream of becoming a mountain man; marrying an Indian, he eventually became Utah's first white settler; he was growing corn near the Great Salt Lake when Brigham Young's Mormons arrived. Missing his help more than Narcissa's journal admits, the missionaries labored with a Hudson's Bay brigade on down the south bank of the Snake. At the crossing of the Portneuf, "it seemed as if the cows would run mad for the Musquetoes." Sagebrush was "so stif and hard as to be much in the way of our animals & waggon." Heat continued to oppress. A meal of elk meat and another of fresh salmon were delightful changes. But "the hills are so steep rocky that Husband thought it best to lighten the waggon as much as possible & take nothing but the wheels, leaving the box with my trunk."

That accursed cart! At the island ford over the Snake, where the trail struck northwest toward the Boise River, both the wagon and the mules turned topsy-turvy. Tangled in the harness, the animals nearly drowned. But "after putting two of the strongest horses before the cart & two men swimming behind to steady it, they succeeded in getting it over."

AT FORT BOISE, five miles above the junction of the Boise River with the Snake, Narcissa was able to do her third laundry since leaving Liberty. Circumstances were disagreeable: "no shelter to protect me from the suns schorching rays." But at least the Hudson's Bay people at the post persuaded Whitman to give up his struggle with the cart. They also left at Fort Boise five sore-footed cattle, to be traded for others at Fort Walla Walla.

Like the first ford of the Snake (near today's Glenn's Ferry), the one at the mouth of the Boise was also broken into three parts by islands. The women crossed the first two channels on horseback, but the third was too deep. Gingerly they switched to a raft made of rushes and willows; a pair of mounted Indians towed them across with ropes. Blessedly unburdened by the wagon, they worked up Burnt River, always a fearful spot for wheels, and across the endless sagebrush to Powder River Valley, memorable for a tall, lone pine that long served as a landmark.

By then horses and cattle were playing out. Worried lest Parker leave Fort Vancouver by sea before they could talk to him, the group decided that the Whitmans and Gray should hurry ahead with the Hudson's Bay people to catch him. The Spaldings would follow with the cattle, the Indian boys, and the tent. At least speed is the excuse the journals give for the separation, but one wonders if deeper frictions were not at work.

As soon as Narcissa was free of the Spaldings, her journal began to sing again. Once again she and Marcus took a noon rest: "my Husband who is one of the best the world ever knew is always ready to provide a comfortable shade with one of our saddle blankets spread open upon some willows or sticks placed in the ground."

Coming into Grande Ronde they lingered behind the others to pick berries. Beyond Grande Ronde, at sunset, they had from the cool fir-covered summits of the Blue Mountains their first glimpse of the Columbia River Valley, the white cones of Mount Hood and Mount St. Helens glittering in the distance. "Enchanting," Narcissa wrote of the view, a word she had not used before. The next morning she felt "remarkable well & strong . . . but could not see any reason why I should." Just freedom, that was all.

Pressing themselves hard and riding well east of the route by which the trail would later descend from the Blue Mountains (the so-called Oregon Trail followed approximately U. S. Highway 30 through today's Meachem toward Pendleton) they encountered the Walla Walla River a little above the fort. The post itself they reached on September 1, in time for breakfast. A cock crowed and Narcissa nearly wept. "No one knows the feelings occasioned by seeing objects once familiar after long privation." Nathaniel Wyeth had made a comparable remark at the same spot four years earlier.

No particular gain resulted from their having hurried so. The Whitmans were still at Fort Walla Walla when the Spaldings arrived two days later. Though once they had planned that Spalding would investigate sites while the others were at Fort Vancouver, the separation had evidently smoothed out ruffled tempers and now they decided to go together to the Hudson's Bay Company's great bastion on the lower river.

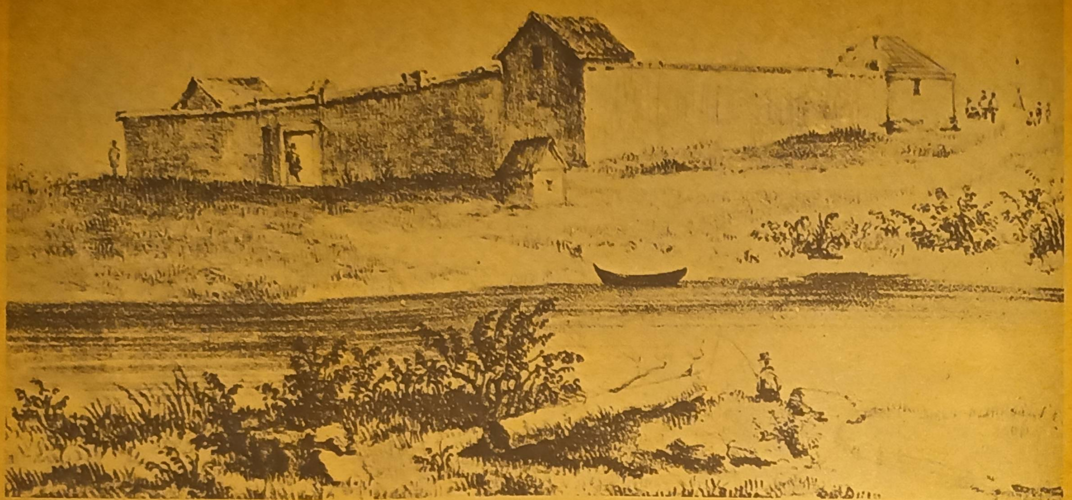
THEY LEFT livestock and Indian boys at Walla Walla. The post's factor, Pierre Pambrun, escorted them down the glass-clear water in a huge batteau, thirty or more feet long, the *voyageurs* singing at the oars. The change was exhilarating, but had its own discomforts. One day the wind blew so hard that the impatient travelers had to lay to. At an Indian camp at the portage around the Dalles, Narcissa picked up fleas, her dress "black with these creatures, making all possible speed to lay siege to my neck and ears." Every plait was full. She ran screaming after her husband, who brushed away as many as he could, but she found no real relief until she could get into her baggage for a "change in my appearal."

She saw the "flathead" Indians who had started all this—actually Chinooks who by an arrangement of boards pressed their infants' skulls not flat but into a high peak. On September 12, 1836, they breakfasted at the Bay Company's busy sawmill and there, in accordance with custom, spruced themselves for their entry into Vancouver, "the New York," Narcissa said. "of the Pacific Ocean."

Parker was gone, having caught a ship that had offered. To soften the shock, the gentlemen of the fort showed the ladies every gallantry. McLoughlin urged them to winter at his post while their husbands explored, for by now Narcissa's condition was apparent. But she would rather have her baby in the wilderness with her husband than surrounded by strangers. Eliza, too, was opposed to a separation.

What to do? By now the rupture among the colleagues was open and they had agreed that they would have to find two sites, not one. Officially the separation was explained on the ground that by dividing they could spread their message farther, not only among the Nez Percés (by letter Parker had recommended a station at the junction of the Clearwater and the Snake, site of modern Lewiston, Idaho) but also among the Cayuses in the vicinity of Fort Walla Walla. After earnest discussion they decided to look over these places, and, if the spots seemed satisfactory, to return for building materials—and for their wives. The men, accompanied by Gray, left on September 21. They would be back within a month, they said.

The explorers made their decisions quickly. They went up the Walla Walla River twenty-two miles from Pambrun's post and on the north bank, framed by



Idaho Historical Society

Early print shows exterior of Fort Boise.

a bend of the stream and by Mill Creek, found a meadow called Waiilatpu, The Place of Rye Grass. Waiilatpu which lies about five miles west of today's city of Walla Walla, Washington, was allotted to Whitman on considerations no longer known.

While Gray remained behind to bring up supplies and start a cabin, Whitman and Spalding, guided by several Indians, rode another hundred miles eastward across dry brown hills to the vast, timberless trough where the Clearwater River breaks into the Snake. Parker had recommended a station at the confluence. His judgment was sound; the twin cities of Lewiston and Clarkston later took form there. But the Nez Percés who met the whites later at the river junction wanted the station ten miles farther east, on Lapwai Creek. Touched by their importunities, the reluctant Spalding finally agreed.

By then it was October 12. The two missionaries nevertheless hoped still to winter with their wives at their respective stations, the first homes ever to shelter American white women west of the Rocky Mountains—or west of the lower Platte and Kansas Rivers, for that matter.

THEY WOULD have to hurry. While Gray and Whitman labored on the cabin at Waiilatpu, Spalding went down the Columbia for the women and for more supplies. He arrived at Fort Vancouver on October 18. On November 3, he, his wife, and Narcissa Whitman speaking to each other no more than necessary and escorted by a Hudson's Bay Company brigade, started with several boatloads of supplies on an uncomfortable journey up the rain-drenched river.

Narcissa remained at Fort Walla Walla until her cabin could be roofed. Eliza and Henry Spalding, helped by a hundred excited Indians, loaded 5,000 pounds of goods on twenty horses and rode directly to Lapwai, planning to start housekeeping in a skin tent. Gray, who had been devoting his energies to the Whitman's station, was now directed to help the Spaldings.

He stayed with them for three weeks and three days, working with logs that the Indians brought on their backs out of the mountains for a cabin destined to be forty-eight feet long and eighteen feet wide—schoolroom in one half, living quarters in the other. Long before the chore was completed, Gray began sulking. Why couldn't he have a station of his own?

The cry of the Flatheads for religious instruction was what had started the missionary movement into the Northwest, but as yet no one had gone to the Flatheads. William Gray might be the very man for them. But he must not be too headlong. With more prudence than he characteristically showed, he decided that before making up his mind he should spend a year learning the Flathead language and looking over the country. To do this as easily as possible, he would make his headquarters at the Bay Company's Flathead post in western Montana, where Wyeth's friend, Francis Ermatinger, was in charge. Ermatinger would be starting upstream from Fort Vancouver shortly with supplies, and Gray could travel with him.

About Christmas he left Lapwai, hoping to intercept Ermatinger at Fort Walla Walla. By Gray's own account it was a rough trip. He started in a canoe with two Indians. Ice forced them onto horses. Deep snow and slippery trails led them back to river travel. When he reached Walla Walla, he learned that Ermatinger might not be along for several more days. Too restless to wait (or to help the Whitmans at nearby Waiilatpu), he went on down the Columbia. dragging his boat over the ice here and there and recklessly running The Dalles—"the waters are truly in a coiling, curling, scalling, rolling, foaming condition."

On February 21, 1837, he reached Fort Vancouver. There he almost surely learned that reinforcements for Lee's Methodist mission, southward in the Willamette Valley, had sailed from Boston with stirring fanfare the previous July and on December 23 had landed in Honolulu. Because of difficulties in arranging adequate ship passage from the islands to the Columbia, the group would not actually arrive until May; but Jason Lee was already full of plans for them.

Gray may even have learned something about the group's personnel. In one respect it was unique: it contained five women and only three men. The males included a carpenter, a blacksmith, and a fussy little self-important physician named Elijah White. White and the blacksmith were married; their wives and children (one for White, three for the blacksmith) were with them. The other three females were spinsters, a state soon to end. One was Cyrus Shepard's fiancee from Lynn, Massachusetts; another would marry Jason Lee; the third would find a husband in a later missionary group.

There were still other exciting developments for Gary to contemplate at Fort Vancouver. A spy named William Slacum had spent most of January prowling around the huge post and the Willamette Valley, openly collecting information for the United States Government about British strongholds and policy in the Northwest, and suggesting to the handful of American settlers there that they send a petition to Congress asking for United States jurisdiction over Oregon. These same Willamette settlers strongly supported by Lee's Methodist mission, had also dispatched a party aboard Slacum's brig to California, there to buy and drive back a herd of several hundred cattle. The animals, they thought, would help make them independent of McLoughlin, who lent the Americans milch cows from Fort Vancouver's small herd but refused to sell the creatures outright and compounded the irritation by demanding that all calves be turned back to him. To the Americans this looked like economic bondage. They resented it. They fully intended to become as independent as their own efforts, abetted by the distant Congress of the United States, would allow them.

In other words, as Gray perhaps recognized, an American colony was slowly coalescing around the Methodist mission. If the missionaries east of the Cascade Mountains hoped to match it, now was the time to start. Gray, too, began to think of bringing in more Christian Americans—literally bringing, with himself marching grandly in the lead.

WITHIN A WEEK he was on his way back up the river with Francis Ermatinger, generally called Frank. Frank Ermatinger would become a familiar figure to the migrants of the early 1840s. Journal after journal sings his praise, and from the accounts one envisions a debonair and contented man. But his own intermittent correspondence with a brother in the East shows a different view—discouragement, frustration, and bursts of violent passion.

When Gray met him, Ermatinger was thirty-nine or forty years old and his hair was beginning to whiten. After a fair education in England, he had joined the Hudson's Bay Company as a clerk in 1818. His transfer in 1826 to Fort Okanogan on the Columbia River in north-central Washington had delighted him. "Being appointed to this side of the mountains," he wrote his brother Edward, "is reckoned by the Sanguine as a sure step to their promotion." But the goal he desired, respect and rank as a chief trader, eluded him, even though in 1832 he was put in charge of the dangerous Flathead post of Clark Fork, with particular instructions to resist, by superior trapping and trading, threatened encroachments by the Americans.

His love life had been equally discouraging. The squaw he married somewhere west of the mountains proved faithless. He cut off the ears of her Indian paramour and for this "injudicious" act was censured by the company. This did not prevent him from starting to pay court, about 1835, to his boss' daughter, Maria McLoughlin—"a quite interesting young lady," Narcissa Whitman had written after meeting Maria in September, 1836.

Since McLoughlin's wife was half Cree and half Swiss, Maria was only one-quarter Indian. This, together with her father's powerful status, made her much sought after by the leading men of the company. Ermatinger never had a chance. Maria was in her teens; Ermatinger was crowding forty. During the winter of 1837-38, McLoughlin told him that his attentions were not welcome. But Frank stayed devoted to the old gentleman: "I never had more respect for any man in my life . . . am allways improved while in his company."

Ermatinger had fathered a half-breed son by his faithless squaw—who, incidentally, hanged herself in the spring of 1837. The father did not want the boy, whose name was Lawrence, to learn of the tragedy, "nor do I wish he should ever know who his mother was." For a time Lawrence stayed at Vancouver. McLoughlin was nominally his guardian. The people at the fort fed him well, but they had so many little half-breeds about "of all tribes, that they cannot pay the attention to them that the children require; the consequences are that their morals are not good nor their habits of cleanliness charming." Lawrence, the father feared, was actually becoming vicious. So when the supply barges started slowly back up the river on March 1, 1837, Ermatinger took the lad with him to see what he could do about training him.

Hearing at Fort Walla Walla of the birth of the Whitmans' daughter, Ermatinger, Gray, and Pambrun rode to Waiilatpu to see the wonder. Back at the Fort, Ermatinger switched his brigade to horseback and headed northwest through the rolling Palouse country, traveling slowly because of deep, soft snow. Where the city of Spokane now stands, they came on a camp of Spokane Indians. The brigade halted to let their famished horses rest and were amazed, two days later, to see Spalding appear with several pack horses and five Nez Percé Indians. They were bound north from Lapwai to Fort Colville to obtain garden seed and other supplies from the trader there, Archibald McDonald.

THE ADVENT of white medicine men, or missionaries, invariably excited the Indians of the interior Northwest. The Spokanes were no exception. They already had a teacher of their own blood, Spokane Garry, who had received his education back east at Red River. Garry welcomed Gray and Spalding warmly, and translated when Spalding delivered a sermon summarizing the story of the creation, original sin, the coming of a Saviour and His crucifixion. The Indians shouted in amazement and said that yes, they wanted to learn more.

Carried away by the fervor of the reception, Spalding and Gray decided that the latter should not wait a year as originally planned, but should immediately hurry East for associates. He should take with him, as exhibits, three natives of each of the different tribes to be served by the reinforcements. The party, furthermore, should drive along cheap Indian horses to exchange in the settlements for cattle and sheep, which the returning party would drive back with them across the mountains. The horses used in the bartering and the livestock so obtained, it should be noted, were to remain the property of the Indians. Horses and red emissaries for the trip East were to join Gray at the rendezvous on Green River that summer.

Whatever else may be said of the agricultural phase of the hastily conceived plan, it at least showed a sounder grasp of reality than the American Board sometimes evinced. They were primarily interested in counting souls, and so were most of the workers they sent forth. But Spalding and that "dull scholar" Gray already realized, even more clearly than Whitman yet did, that before the Indians could be truly converted they would have to be divorced from their nomadic ways, settled down, and civilized.

The decision made, Spalding borrowed fifteen bushels of seed potatoes from Spokane Garry and returned to Eliza at Lapwai, intending to resume his interrupted journey to Fort Colvile during the summer. Gray and Ermatinger continued eastward. After a pause at Flathead Post, they pushed deeper into the Rockies. Presently they fell in with a traveling village of Flatheads. With the Indians they crossed the Continental Divide to the headwaters of the Missouri. There Blackfeet stole several Flathead horses. A war party sent after the thieves failed to recover the animals, but did kill five enemy men and capture a woman.

Back at the Flathead camp, the victors put the captive squaw in the center of a ring and began a war dance around her. As drums beat and rattles jingled, five Flathead women, laughing hideously, fastened the bleeding scalps of the slain enemy on the ends of willow sticks and bobbed them in the squaw's face. One scalp was her husband's, another her brother's. This gave the show real zest—and William Gray an opportunity to make his pitch. In the diary he was keeping for the eyes of the American Board, he wrote, "I can imagine nothing except contrasting the horrors of the damned with the joys of Heaven, that seems to give any idea of the disgusting scene before me. When will these savages learn their real situation and want?" As soon, obviously, as the American Board sent William Gray back at the head of a devoted party to teach them; that was when.

ON JUNE 15, back west of the Divide in the Salmon River country of Idaho, the time at last came for him to leave for the States. In his diary he says that he started for the rendezvous with six Flathead men, four women, and three boys. One of the boys was Ermatinger's son, Lawrence. Somewhere in the savage mountains the despairing father had concluded that the only way to tame the lad was to send him East to his Uncle Edward in St. Thomas, Ontario. Gray, whose ultimate destination was western New York State, promised to see Lawrence as far as Buffalo.

On June 1, the day the five Blackfeet were slain and the scalp dance racketed outside his tent, Frank Ermatinger wrote his brother not about the excitement of Indian life but about the sadly funny troubles of a spouseless father trying to raise a half-breed son toward whom he felt some tugs of responsibility:

> "Lawrence has inbibed the vile practice of piddling his bed and he must absolutely be broken off it before you can recommend him a decent one. I have since he has been with me succeeded tolerably well, by making him get up before going to bed myself. His ears too have been neglected. They are equal to those of my mule, and I doubt now whether, even with care they can be brought to a reasonable compass. Give them a trail and let him wear hats for with caps we can never succeed . . . . You know my means and the object is to obtain the most good for him at the least possible expense, bearing in mind, however that I do not wish him to be neglected to save expense."

Gray, Lawrence, and the Flatheads had a cold, waterless ride across the barren Snake Plains to Fort Hall, which the Hudson's Bay Company has bought from Wyeth and was rebuilding out of adobe bricks. Along the Bear River, they fell in with John McLeod's brigade bound from Fort Walla Walla to the rendezvous to undersell the Americans, exactly as Wyeth had proposed doing years earlier. With McLeod, Spalding had sent several horses for Gray to trade for cattle on behalf of the Indians, and four Nez Percés to include among his exhibits in the States. Of the four, however, Gray considered only an old man called Isaac to be adequate. The others he found lazy and undependable, and dismissed them. The horses he kept.

The rendezvous was held beside Horse Creek again. However genteel the gathering of 1836 may have been out of deference to Narcissa and Eliza, this one returned to normal patterns. "From the noise and yelling of persons about," Gray surmised in his diary on July 11, "I should think they were mad or intoxicated with liquors. I have also heard in a loud voice the dying words of the Saviour on the Cross repeated, followed by a loud laugh. No tongue can tell the blasphemy that is carried on." He discovered further that mountain men actually trafficked in red female flesh.

Fitzpatrick brought in the supply caravan on July 18. He had learned from Whitman's struggles that wagons could go through the Laramie Mountains, and this year he brought twenty carts with him to Horse Creek. As usual Sir William Drummond Stewart was along, attended on this jaunt by his hired Baltimore artist, Alfred Jacob Miller, whose paintings of trapper and Indian life are now standard adornments in books dealing with the early West. Stewart's junkets were growing fancier and fancier. In 1837, so trapper David Brown would recall, he set up a huge tent of the sort used by army field staffs on campaign and invited fifty leading mountain men to a banquet of buffalo tongue washed down by uncounted bottles of "choice old liquors of his own importation." Presumably Gray was not among the feasters, but he did have supper one evening with artist Miller.

WHEN HE LEARNED, amid the carousing, that Fitzpatrick would not start East until August 10 or so, Gray determined impulsively to go ahead on his own. Because of a Blackfoot scare, most of his would-be exhibits for the American Board dropped out. White men were equally unwilling to risk the trail in small numbers, but after considerable urging he gathered together a mixed party of sorts. Its exact make-up is uncertain. His diary entry of July 24 indicates two whites, young Lawrence Ermatinger, and five Indians—an Iroquois he calls Big Eneas, three Flatheads, and a Cree who had been adopted by the Flatheads. Later diary entries give slightly different numbers and change the Cree to the Nez Percé sent by Spalding, old Isaac. Gray's *History of Oregon,* written a third of a century afterward, muddies the matter still more. And Catholic accounts, which Protestant histories overlook (just as Catholics overlook the Protestant stories of the trip) increase the perplexity yet again. The confusion is not without a bloody sort of significance.

The Nez Percés and Flatheads, it will be recalled, had received instruction in Catholic ritual from converted Iroquois who had settled among them. Catholic stories say that the delegation of Indians who sought teachers in St. Louis in 1831 really wanted priests. Funds for a Catholic mission were unavailable, however, and so the Protestants—Lee, then Whitman and Parker—reached the scene first. According to Parker, he and Whitman were enthusiastically received by the Flathead chief, Insula. Catholic sources say, however, that Insula was very puzzled that these supposed men of God had no black robes, no rosaries, no crucifixes. Why?

He asked a wise Iroquois, old Ignace La Mousse. Ignace said that Insula had been right to worry: Whitman and Parker were not bearers of the true religion. He himself, old Ignace, would go east immediately in another attempt to produce genuine Black Robes.

He and his two sons, ages twelve and fourteen, traveled to St. Louis that same summer (1835). He saw Bishop Rosati, had his boys baptized, and asked for priests. Then back to the mountains they rode by unrecorded routes, and waited. Rosati, however, still lacked funds. The teachers who appeared in 1836 were Whitman again and Spalding—married, which made them look to the Flatheads like mountain men and not like the amazing celibate priests of whom the Iroquois told.

The 1837 caravan failed Ignace also. But here came Gray, bound on some kind of religious errand and looking for Indians to go with him. Ignace decided to travel East with the white man and see Bishop Rosati again. He took with him three Flatheads and one Nez Percé (old Isaac?). This Catholic list of five Indians, derived from the Jesuit missionary, Pierre-Jean De Smet, is comparable to the list given by Gray, who calls his Iroquois guide Big Eneas. Eneas, of course, may well have been a phonetic mistake for Ignace.

These similarities are strange indeed—assuming the reliability of De Smet's hearsay account, which at least is not open to charges of self-justification, as are Gray's diary and *History of Oregon*, the only extant eyewitness reports of the 1837 trip. It is incredible that William Gray, eager to use Indian exhibits for impressing a Protestant board with his skill and devotion as a potential missionary, would knowingly have enlisted Indians who desired Catholic instruction. It is almost as incredible that old Ignace, after all his work to produce Catholic teachers, would guide a man intent on establishing the Protestants.

The 1830s were not an era of denominational generosities; bigotry burned red-hot and was accounted a virtue. All I can make of the muddle is that in his impatience and impenetrable egotism, Gray assumed that the Indians were Protestant—after all, Spalding had sent Isaac to him. He wanted them to be Protestant. Therefore they were Protestant—period. Isaac perhaps was. As for the three Flatheads (who may or may not have been part of the group which came with Gray out of Idaho), perhaps they did not understand yet how bitter white men's religious differences could be. God was God, wasn't He, purveyor of magic powers to His initiates? Learning that old Isaac was bound for the great Medicine Lodge, perhaps they and old Ignace may have decided, on typical Indian impulse, to take advantage of the trip that offered. All we really know is that five (possibly six) Indians told Gray they would go along. Perhaps they went, after all, just to trade horses.

WHEN MOUNTAIN MEN heard of the proposal, they told Gray he was mad. Gray retorted loftily that he would put his trust in God. According to David Brown's memory, Jim Bridger thereupon slapped the butt of his rifle and roared in exasperation, "Sir, the grace of God won't carry a man through these prairies. It takes powder and ball!"

The party went ahead regardless, riding fifty to sixty miles at a clip. Repeated signs of hostile savages shook them into doing much of the traveling at night—or so Gray wrote, perhaps preparing his readers for the attack that eventually came. At Fort Laramie, where they lay over for two days while their horses were shod, they were again warned and again paid no heed. Inevitably then, near Ash Hollow in western Nebraska, the Sioux appeared.

For some reason not apparent (except for dramatics), the fight swirled off into the waters of the Platte. Gray's horse was shot damply from underneath him. (It grew to two horses in his *History of Oregon.*) He waded ashore, laid down his rifle like a true Christian, and walked ahead to arrange a parley. The Sioux let loose a fusillade. "One ball passed though my hat, slightly wounding me on the back part of my head." The jar brought light even to William Gray. "I concluded that blood and murder was (sic) the determination of our enemies."

Finally the whites arranged a conference through the mediation of one "Joseph Papair" (never identified) who was traveling with the Sioux. During the talk, the enemy rushed treacherously past the negotiators, fell on Gray's Indians, and "butchered them in a most horrible manner." Or so Gray wrote the story in his diary. But a report leaked back to the mountains that William Gray, missionary, made a deliberate deal with the Sioux: If they would spare the white men and Lawrence, they could have without further resistance the scalps of the mountain Indians, who were at the time sitting peacefully off to one side wating for the conference to end.

The truth? Well, the mountain men believed the story. Spalding feared reprisals. Without indicating whether or not he had heard the full accusation, he wrote the Board, "It is said that (the Nes Percés) will demand my head or all my property" in return for Old Isaac and the horses—the Sioux took fourteen out of twenty-three animals. Gray's shrunken party ate two more between Ash Hollow and the Missouri.

One is tempted to add a further speculation. Suppose that somewhere west of Ash Hollow, Gray, the self-appointed founder of a new Protestant station in the West, had discovered to his horror that his Indian exhibits were actually looking for Catholics. Might not an arrangement with the Sioux, after they appeared so providentially, have spared him painful and perhaps disastrous mortification in front of the American Board? Perhaps I should say that I venture the suggestion on my own responsibility. Catholic sources certainly breathe no suspicion of foul play. They say only that the western Indians, traveling with Gray but searching for priests, were slain in a battle with the Sioux.

ON REACHING St. Louis, Gray paused for five days. He prepared his diary for submission as a report to the American Board, a filtering process which vitiates it as a historical document. He also sent the United States Government a bill of $2,096.45 for the horses and packs the Sioux had taken from him. The charge was not allowed. Spalding later had to solicit funds from friends in the East to buy cattle to give to the Nez Percés who had lost horses on this deal which was going to help civilize them.

From St. Louis, Gray went to western New York. He visited Parker in Ithaca and audited a few lectures at Whitman's old alma mater, Fairfield Medical College. Ever afterward he tried, with limited success, to have people address him as Doctor. Somehow he persuaded the very reluctant American Board to assign him three couples and a bachelor helper for service in the Northwest. The bachelor, twenty-three-year-old Cornelius Rogers, hailed from Cincinnati. The others were New Englanders: Elkanah and Mary Walker of Maine; Cushing and Myra Eells of Connecticut (Cushing Eells took a bottle of Connecticut water west with him), and Asa and Sarah Smith of Massachusetts. Every one of them married especially for this trip; only the Walkers seem to have gone through a prior engagement period.

Not to be outdone, Gray met through Parker a Miss Mary Dix, courted her one evening, became engaged the next morning, waited four more days, married her after supper on February 24, 1838, and the next morning departed with her for Independence, where he had ordered his flock to assemble.

His charges wanted to go by water, as had the two reinforcement parties which had reached Jason Lee during 1837. Gray refused: on shipboard he would have no one to domineer. Parker rescued him, writing the Board that, after trying both methods, "I had rather go across the continent three times than around the Cape once." The Board thereupon told the three couples they would have to go to Independence and join Gray.

The wayfarers landed at the Independence docks at 7 P.M., April 15. To their dismay they learned that the town was three or four miles distant from the river. While the husbands unloaded the baggage, bachelor Rogers hurried off to find Gray. Eventually he appeared with horses for the women. They had done little riding before and mounted gingerly under the thick darkness of a cloudy sky. Fearfully they rode up what seemed to them a precipitous hill, their husbands walking beside, holding the bridle reins and wading above their shoetops in mud. Swarms of baying dogs advertised their belated arrival to the village. There they learned that for housing nine people Gray had rented two rooms, each containing one bed. The four women doubled up in the beds; the men slept on the floor. Instantly William Gray and Asa Smith took a profound dislike to each other.

They spent the following week sorting their baggage and buying livestock—twenty-five horses and mules, twelve cattle, a light one-horse wagon. Gray allowed each member a single suitcase, 24 x 20 x 10 inches. (Cushing Eells managed to crowd the bottle of Connecticut water into his.) For provisions Gray bought, Myra Eells said in her journal, "one hundred and sixty pounds of flour, fifty-seven pounds of rice, twenty or twenty-five pounds of sugar, a little pepper and salt." It was not enough to feed eleven people—the party had added to its numbers by hiring a mountain man named Stevens to be guide and roustabout and another, Paul Richardson, to be their hunter. Richardson had been hunter in 1834 for Jason Lee's party and was used to missionaries, but he could not make buffalo appear where there was none. Gray drove the wagon; each of the other males struggled with pack horses.

THE FUR CARAVAN, consisting of two hundred animals and seventeen carts and wagons (plus, as usual, Sir William Stewart), was led in 1838 by Andrew Drips. It left Westport, twelve miles beyond Independence, on Sunday. The missionaries declined to travel on that day and on Monday had to push hard to catch up. When they did, it was obvious to Myra Eells, who reported the meeting in her diary, that Drips did not want Gray along. She thought it was because Drips feared the missionaries would be unwilling to stand guard at night. Gray promised that the men would take their turns, and Myra thought the assurance won the mountain man over. More probably Drips looked at the females and gave up. How could you make them pay for what Gray had done? All right, he said, come ahead.

As the caravan stretched out for half a mile ahead of Myra Eells, she thought it had "much the appearance of a large funeral procession in the states."

These four women were the first to travel the eastern end of the Oregon Trail, up the Kansas River to its ford near present Topeka, northwestward via the Blue to the south bank of the Platte near Grand Island. (The Whitmans and Spaldings had come up the Platte's north bank from Council Bluffs.) They also forecast the attritions that would sandpaper the nerves of the pioneer families who followed them. Evening after evening Myra Eells and Mary Walker wrote their bone-weariness into their diaries. Dust. Dirty food. Cramped quarters: two couples had to share each of the party's two eight-by-twelve tents, with only a curtain between them for privacy.

Lacerating quarrels over petty events became inevitable. Gray fell into a temper because Smith and Walker killed an injured calf without consulting him. Mr. and Mrs. Eells sided with Gray; the tempest divided the party for two days, until prayers in Gray's tent brought temporary peace. Personal idiosyncrasies became grating monstrosities. Mary Walker found Smith "a hog at the table"; his and his wife's continual whispering behind the dividing sheet of their tent drove her almost frantic. Even Mary's own husband was a problem: "Should feel much better if Mr. W. would only treat me with some cordiality . . . . If I stir it is forwardness, if I am still it is inactivity. . . . More is expected of me than can be had of any one woman." On May 27, just beyond Chimney Rock, she summed up the general feeling in two irritable sentences: "We have a strange company of missionaries. Scarcely one who is not intolerable on some account."

The routine physical discomforts afflicted them. They slept in storm-soaked bedding, endured diarrhea, ached, and vomited. After missing several meals, Cushing Eells at least was able to down a little gingerbread with the aid of the water he had carried from East Windsor, Connecticut. But no matter how sick they were, they had to crawl out of their blankets at three-thirty in the morning and drag through as many chores as strength allowed.

Although the fur company continued with its carts beyond Fort Laramie, Gray did not wish to manhandle a wagon through the rough hills. He surrendered the vehicle and the little comforts it had provided. At the rainswept crossing of the North Platte, blue with cold, cramped by dysentery and pregnancy pangs, Mary Walker sat down and "cried to think how comfortable my father's hogs were." As for Sarah Smith, Mary sniffed, she wept practically the entire distance to Oregon.

RENDEZVOUS that year was held east of the Divide near modern Riverton, Wyoming, where Popo Agie Creek runs into Wind River. The Hudson's Bay Company had so undersold the American that Drips declined to compete with the English on the Green. Instead he sent out a messenger to tell the wandering trappers of the new location. The messenger did it by fastening a scrawl to the side of an abandoned log storehouse on Horse Creek: "Come on to Popoasia: plenty of whiskey and white women." The trappers found the note, and so did Frank Ermatinger of Hudson's Bay Company.

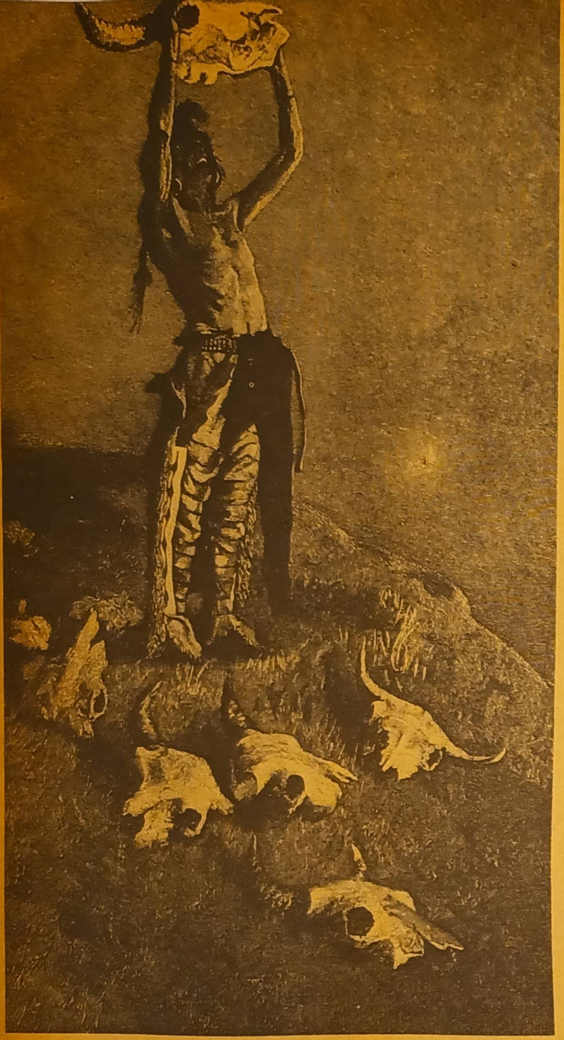
To escape the carousing, the missionaries crossed Popo Agie Creek and pitched their tents under cottonwood trees on a tongue of land between the streams. In a pet the Smiths left the Walkers and set up their own lodge of buffalo skins. "Husband seems to like to stay in the tent now," Mary exulted acidly. When Sunday arrived, she and the other ladies put on their best dresses to listen to Elkanah preach. The sight of them inspired some of the Indian wives to emulation. Several embarrassed mountain husbands bought sleazy calico at outrageous prices from the traders and asked the missionary women to sew it into modish dresses for their squaws.

On the night of July 4, Mr. and Mrs.

(Continued on page 68)

At site near Lapwai, this cabin was still standing in 1902, about the time this picture was taken. The rude structure had been erected by Spalding in 1837.

Oregon Historical Society



Bettman Archives

Prayer to the Great Spirit for the return of the buffalo

WORLD'S GREATEST SLAUGHTER!

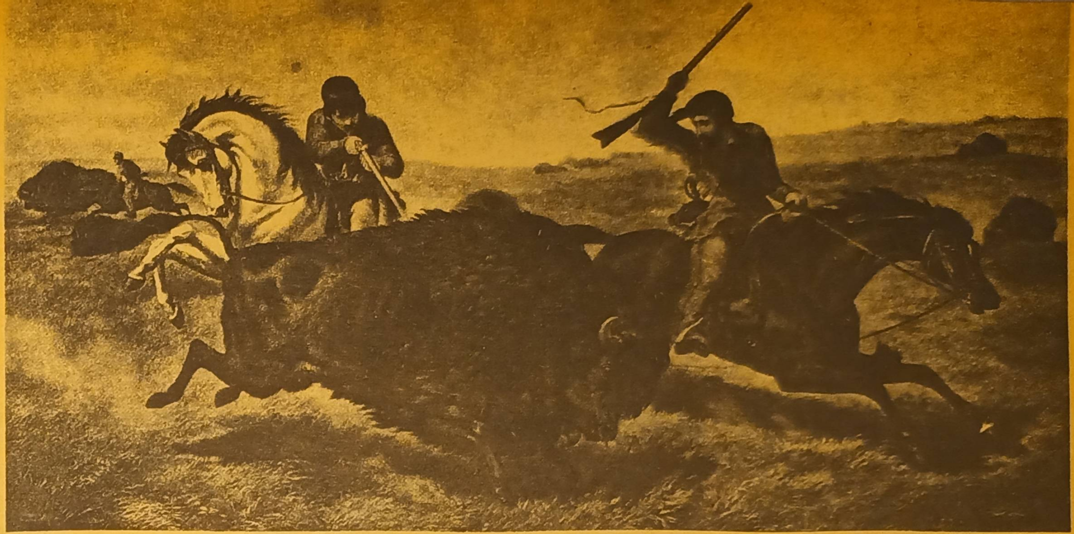
By NORMAN B. WILTSEY

Nothing in wildlife history equals the appalling mass slaughter of the American Buffalo

This article is reprinted from the
March-April, 1956 True West

ACCORDING to scientists, the bison—popularly known as the buffalo—came to Alaska some time during the middle Pleistocene period, or roughly, about 400,000 years ago. After crossing the land bridge then existing between Asia and America, the buffalo drifted southward, fanning out as they went. Eventually they ranged in vast numbers from Great Slave Lake in Canada far down into Mexico, and from Pennsylvania to the Blue Mountains of Oregon. No accurate estimate can be made as to the numbers of these primitive, prehistoric beasts. The noted author-naturalist, Ernest Thompson Seton, after careful research set the figure at 60,000,000. Other equally qualified authorities have rated the prehistoric buffalo population at up to 75,000,000.

By 1800, through steady hunting by Indians and white settlers, the count was judged to be down to 40,000,000. Already, in 1800, the buffalo had been wiped out east of the Mississippi. The annual kill at that time was estimated at around 2,000,000. By 1850 the great Western herds had dwindled to approximately 20,000,000, and by 1895 there were only 800 survivors. Most of this melancholy remnant was in private herds. The few remaining wild ones were hunted down until only twenty remained. Never had history recorded such an appalling slaughter, such ruthless, senseless destruction of priceless natural resources. Belatedly, the horrified public prevailed upon the Government to take action to preserve the species. With time fast running out, the Government sought to improve upon inadequate protective laws and the buffalo was saved for posterity.



Courtesy New York Public Library

Mountain men hunting the buffalo. Hunter on the right is probably a French employee of a fur company

The prehistoric bison was larger than its modern descendant and wore horns spreading five feet or more, as proved by its fossil remains. The name "buffalo" is probably derived from early French explorers, who called the bison *"le boeuf."* Through the years, as English-speaking trappers, traders, and settlers poured into the country, the name became changed to "buff" and "buffler," finally winding up as "buffalo." Actually, the American bison is not a buffalo at all, being of the family *Bovidae* which also includes cattle, sheep, goats, and antelope. The name "buffalo" applies scientifically only to the water buffalo, or carabao, and the African buffalo. However, the name of buffalo is too firmly affixed to the bison ever to be changed.

THE French *voyageurs* were not the first Europeans to gaze upon the mighty buffalo. Cortez saw it first, in Montezuma's menagerie at the Aztec capital of Anahauc in 1521. The Spanish leader described the buffalo as... "the Mexican Bull... with the hump of a camel and hair like a lion's..." It is no wonder that Cortez was impressed with "the Mexican Bull." A full-grown buffalo bull stands six feet high at the shoulder, with a length of nine and one-half feet, and weighs about 2500 pounds.

Alvar Nunez Cabeza de Vaca was the first European to see the buffalo in its wild state. De Vaca kept a record of his journey from Florida to the Pacific in 1528-1536, and he first encountered the buffalo in what is now Texas. In 1540-1542, Coronado and his

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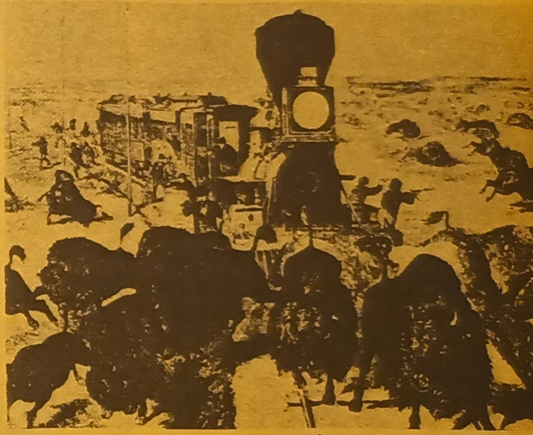
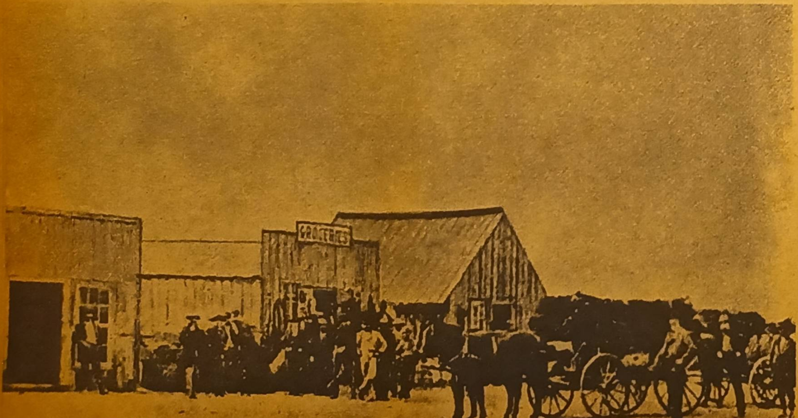


Courtesy New York Public Library

Easy hunting. Hide men shooting buffalo from a train

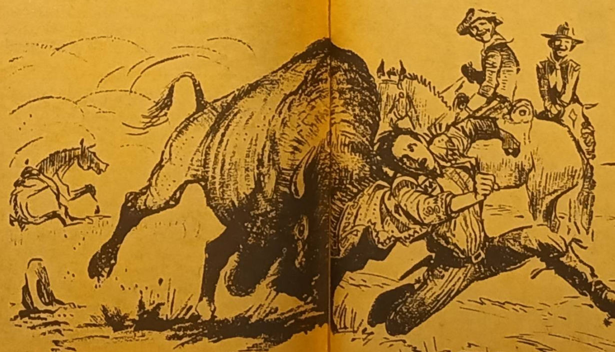
Dodge City, Kansas, 1877, showing the stores, dance hall, and wagons loaded with buffalo hides just in from the ranges

Frontier Pix



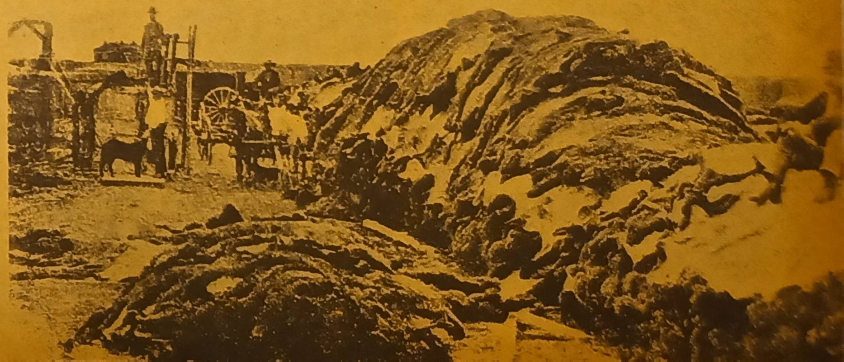
Illustrated by Brummett Echohawk

Young Bill Cody took off afoot, with the bull snorting at the tail of his fancy buckskin jacket



Forty thousand buffalo hides, piled in the yards of Rath and Wright, Dodge City, Kansas, 1877, ready for shipment

Frontier Pix



men saw great herds of buffaloes in their march through the territory now comprising Kansas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, and Arizona. Coronado's chronicler, Pedro de Casteneda, thought the huge, shaggy "cows" the most monstrous beasts man had ever seen. A careful historian, de Casteneda was baffled in his efforts to estimate the numbers of buffaloes observed and finally gave up and listed them merely as numerous as fish in the sea.

The early white explorers regarded the buffalo as a fearsome curiosity, but to the Indians the vast herds meant life itself. The whole economy of the Plains tribes was based upon the buffalo; their very existence depended upon it. All parts of the animal were used. Shaggy skins made up the Indian's winter clothing and his bed; tanned skins his tepee, moccasins, leggings and shirts, and provided clothing for his family. Boats were made from fresh hides stretched taut over green willow or cottonwood hoops. Water buckets were fashioned from the lining of the paunch. Thread and bowstrings were made from the tough back sinews; spoons, bows and ornaments came from scraped and polished horn. The huge ribs made excellent runners for small dog-drawn sleds. Glue was made from the hoofs. Even the stones found in the gall-bladders were employed in the making of "medicine paint." Strangest of all, from the white man's point of view, the foetus, cooked in its own enveloping fluid, was esteemed a special delicacy. Buffalo droppings, or "chips," furnished fuel in regions where there was no firewood.

Pemmican, the first concentrated meat ration, was the invention of the Indian. Buffalo meat was cut into thin strips and dried in the sun. It was then pounded almost to a powder, mixed with boiling buffalo fat, and poured into lengths of intestine or rawhide *parfleche* boxes. An ideal diet—particularly when mixed with edible berries—it kept the Indian well nourished and free from scurvy. White explorers and later the mountain men learned to make pemmican for themselves. "Sticks to yore ribs without rilin' up yore guts," was Jim Bridger's inelegant but accurate description of the advantages of pemmican over white man's food.

Before the coming of the horse, the Indians hunted buffaloes on foot. Mass kills were made by driving the herd over a steep cliff. (One of these sites may be seen at Buffalo Jump-off in the Yellowstone Valley twenty-five miles north of Gardiner, Montana.) On the Plains, the trick was to decoy the buffaloes into crude corrals where they could be slaughtered with arrow and lance. Braves dressed in fresh buffalo hides lured the slow-witted beasts into the death trap.

THIS wasteful method was seldom employed by the Indians after the arrival of the horse on the prairie. Riding his perfectly trained buffalo horse, a hunter could follow a herd for miles, shooting fat cows with arrows or bringing them down with lance thrusts. One brave, mounted on a good horse, could kill up to one hundred buffalo in this manner in a day's hunt. Guided by the knee pressure of its rider or by a rawhide thong around the lower jaw, the crack buffalo horse brought the hunter swiftly into killing position alongside the lumbering quarry while simultaneously avoiding prairie dog holes and badger burrows, rocks, and the charges of maddened buffaloes. Usually the clever mount succeeded; if it failed, the result was almost invariably quick death for horse and rider beneath the churning hoofs of the stampeding herd.

After the hunt, men and horses relaxed while the squaws went out on the prairie with their knives to skin the carcasses and prepare the meat. Each hunter, possibly as a reward for his feat of bringing down game, or—more probably—to keep him quiet until supper was ready, was given a whole liver all for himself. Sprinkled with the secretions of the gall bladder, this made a tasty tidbit. Invariably before the entire liver was eaten, the gorger would fall asleep and the squaws would have all the time they needed to rustle up a big feast before the old man woke up hungry all over again.

The mountain men quickly adopted this method of "running" buffalo. Hunting the big buffs on horseback with muzzle-loading rifles or heavy horse pistols, was a daring and dexterous performance that appealed to the wild trappers' sporting instinct. That it was also difficult and extremely dangerous, bothered these veteran *hivernants* not at all. Francis Parkman in *The Oregon Trail* wrote: "The chief difficulty in running buffalo . . . is that of loading the gun or pistol at full gallop. Many hunters for convenience's sake carry three or four bullets in the mouth; the powder is poured down the muzzle of the piece, the bullet dropped in after it, the stock struck hard upon the pommel of the saddle, and the work is done. The danger of this is obvious. Should the blow on the pommel fail to send the bullet home, or should the bullet, in the act of aiming, start from its place and roll toward the muzzle, the gun would probably burst in discharging. Many a shattered hand and worse casualties besides have been the result of such an accident."

The mountain men hunted buffaloes primarily for meat, secondarily for sport. The thought of hunting them commercially for their hides never entered the trappers' minds until the lucrative beaver trade petered out in the late 1830's. Hide hunting developed gradually over the next decade until, in 1845, 90,000 robes were sent to market. Seton estimates that probably a million and a half buffaloes were slaughtered to produce 90,000 marketable robes.

The Indians were not blameless; they too got in on the bloody performance. True conservationists before the arrival of the white trader with his guns and whiskey and flashy trade goods, the tribesmen now began to kill buffaloes for profit. One pint of trade whiskey, composed of four parts water to one part cheap, raw alcohol, was the going price for one good skin worth from five to ten dollars. A package of twelve steel arrowheads was also rated an even exchange for a first-grade robe. These arrowheads, produced in bulk for the Indian trade by a number of Eastern firms, cost the trader six cents a dozen. Greedy squaws kept their men hunting incessantly to provide vermilion, beads awls, blankets, red and blue cloth, flimsy knives and kettles offered by the traders in exchange for skins. Sugar, and a vile concoction blandly called coffee, was also eagerly sought by the Indians. The more intelligent among the chiefs clearly saw that their avaricious young men were blindly aiding the whites to destroy the tribes' livelihood, but their protests were howled down in council by the youthful braves anxious to go on collecting the traders' liquor and gewgaws. The "Great Slaughter of the Herds" had begun and nothing could stop it.

BY 1863, the robe trade with the Indians and white hunters was enormous. Yet, even in 1863, buffaloes were still so numerous on the Plains as to "cover the entire country with a vast, moving brown blanket," according to Martin Garretson in his book *The American Bison*. Riding through the southern herd, Garretson notes that this tremendous gathering of buffaloes covered an area approximately twenty-five miles wide and fifty miles long.

After the Civil War, right up until the coming of the railroad, the Army posts strung along the frontier consumed countless buffaloes. Contracts were made by the Government with professional hunters to furnish the posts with meat. Having no way to ship hides in bulk, the hunters simply discarded them. The building of the Missouri Pacific and Kansas Pacific Railroads westward solved the transportation problem both ways—for hides and hunters. "Sportsmen" from all over the world rushed to participate in the ceaseless slaughter. The passengers of one train held up by a herd of buffaloes pouring across the track, amused themselves for hours by shooting into the herd from the windows of the stalled train. More than five hundred animals were killed or crippled in this sterling exhibition of marksmanship before the herd thinned out and the train moved on.

Young Bill Cody worked as a hunter for a railroad camp during this period. For $500 a month, Cody supplied the camp with the hind quarters of ten to twelve buffaloes a day—the rest of the carcasses were left on the prairie to rot along with the innumerable carcasses left by other hunters. During the hot weather the resulting stench was enough to "sicken a polecat," as the disgusted Bridger put it. There weren't enough coyotes, magpies, ravens and buzzards to clean up the mess.

Cody won his immortal title of "Buffalo Bill" in somewhat inglorious fashion. A wounded bull gored his horse and dumped the dashing young plainsman on the prairie. Bill took off afoot with the bull snorting at the tail of his fancy buckskin jacket. Laughing soldiers from a nearby military post rescued Cody and dubbed him "Buffalo Bill" then and there. But Cody was smart; he turned the incident into a duel to the death between himself—armed only with a knife—and a "Maddened Monarch of the Plains." His fame was secure for all time.

The Army, rank and file, took heated exception to Cody's claim of being the "champion buffalo killer in the world." They believed their own champion, a scout and hunter named Billy Comstock, employed at Fort Wallace, rated the title and also the handle of "Buffalo Bill." Accordingly, the officers at Fort

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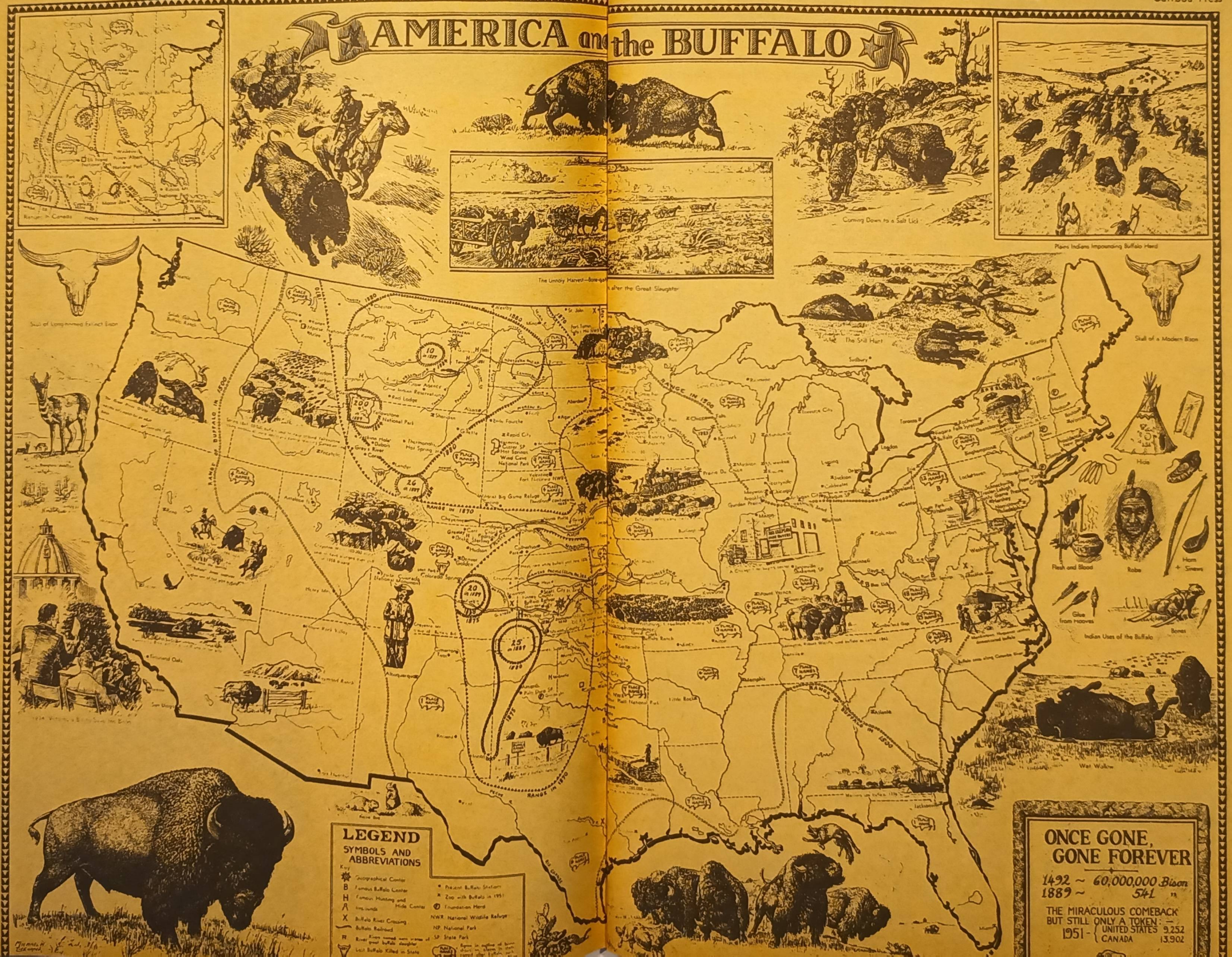
Map of the buffalo country in the days of the great herds.

Caribou Press



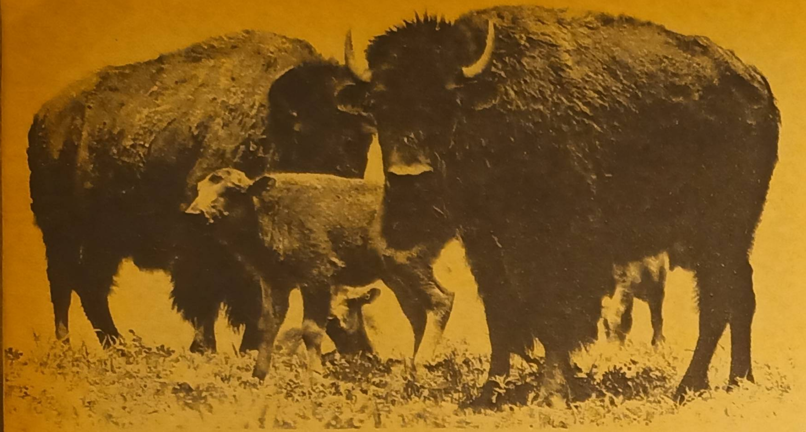


Photo by E. P. Haddon, U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service

Bison cows and calves. Wichita Mts. Wildlife Refuge. Oklahoma.

Photo by E. P. Haddon, U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service

Close-up of albino bull bison showing only facial and eye details. National Bison Range, Moiese, Montana.

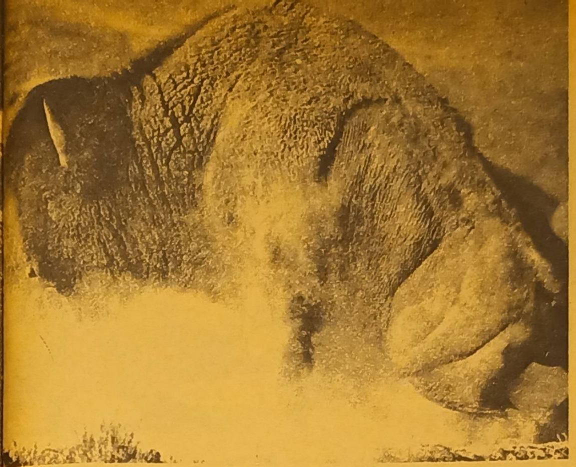


Photo by E. P. Haddon, U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service.

Large bull bison rising to his feet after wallowing in the dust. Buffalo wallows may still be seen in parts of the West.

Photo by H. W. Henshaw, U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service.

Good specimen of buffalo bull. Photo clearly shows anatomical details. Wichita Mts. Wildlife Refuge. Oklahoma.

Wallace raised a purse of $500 and issued a challenge to Cody to engage in a match hunt with Comstock for the buffalo shooting championship of the world. Cody accepted the challenge.

Posters heralding the event appeared at all the stations along the new railroad. An excursion train was run from St. Louis, bearing more than one hundred passengers, including Cody's wife. The wording and setup of the poster was as follows:

Grand Excursion
To
Fort Sheridan
Kansas Pacific Railroad
Buffalo Shooting Match
For
$500 a Side
And the
Championship of the World
Between
Billy Comstock (the famous scout)
And
W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill)
Famous Buffalo Killer
for the
Kansas Pacific Railroad

The hunt took place on the prairie twenty miles east of Sheridan, at a point level enough so the spectators could view the proceedings. "At this point," writes Garretson, "the party left the train and rode to the hunting ground in wagons and on horseback. Cody rode Brigham (his favorite horse) and used his needle-gun Lucretia Borgia, a breech-loading Springfield rifle, caliber .50. Comstock used a Henry rifle.

"The wager was $500 a side, and the man who killed the greatest number of buffalo from horseback in one day of eight hours, beginning at 8 o'clock in the morning, was to be declared the winner.

"A referee was to follow each hunter to count his buffalo. Both hunters were to enter the herd at the same time.

"Three runs were made. In the first, Cody killed thirty-eight, and Comstock twenty-three. In the second, against a herd which was composed mostly of cows and calves, Cody killed eighteen, and Comstock fourteen. In the third and last run Cody gave an exhibition of his skill and horsemanship by leaving both saddle and bridle behind; he entered the herd and quickly killed thirteen, Comstock nine.

"This finished the contest with a total of sixty-nine for Cody and forty-six for Comstock. Cody was then declared by the referee to be the champion buffalo hunter of the plains, and to have proved his right to the title of 'Buffalo Bill.' "

THE SANTA FE reached Dodge City, Kansas, in September, 1872. Dodge, before the arrival of the railroad, was a sleepy little village of sod huts and board shacks dozing out its existence in the hot prairie sun. Almost overnight it was transformed into a hell-roaring frontier town, a busy shipping point for the longhorn cattle driven up the trail from Texas, and for steadily increasing shipments of buffalo hides. Dodge, in addition to being the cow capital of the nation, quickly became the "Buffalo Capital of the World." In 1873 Dodge had a population of 4,000, and two-thirds of it was made up of buffalo hunters. Hide sheds along the railroad right-of-way, some of them 175 feet high and 60 wide, held the skins waiting to be shipped. The first winter the Santa Fe reached Dodge City, the firm of Rath and Wright alone shipped more than 200,000 buffalo hides. Another firm shipped two carloads of hind quarters, and one outfit sent two carloads of smoked, salted buffalo tongues at fifty cents apiece to high-class markets in New York and London. In the main, however, it was hides that built up the bulging bankrolls of hunters and shippers.

A hide hunter who failed to kill from forty to sixty head in a day's shooting was considered not worth the ammunition he used. Some experienced hunters, like Tom Nixon and Bill Tilghman, ran up far higher scores. Nixon burned out the barrel of a new Sharps killing 120 buffaloes in forty minutes, and went on to rack up 2,173 kills in six months. Tilghman never equaled Nixon's score of 120 buffaloes in less than an hour, but beat Tom's six-months' record by killing 3,300 head in the same length of time. Brick Bond, however, was the champion. Brick averaged 97 kills a day in the fall and winter of 1875-76 for a record one-man bag of 5,855 buffs.

The Sharps Big Fifty was the favorite weapon of the hide men. These shoulder cannon were usually fired from a rest of crossed sticks or a Y-shaped shooting stick. Some of them, specially made for the hide trade, weighed from 16 to 18 pounds. The .45-70, .45-90, and .45-120 Sharps were next best for the bloody business. .56-56 Spencers and .50 caliber Springfields were also used. Cartridges cost twenty-five cents apiece, but the smart hunter cut his over-all ammunition cost by reloading his own shells.

Professional hide men shot from a "stand," in cover or on a rise in the prairie, at ranges of below 100 yards to—occasionally—nearly 500 yards. Each man usually alternated two rifles in order to prevent dangerous fouling of the barrels. Eventually both rifle barrels would become clogged with black powder residue, and the shooter would have to stop firing to clean them by pouring water down each hot barrel until the caked burned powder was washed away.

With all that powder being burned by thousands of hunters, the price of skins fell to $1.25 each by the fall of 1873. Hind quarters had dropped to a cent a pound with few buyers; fore quarters were worthless. Tongues, still considered a delicacy by Eastern and European epicures, were selling at twenty-five cents apiece.

IN wholesale slaughter of this kind, the buffalo had no more chance than a steer in a stockyard. Still hunting from a stand was the ruthlessly efficient method employed—that is, to shoot steadily at a herd from one firing position. The technique of the skillful hunter was to drop one "lead" buffalo after another with clean neck or heart shots—a wounded animal was sure to stampede the herd into wild flight. Hence the value of the Big Fifty, which usually killed with one bullet if the bullet was properly placed. On horseback it took 15 to 25 hunters to kill 1,000 buffaloes a season; whereas a good still hunter could kill 3,000 single-handed in the same length of time. Still hunters ran up a stupendous total of 12,500,000 kills between 1870 and 1875, as estimated by Professor J. A. Allen, in his book *The American Bisons, Living and Extinct,* and other authorities.

A well set up hide hunting outfit consisted of one or two riflemen, five or six skinners, two or three stretchers, and two wagons—one drawn by four mules for speed in getting back and forth with skins and supplies. The other wagon, drawn by four yoke of oxen, did the heavy hauling. The division of profit varied according to how hard a bargain the hunters could drive with their crews. Some hunters, after paying all expenses, split the profit fifty-fifty with their outfit; others—if they could get away with it—paid their helpers twenty-five cents for stripping the hide off a buffalo and pegging it out to dry. At such wages buffalo skinning was not recommended as a method of getting rich quick. Few skinners kept accounts, but one gent named Jack Cook recorded in a journal that he skinned 902 buffaloes in forty-one days, an average of twenty-two animals daily. Cook was paid the munificent sum of $225.50—which averaged out to $38.50 a week.

The insatiable hide hunters followed the dwindling herds south, and in 1877 the new "Buffalo Capital" was Fort Griffin, near Abilene, Texas. Fifteen hundred hunters concentrated in the area soon covered a four acre tract near the town with drying skins. In two months, more than 100,000 hides were taken. The price tumbled to a dollar a skin, and the end of the hide business was in sight. By the close of 1878 the vast southern herd was virtually exterminated. A few survivors fled to the remote depths of the *Llano Estacado,* the Staked Plain.

Now outraged public opinion rose to defend the buffalo. Laws were passed in some states to protect the bison, but unfortunately there were few left to protect. General Phil Sheridan, military commander of the Southwest, angrily opposed a protection bill that came before the Texas Legislature. "Protect the buffalo, *hell!*" cried Sheridan. "The hide hunters have done more to solve the Indian problem than the Army has been able to do in thirty years. Let them kill, skin and sell until the buffalo is exterminated, as it is the only way to bring about a lasting peace and allow civilization to advance."

President Grant, seeing eye to eye with his old comrade in arms, refused to sign the protection bill. So the fate of the buffalo was sealed.

NOW that the southern herd was exterminated, the hide hunters moved in on the northern herd. The hunters were jubilant, for Montana skins were worth four times as much as a Texas skin. Climatic conditions made the northern hide thicker, which made up into a warmer, more luxuriant robe. In 1876, before the arrival of the railroad, Fort Benton, Montana, at the head of navigation on the Missouri, sent 80,000 skins to market. Until 1880, the annual take averaged about that figure. In 1880, the Northern Pacific pushed steel from Bismarck into the heart of the buffalo country—and the last phase of the great slaughter began. Thousands of hunters arrived via the railroad to cash in on the last great buffalo jackpot. From sunrise to sunset, seven days a week, the crisp Montana air vibrated to the booming roar of the heavy Sharps and the lighter reports of Springfields and Spencers.

In 1881, 50,000 hides were shipped by rail; in 1882, 200,000; in 1883, 40,000; and in 1884, 300. Prices soared from $5 a hide to $30, with few available. In 1885, a hide brought $75—whenever a hide could be obtained.

Garretson tells of the finish of the last herd in these stark and simple words: "In the fall of 1883 there was practically but one herd left, it being found between the Moreau and Cannon Ball Rivers in North Dakota. There were about 10,000 animals in this herd. In September, Sitting Bull and his followers went up the Cannon Ball hunting. The first day they killed 1,100—an average of one buffalo to each Indian. The white hunters that accompanied the Indians averaged from 20 to 60 a day each. By the middle of November the herd was wiped out.

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Herd of bison crossing the Mission River, National Bison Range, near Moiese, Montana. Photo by E. P. Haddon, U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service

Wood Buffalo at Bay. This magnificent diorama is in Canada's National Museum at Ottawa.

BUFFALO COMEBACK

By FRANCIS DICKIE

Photos courtesy Department of Resources and Development, Ottawa, Canada

The fascinating story of how the Canadian Government preserved a portion of Canada's once mighty buffalo population.

IN 1889, there was not a single wild plains buffalo left in the United States. Only 256 buffaloes remained alive in the entire country; these in captivity. Of the original estimated 60 millions which once roamed North America from northern Canada to Florida, only one small wild herd survived—a subspecies of wood buffalo in the Slave River region of northwestern Canada. In 1890 this herd was vaguely estimated to number between 200 and 300 animals.

In Canada at this time, an energetic newspaper editor named Norman Luxton hit upon an idea to save the buffalo from extinction. Enthusiastically, Luxton tackled Frank Oliver, the Minister of the Interior. Oliver caught fire from Norman Luxton, and the greatest animal conservation comeback in history began.

At this point, before giving the history of the Canadian Government's brilliant success in this unique animal conservation undertaking, it is important to the reader to give a brief review of the history of the American bison—or, popularly if inaccurately, buffalo.

Wood Buffalo at Wood Buffalo Park, a vast wilderness tract of 17,300 square miles.

According to many authorities, 60 million buffaloes roamed the North American continent when Columbus discovered it in 1492. From Alaska to tropical Florida they roamed an area of three million square miles. To Indians and early settlers the buffalo meant food, clothing, shelter. The meat was well flavored, highly nutritious. The robes formed tepees and clothing; the horns, hooves, hair and bones furnished the Indians with utensils and ornaments.

The species is believed to have arrived on this continent in mid-Pleistocene times or during the warm inter-Glacial period. It probably crossed from Asia by the then northern land route and gradually spread southward until it ranged over nearly all of North America.

The estimated number previous to the year 1800 is still set at 60 million. By the year 1800 the total had already dropped tremendously. In 1820 the animal was still found in enormous numbers from Florida to the southern shore of Great Slave Lake.

In 1820, due to the rapidly increasing settlement, the systematic extermination of the animal began. It was the most wantonly ruthless slaughter of a stupid, easily-killed animal ever to take place on earth. Millions were destroyed—and only the tongues used for food. The insatiable hunters kept thousands of the beasts from watering places till the thirst-maddened animals came close enough to be killed with an axe.

Herds fifty miles long and half a mile wide are described by early travelers. Men riding in the first trains across the plains sat at the windows and shot the animals in great numbers beside the right-of-way.

So tremendously vast were the herds that white men and Indians could not conceive the creatures could ever be exterminated. Yet here are the shocking figures of the downfall of the buffalo.

BEFORE 1800 an estimated 60 million. In 1820, 40 million. In 1880, a few scattered thousands. In 1889, there were left only 256 buffalo in all the United States—and these all privately owned in captivity!

Only one wild herd of wood buffalo existed in the wilderness of northern Canada. This herd, in 1890, was vaguely estimated to consist of between 200 and 300 head.

Some amateur theorists in buffalo lore ascribe the herds' swift decline to sudden mass deaths in incredible numbers due to epidemic or burial and suffocation by great snowfall. Mass starvation in unusually severe weather has also been advanced by some writers as the reason for the buffaloes' demise. Remembering that the buffalo was the toughest animal in North America, and had survived and enormously increased for half a million years before the destructive white man came, neither theory is worth a hoot.

The beginning of the buffalo comeback was sheer, blind luck. It began in 1873, when Walking Coyote, a Pend d' Oreille Indian captured two bulls and two heifer calves in the hills of Southern Alberta. He drove them from the Sweetgrass country to Montana, where they were given to the Mission of St. Ignatius.

In 1884 the little herd numbered thirteen. Michael Pablo bought ten of them for $2,500. The herd roamed the Flathead Reserve.

In 1906 the U. S. Government decided to throw open the Reserve for homesteading. When Pablo put up the herd for sale, the Canadian Government bought the entire 716 animals for sale at $245 a head F.O.B. Edmonton.

Pablo, usually a shrewd bargainer, made a big mistake in selling the buffalo F.O.B. Edmonton. These animals, though descended from the four domesticated buffalo of Walking Coyote, had long ranged in wild country. The bulls were just as tough and ornery as the great bulls of the old days.

Pablo hired the best cowboys in the country, counting on a quick round-up and delivery. He was badly fooled. The buffalo fought and stampeded by turns. One cowboy was killed by a charging bull, ten riders suffered injuries, a dozen horses gored. What Pablo had considered a fast and easy delivery, continued over three years until the last animal was F. O. B. Edmonton.

Pending the completion of the huge area at Wainwright, Alberta, where the experiment was to begin, the buffalo were placed in a fenced range in Elk Island Park, near Lamont, Alberta.

The Buffalo National Park, Wainwright, Alberta, was completed in February, 1914, comprising an area of 170 square miles. Enclosed by a nine-foot wire fence, it was protected by 20-foot plowed fireguards on either side of the fence.

TO this Park by March 31, 1914, was brought a total of 833 head. Of this number, 716 were from the original Pablo herd, another 87 from a herd at Banff, and 30 head from the Conrad herd brought from Kalispell, Montana. The 87 animals from Banff were Canada's own original herd, started by G. B. Alloway in 1873. In that year Alloway, a trader from Winnipeg, captured three buffalo calves near Prince Albert, Saskatchewan. Two years later, in the spring of 1875, Alloway added two more. In 1878 the herd had increased to sixteen, and was then bought by S. L. Bedson. Bedson, seven years later, gave Lord Strathcona 27 animals. In 1898, thirteen of these were placed in Banff Park, and by 1914 numbered 87, which were sent to join the others gathered in Wainwright National Buffalo Park.

Thus, from nine buffalo calves, saved from destruction in 1873-1875, at widely separated points in the Canadian Northwest, was produced by 1914 the 833 animals launching the great buffalo comeback.

In addition to the 833 plains buffalo at Wainwright Park, the Canadian Government owned and protected a herd of wild wood buffalo in the Slave River region. This herd, from reports of Indians and white men, grew to 2000 by 1920. The wood buffalo, a more powerfully built, heavier coated creature than his plains cousin, was given a park of his own in September, 1926. This area embraces some 17,300 square miles.

With March, 1914, marking the installing of all the herd of 833 in Wainwright Park, the great comeback really began. The animals' response to their new environment was most gratifying, so much so that it soon had its embarrassing side. At the beginning of the experiment every new calf born was greeted with rejoicing, pointing up the success of the experiment.

Unfortunately, the plains buffalo was, in its natural free state, essentially a creature given to fairly wide travel in moving from summer to winter range. Its natural increase was considerably kept down by climatic conditions, but more so by the inroads of wolves and Indians. Now the contented herd, protected by fenced range, brought serious problems in wildlife management. Of these, two were of major importance. The increase was too large, and soon even the 170 square mile area showed signs of overgrazing.

In 1914 the science of wildlife management was only in its infancy. The men in charge of the herd had no precedent to guide them. It was a learn-as-you-go situation.

So rapid was the natural increase that, as early as 1921, it became necessary to take action in controlling the herd. Act-

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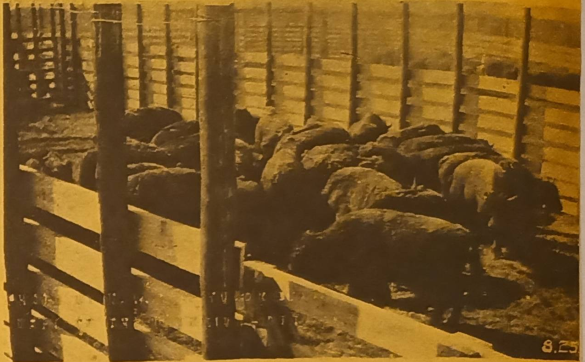
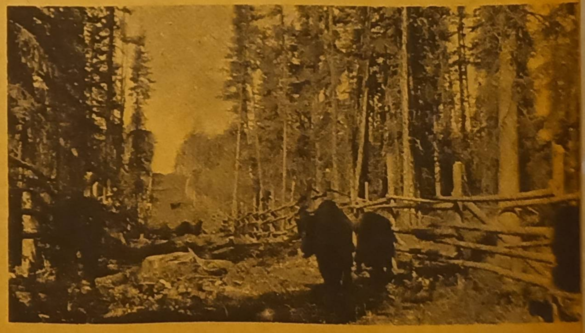
Buffalo from Wainwright Park being driven into corrals for loading on trains to cover first 400 miles of the route.



Buffalo in corrals at starting point, Wainwright Park, ready for trans-shipment to far northern range.

Buffalo-loaded barge, en route to northern preserve via Clearwater and Slave Rivers.

Cut through the forest at La Butte on the way to National Wood Buffalo Park, Northwest Territories, Canada.



CIRCUSES and CONTESTS

Milt tells of the years when the big shows were hanging on the ropes, and men who earned their living on a horse made out mostly from sun to sun . . .

By MILT HINKLE

Photos Courtesy Author

Above, Milt Hinkle bulldogging, 1912. Below, Lucille Mulhall, "World's First Cowgirl," in the pose she liked best of all.

LATE in the fall of 1914, I was traveling with M. L. Clark's Circus. Every day was the same—and yet every day was different. In the morning there would be a parade. After lunch, the outside free attraction was on. Willie Clark would walk up a long rope by his toes, then slide back down the rope backwards into a big canvas used to catch him. Then the sideshow and the outside concessions opened. In the afternoon performance I would trick ride—ride bucking broncs on a lunge-rope. Sara Glosser, the champion cowgirl, rode a bucking horse during the show.

I would box or wrestle all comers, but most of them were show men who had been planted in the seats. After the afternoon performance it was sure a sight to see the people watering and feeding their horses and themselves. It was the same routine for the night show. It was a life of enjoyment, yet hard. The show moved rain or shine. There's something about the Circus which holds your love for it and its people.

Late in September, Lee Clark let me off to go to Durant, Oklahoma, to produce a cowboy contest at the fairgrounds with Gus Massey and Heng Holland. After this contest I went back to my job on Clark's show.

On Christmas day, I was at San Antonio, Texas, to join Homer Wilson and Lucille Mulhall's Wild West Show which was to open in San Antonio in January, 1915.

It was a good show, an all-events contest with steer roping and bucking horse riding. Lucille roped and tied steers; Homer and I bulldogged.

Lucille was the daughter of Col. Zack Mulhall and I think one of the greatest horsewomen who ever lived. It was here at San Antonio she met the big rancher, Tom Burnett, from Wichita Falls, Texas, and two years later she married the millionaire.

After San Antonio, Homer and Lucille staged the first inside contest in the old Northside stock show building at the stockyards in Fort Worth. Slim Cassidy, Oklahoma Curly Roberts, Cy Perkins, myself and a few of the other hands took part in the first inside contest that spring of 1915.

It was this same year Homer Wilson and Lucille Mulhall produced a roundup at the old Ball Park. Louis Isler had his carnival on the same grounds. It was a wild show at Wichita Falls, Texas.

That is where I met for the first time, one of the greatest little real cowboys I ever knew. He was little but mighty loved. Fay Ward was one cowboy who could do something besides wear a big hat and boots. He knew how to work cattle on the range as well as contest at what are now called rodeos. A great saddle bronc rider and steer rider, he was also a great inventor. It was at Wichita Falls, that he invented the one-hand sircingle with a swivel handhold. Without changing hands, you could reverse and ride the animal backwards. He also invented a kind of release buckle with a cord attached to same. You could pull the string and the sircingle would come off when you dismounted. This saved roping the animal or running into a corral. He also was the inventor of one of the freak swell fork saddles—it was called the Fay Ward Special. Yes, he was a great cowboy, one that was hard to win over at saddle bronc riding and bareback. And I know, because he has won over me on several occasions.

THE NEXT YEAR the 101 Ranch had the show. This was the start of the great Fort Worth Rodeo. After this contest Harry Williams and I made a trip by wagon to Silver Creek, Nebraska, to a roundup where a contest of bucking horses, steer roping and bulldogging was to be held with prizes of $300 in each event. Harry had the best steer roping and bulldogging horses in the world. I clowned the Silver Creek Show. I also won the first prize at bulldogging and second prize at bucking horse riding.

Lue Cogger won the saddle bucking horse event. Ed Herrin won second, bulldogging. Dutch Sidell won third at bulldogging. Yakima Canutt won some of the events. Jessie Roberts won the cowgirl bucking horse riding. Kitty Canutt won second, Maude Tarr third. Other oldtimers there were Weaver Gray, Tex Sherman, Montana Jack Ray, Harry Hazelton and Red Pennington. Harry Williams won the steer roping, and Doubleday was there taking pictures. I did real well at the Silver Creek Roundup.

I sold pictures for Doubleday, making forty cents on the dollar. Albert Hasting was the local promoter of the Roundup and he was also a fight and wrestling promoter for the State of Nebraska. He matched me for a wrestling match with Christ Jordon, a Greek middle-weight wrestling champion who was one of the best men in the world for his size. He stayed with the mighty Joe Stecher for one hour and sixteen minutes. He got behind Stecher twice in one hour which was something no other man was ever able to do. Big crowds came out and I received fifteen per cent. It averaged better than $300 so I did okay even if I did lose the match.

The pay-off was made to the winners upstairs in Albert Hasting's real estate office.

During the Silver Creek Roundup Frank Snyder, a big horse and mule dealer, and Tom Kennedy, a well-to-do rancher and farmer, propositioned me to go in the contest game with them. We made a deal where I was to promote and run the show and split three ways, each man to put up one third of the money for stock. We started buying stock, and only the best. I booked Neligh, Nebraska, for our first show, followed by Albion, Alliance and Shelby, a little town but where a $3,000 purse had been put up by leading merchants. At Fullerton, Nebraska we got together some of the best stock in the business.

We contacted such performers as Chester Byers, Bob Calem, George Fig Newton, Pinky Gist, one of the best small bulldoggers ever. Tiny Binder, Rose Smith, Bryant and Ruth Roach were working for Hagenbeck & Wallace Circus, and Fred Riser was with them. I knew they were real show folks, so I sent tickets to them to join us. They did and I made Bryant my arena director. I bought Ruth her first trick riding horse that year at Neligh.

One of the greatest all-around show girls I ever knew was known as Princess Mohawk. She was out of a cotton mill in Georgia where Tom Howard discovered her and had her join Jack King's LXL Ranch Wild West Show.

I wrote her a letter and asked her to come west, so she joined us there. She became the world's greatest trick rider and bucking horse rider.

It was on this string of rodeos that she met Chet Byers. Chet's wife had been dead for some time and left him with a daughter to care for. I remember the Princess used to save pennies for the kid's bank, and Chester came near marrying her, but Jack Hughes, another cowboy, came along, and gave her his name. So she started using the name Florence Hughes.

Hughes was killed at Mexia, Texas in the oil boom days and she married Floyd Randolph of Ardmore, Oklahoma. Floyd was a top roper and later Sheriff of Ardmore for years.

We had a real outfit with our new show and we produced rodeos until September when the rains came and I lost all my money paying off the big cash prizes. I had to sell out to Frank Snyder who would not put up any more money.

I COULDN'T make up my mind where to go or what to do. The one that had my heart was the 101 Ranch Show, but knowing that after Zack lost all his best stock in England, the whole outfit was badly disrupted and disorganized, and the best performers were out contesting at rodeos, the new Millers Bros. Show would not be the 101 Show of the past. A letter from Zack told me he did not see how they could keep going.

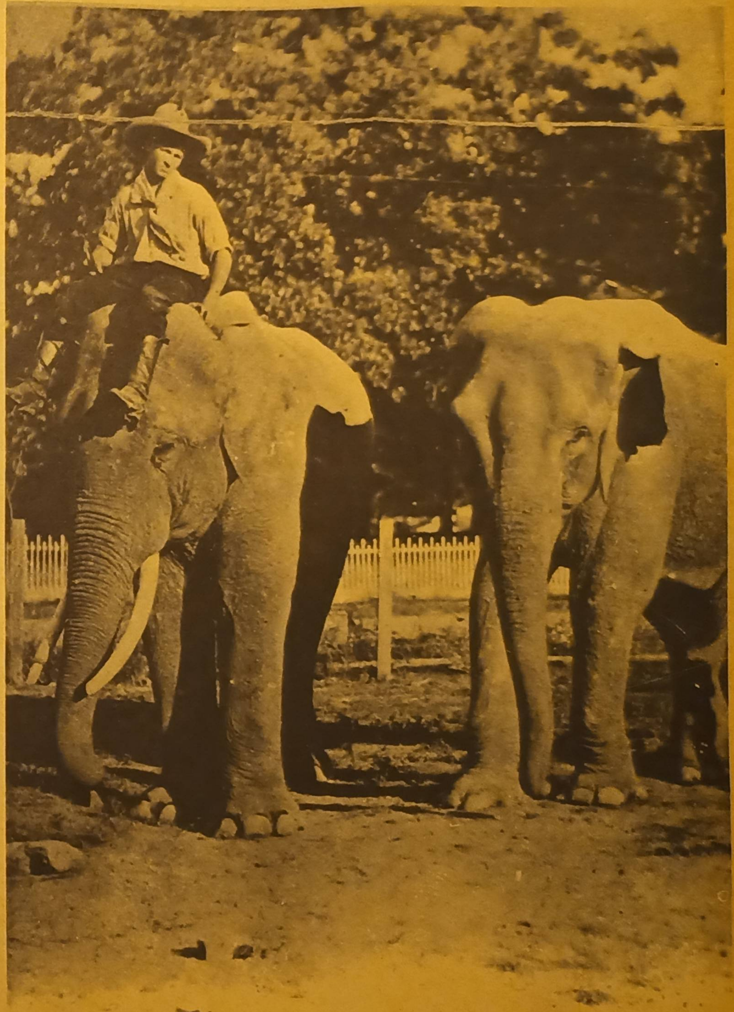
I heard of a contest at Sublette, Kansas, about forty miles south of Garden City and about seventy miles east of the Colorado line. So I loaded my saddles on a train for Garden City, as Sublette was on a branch line out from this town. A small carnival and a stock company in a big tent with lots of actors were playing Sublette, while a little rodeo was being held in an open ball park.

I had only one boy to beat and he was Cliff King of Garden City. There was one judge to judge the riding and he was from Garden City. King was a good rider, this I knew. The first day I rode a big bay who was known to be a bucker. I rode him and won first place that day. Cliff King came in second. I did a bulldogging exhibition and was paid $25 for each performance. At night I worked as outside man for the athletic show, being paid fifteen per cent each time I boxed.

I noticed the first night when I was in the ring that Cliff King came in with a little redhead, about a hundred pounds of charm. She was sure good to look at. I was to stay only three rounds with the show boxer, then come back for five rounds, but I wanted to show off to this redhead, and in the third round I tapped the fighter on the button and out he went.

I was sorry but this was good for the show as the wrestler, who was big as an ox, jumped into the ring and took hold of me. I pushed him out of the ring and the crowd went wild. The show manager took the wrestler by the arm, then said, "I will give you $10 for every minute you stay with my man."

Milt on "Old Ned" while with M. L. Clark Circus in 1909



"Not tonight," I said, "'but tomorrow night."

I went to the only little hotel in town, where I had a room on the second floor, changed clothes, and walked back on the streets which had plank sidewalks. A street dance was going on (on a platform) and I enjoyed the dance for a full two hours with the little redhead that Cliff King had out for the night.

Next day the roping and riding contest got under way with everyone there for fifty miles around. It was a two-day affair. I did not have any luck this day; it was all Cliff King's as he was named the champion bucking horse rider. I was second. I rode the horse that Cliff had ridden the day before, but the judge couldn't see me.

That night the tent could not hold all the people who showed up at a dollar a head for our wrestling match. The manager of the show called me to one side and said, "That was a good play you made last night. You don't expect to pull the same thing with my man tonight, do you?"

"I do!" I answered.

"Very well, I'll tell him to break every bone in your body."

"Okay!" I said, "but remember, I can do the same."

He then made me an offer to give me twenty-five per cent of the gross take on this night and would have his man work with me for half an hour. He would pay me off before the people, and the next night would be the last night and we could put up the sidewalls and have room for a bigger crowd, then his man would lose to me. I agreed. We worked for the half hour and pleased the people. The next night was to be a finish match, best two out of three falls. No time limit.

I wish you could have seen the crowd. He gave me the first fall, but it did not take him long to pin my shoulders in both other falls. He was getting even with me, but I got my money, which was around $400 for two nights.

I DIDN'T KNOW where to go then, as it was late September and the weather was getting cold.

The First World War was now on and it was a war in which they used lots of horses. The Belgians, French, Italy, England, and United States were buying horses by the thousands. The big inspections were on at St. Louis, Missouri; Chicago, Illinois; Grand Island, Nebraska; Omaha, Denver, Cheyenne and other places.

The redhead's name was Vivian Fisk, pianist, violinist and singer. So I left the little town of Sublette for Denver, Colorado, and with me was Vivian Fisk, which left the show without a piano player and Cliff King without a girl.

At Denver I found work with Charlie Tipton and Al McCloud who had the contract for Hollis and Platt Horse-Mule Company at the Denver stockyards. Hollis & Platt had fifty horse-buyers out all over the West purchasing horses by the trainloads and shipping them to Denver. Charlie Hursag of Cheyenne, Wyoming, one of the world's largest horse dealers, would ship Hollis & Platt a trainload every thirty days.

Every horse had to be rode whether it was class C, cavalry horse; Class A, light artillery; or Class AA, heavy artillery, to show the buyers. One hundred dollars per head was paid for cavalry horses and up to one hundred and forty-five dollars for artillery horses.

I started work on October 2, 1915. We rode in an alley about 16 feet wide and 150 feet long. The horses would be saddled at one end by the saddlers and snubbers. We would mount, and Tipton or McCloud on horseback would slap the horse on the rump with a buggy whip to start him on his way down the alley where the inspectors were standing to look them over and test their wind.

Every horse would buck his best, some falling, but we rode them from nine in the morning until four or five o'clock in the afternoon. As fast as we rode one and walked back, we mounted another one. My redhead princess found a job at a big hotel playing the piano and singing.

Here at Denver was my pal Harry Smith. Harry was one of the riders, also Dave Campbell, Red Pennington, Fred Hightower (we called him Highpockets), and Al Keefer. Riders were short for this grueling work. I always keep a daily diary and during October, November and December, 1915, I rode 6,246 head, and all bucked. I was making good money buying rejected horses and reselling them.

Nights I would halter-break horses and make extra money. Horsehair was selling good, so at night we would trim the horses' tails and sell their hair to the junk dealer.

Performers and roustabouts pose at "Entrace" to Texas Jack Neiland's Circus and Wagon Show.

MAIN
ENTRACE

TEXAS BUD WILD WEST

An early oil-burning steam calliope used when Milt was with the Texas Bud Wild West Show

A big horse dealer by the name of Ben Franklin gave me a $100 tip every week for riding his horses, for I had a knack of knowing how to get the horses over on the inspectors. The rejects were run through the Denver market; if turned down there, they were shipped to Chicago, and if rejected there, to St. Louis. Sometimes these horses made their way back to Denver and by this time they were real buckers. Charlie and Franklin had horses at all the markets.

In February, 1916, Franklin hired me by the week to make the inspections at St. Louis, Chicago and Cheyenne. What time I was not riding horses I was riding a Pullman car. I was paid $100 a week and transportation, eats, rooms, tips, etc.

At the St. Louis market Johnny Davis, Jim Kidd, Joe Pickett and Walter Robbins were riding for Campbell and Reed's Horse-Mule Company. Chicago had six good boys, Cheyenne around ten, but I rode all Ben Franklin's horses at these markets. I worked for Franklin until April 1, then I went back to work for Tipton and McCloud at Denver as the redhead was ready to go home.

I had been back riding the Denver inspection for about two weeks when I had a letter from Lucille Mulhall saying that a roundup contest was to be held the latter part of April in the old ball park at Wichita Falls, Texas. My bank roll was once again fat, and I was ready to move on.

AT WICHITA FALLS were Johnny Judd, his half-brother Tommy Grimes, Tom Echard, Hugh Strickland, Bugger Red, Jr., Jim Wilks, Red Sublett, Curly Griffin, Slim Caskey, Bryant Roach, Oklahoma Curly Roberts, Nowater Slim, Jim Massey and lots of other cowboys.

I made a little money. Slim Caskey and I won the bulldogging money. Lucille Mulhall hazed the steers for Caskey and myself on her big roping horse, Bud. We had a big time at the roundup, but when it was over I went back to Denver and riding the inspections, as each Sunday there was a contest that paid good money.

I had just got back working when one of the horses, while bucking and fighting, ran into the brick wall in the riding alley, and hit Al Keefer's head on the wall killing him.

He had said one day that if anything ever happened to him he wanted *At the End of a Perfect Day* to be played. We laid him away to rest. He was the third cowboy to be killed during the inspection.

About the middle of May, 1916, some officers from France were at the stockyards and Charlie Tipton was asked to give them a riding exhibition across the way in the big lot. I was riding one of the buckers with just a handful of mane, no saddle or bridle. I was doing okay until he broke in a run down the street which was paved with brick and was slick. The big horse hit the brick and fell rolling on me, fracturing my left hip.

I was laid up for some time—around seven weeks, I think. I know on July 1, 1916 I was working on my crutches, mouthing horses (telling their age). The big Cheyenne Days was to be the last of July and I wanted to be ready to bulldog.

I made the Cheyenne Days that year and bulldogged. Courtney Riley Cooper gave a glowing account of it in *The Saturday Evening Post* (November 29, 1919).

"I saw him first in . . . 1916, a crumpled thing of broken glories and dust-strewn colors as they lugged him off the field to a hospital. Three months later it was Cheyenne again—a howling, squawking maniac hobbled round the entrants' stand on crutches, roaring his approval of each event and momentarily attempting to stand without his supports. In vain. It was Milt Hinkle and in a calm moment he confided that he just couldn't stay away.

" 'They wouldn't let me out of the hospital—I got my hip busted you know', all this in a whisper. 'But I fixed 'em. They had me on the second floor, so I tied two blankets together and threw my crutches out the window. I couldn't hardly stay away . . . I'm entered in the bulldogging!'

" 'The what?'

" 'The bulldoggin'!'

"Milt said it as innocently as though he were about to play pinochle for the championship of the Bronx. Slowly he straightened his crippled leg and attempted to stand without his crutches. But in vain. Then he grinned.

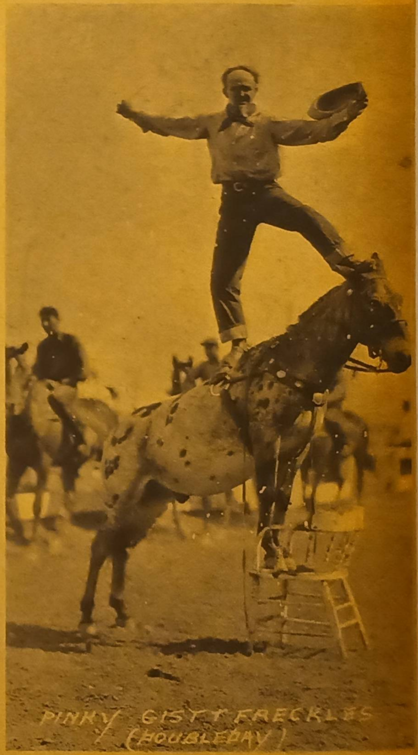
" 'I'll use these hosses until I climb into the saddle. Then I won't hurt none.'

"Far away a shot sounded—the call to the bulldoggers. Milt hobbled away, still grinning.

"A man with a broken hip, escaped from a hospital, he was going to do this: From a wooden chute a longhorn steer is shunted by yelping, screeching cowpunchers. Pursuing him on one side is the bulldogger, while on the other side is a second cowboy racing his pony to the limit of its speed, his lariat in readiness to check the frightened, maddened beast in case it decides to veer off the track into the grandstand. Faster and faster the pace becomes, until at last . . . the attendant cowboy shies his pony to one side and the bulldogger leaps from the saddle, soars four or five feet through the air, grasps the steer by its horns, and by his catapulting speed and weight endeavors to throw the animal to the ground with such force that it cannot rise. What becomes of the bulldogger doesn't seem to enter much into the calculations. Sometimes the steer gets up while the bulldogger doesn't.

"And it was into this sort of thing that Milt Hinkle, with an unknitted hip, was hobbling on his new yellow crutches. The man with the megaphone did not

Rodeo star Pinky Gist and Freckles



Above, calf roper Milt Hinkle in action. Doubleday's "handpicked" cowboys shown below are: first row standing, left to right, Johnnie Mullens, Curly Griffith, Rube Roberts, Vick Swartz. Center row: Hugo Strickland, Buck Stewart, Tommy Kernan, Howard Tegland, Lee Robison, Dave White, Slim Caskey, Shorty Kelso, Mike "Chew Tobacco" Hastings, Ben Johnson. Seated, bottom row: Jim Massey, Pinky Gist, Bryant Roach, Buck Lucas, Eddie McCarty, Oklahoma Curly Roberts and Fred Beason. Photo was taken at San Antonio, Texas in 1923.

esteem the act of sufficient interest to announce anything more than the simple fact.

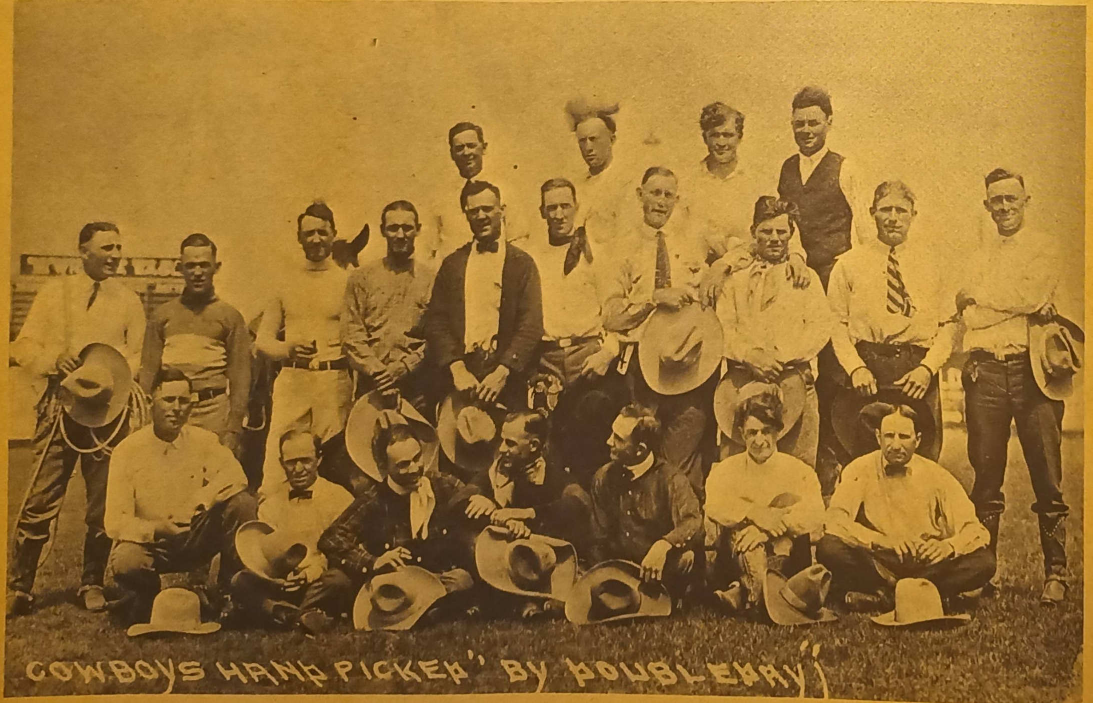
"'Next bulldogger, Milt Hinkle, of Bovina, Texas!'

"Out from the chute came the steer and just behind it Milt Hinkle, one foot hanging loose from the stirrup. The dive, and Hinkle caught fair. The beast, with 180 pounds suddenly crashing upon his horns and neck, stumbled, then turned a complete somersault, taking the crippled cowpuncher with him. A dazed, dusty second in which the steer struggled to its knees, sought to shake loose the arms that were hooked about his horns, staggered to its feet bawling and then dragged itself along a few yards before sinking finally to the ground. The red flag dropped—the signal to the timers.

"Milt—dusty, grimy, clothing torn and face skinned—waved a hand weakly in the announcement that his work was over. A couple of lank cowpunchers pulled him out from beneath the neck of the steer and lugged him off the track grumbling over the fact that he had missed the world's record by a full sixth of a second.

"Milt was nothing if not enthusiastic. With a broken hip as a mascot he had counted seriously upon beating a record of six seconds—and the time starts the instant the steer leaves the chute to continue until the beast is helpless on the ground. Walter Padgett, who set that record, by the way, was unconscious when they picked him up.

"That same afternoon, investigating a noisy wrangle between two starters on horseback, who were gesticulating heatedly toward someone on the ground, I found the object of it all to be Milt Hinkle. He wanted to ride!"



DAILY & WEEKLY MI
PRINTING OFFICE.
BREWERY

Some of the local gentry engaged in "propping up" the *Arizona Miner* office, Prescott

BEFORE THE DAYS OF LIBEL

By RUSSELL HANSEN

Photos Courtesy
Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

Remember when a newspaper man could say anything he durned please if he didn't have a glass chin and was a fairly good sprinter?

BACK IN the 1880s in the Territory of Arizona, brash frontier merriment and roughhouse journalism were hallmarks of the press. It was the kind of waggery that was nourished in the small towns in the West, a face-slapping newspaper style suited to the pre-libel law era and climate that will never return again.

Editors were prone to level their volleys of criticism at four favorite targets: the Army, the big cities of the East, politicians, and each other.

The Tombstone *Daily Republican* of March 9, 1883, sniping at its favorite sitting duck, printed a letter it received from a reader: "Mr. Editor: the enclosed item is cut from the Springfield, Mass. *Republican* of Feb. 23, 1883. 'Five thousand hunting knives are being made at the Water Shops for the use of soldiers on the plains. They are provided as a weapon of defense in a sudden Indian raid.' I would like to have you inform me, if you can get the statistics, how many Indians have been killed by the United States soldiers with hunting knives. (Signed) Contributor."

Editor Thornton of the Tombstone paper replied: "We confess ourselves unable to truthfully approximate the great slaughter (?) of Indians with the hunting knife, or rifle even, by our soldiers in the late Indian wars. In the Sulphur Spring Valley campaign of the Cibicu War in October, 1881, our brave troops, with great heroism and superhuman efforts, for them, captured one fat squaw who could not keep up with the flying renegades, and one papoose that had fallen from a horse and had not been missed by its parents. Contributor will see by this that the above is too much for us. Let him ask something easier."

Because the presence of marauding Apaches was Arizona's most critical problem and the biggest single factor in restricting development of the region, the papers closely followed the movements of the Army—but with skepticism and ridicule. Although the Army was always out chasing Apaches, the results were often skimpy and seldom satisfactory to those waiting to hear the reports. The weekly *Arizona Citizen* of Tucson on October 2, 1881, pointed out that "dispatches from the front indicate that a great deal of surrendering is going on. We should judge from the number reported that the same Indians go out and come in and surrender every time." Several weeks later, October 16, it added derisively: "The San Francisco *Bulletin* gives the military the most unkindest cut of all. It published the official report of the Cedar Springs fight in full. Even the *Citizen* was not mean enough to do that."

There was no reverence for the best of the Army generals. On January 19, 1884, the *Citizen* printed, "A Chicago paper calls General Crook an Indian fighter. That is a neat bit of sarcasm."

WHEN THINGS became dull and the Army was old hat for purposes of insult, the editors turned to raking the big cities in the East for fun and profit. For several decades—since the 1850s there were fourteen forts in Arizona and eight in New Mexico, both states at that time comprising one Territory—it was the contention of the cognoscenti in the East that men and money sent to Arizona to eradicate the Apaches was a monstrous waste and that that arid wasteland was a military rat hole. Arizonans as a result were caustic in their opinions of anything east of the Mississippi.

As an example, the Tombstone *Republican* of July 14, 1883, took aim at New York City: "The New York authorities think of having a saloon opened near the new bridge (the Brooklyn Bridge was completed that year), so that in case of another panic there will be more policemen within call."

Chicago fared no better than New York. The same paper in February 23, 1884, hooked one in the direction of the

(Continued on page 75)

Shop of the *Arizona Citizen*, Tucson, about 1893

ARIZONA CITIZEN
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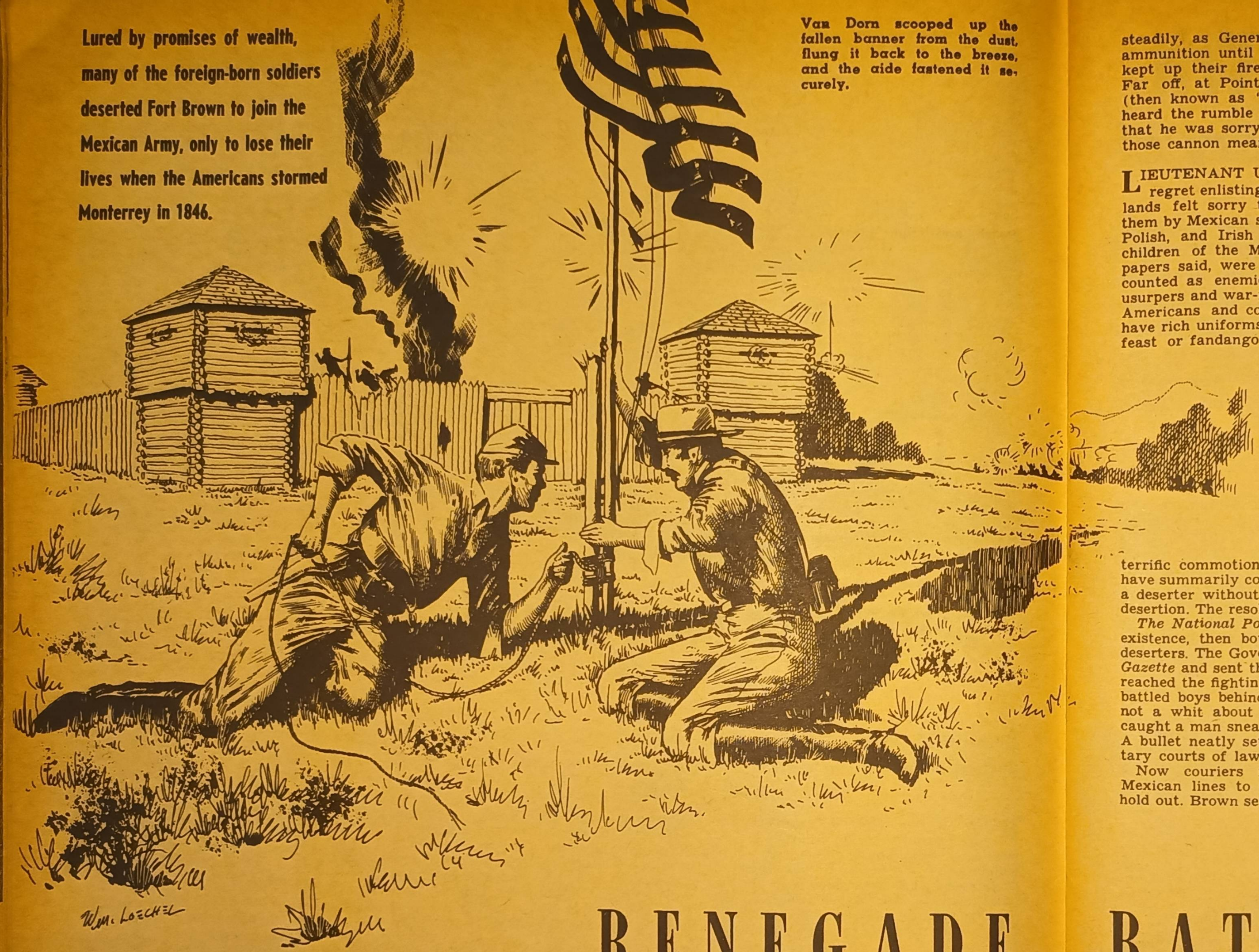


Lured by promises of wealth, many of the foreign-born soldiers deserted Fort Brown to join the Mexican Army, only to lose their lives when the Americans stormed Monterrey in 1846.

Van Dorn scooped up the fallen banner from the dust, flung it back to the breeze, and the aide fastened it securely.

RENEGADE BATTALION

By RIVERS LODGE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LOECHEL

NEAR dawn on a May morning in 1846, a dragoon in the light blue of the American Army of Occupation dashed into Fort Brown just across the Rio Grande from Matamoros. Ten minutes later, having obtained immediate audience with General Zachary Taylor, the dragoon dashed out again.

At daybreak, General Taylor and his cavalry filed out of the fort and rode in the direction of Point Isabel, where the American supply depot was in peril.

From his hiding place in a chaparral thicket, a Mexican lancer observed their departure. Quickly he mounted his horse and galloped off to report to his commander that the fort had been abandoned, in accordance with an earlier Mexican demand. Broadsides were run off, telling the populace of the great Mexican victory. All night the soldiers and the townspeople feasted, danced and drank in celebration.

But the fort, though open to attack on all sides, had not been abandoned. Shut up within the stuffy shelter were five hundred men sworn to the service of the United States in its struggle with Mexico over a strip of land 119 miles wide, lying between the Nueces and the Rio Grande Rivers. Among that force, commanded by Major Jacob Brown, were young West Pointers whose names would later be household words as Indian fighters in Western territory, and as Southern Generals in the coming Civil War. Outstanding of these young officers was Lieutenant of Artillery Braxton Bragg, and Second Lieutenant Earl Van Dorn, born in Mississippi, whom Texas would love as a son.

In strange contrast to these "book soldiers" were numbers of French, Polish, and Irish immigrants, who—suffering from famine and oppression in their own countries—had joined the U. S. Army with two primary objectives—to eat and to fight.

One week after his departure from Fort Brown, General Taylor reached Point Isabel, twenty-two miles away. Mexican General Arista, hampered by slow-moving troops and the jealous conniving of rival generals, had barely swung his army into position when the Americans poured through. Arista had to content himself with fortifying a small village along the road over which Taylor would have to return—Resaca de la Palma—and ordering up a battery of seven guns to open on the supposedly abandoned fort.

When the Mexicans opened on the fort with their 8-pounders, they were amazed to find their fire returned by 18-pounders. The bigger guns of the Americans fired slowly but steadily, as General Taylor had ordered them to conserve ammunition until he returned. For five hours the Mexicans kept up their fire, but with diminishing energy and effect. Far off, at Point Isabel, Second Lieutenant Ulysses Grant (then known as "Sam" to his classmates and companions) heard the rumble of the distant artillery fire, and announced that he was sorry he had enlisted. The ominous booming of those cannon meant real war.

LIEUTENANT U. S. GRANT was not the only soldier to regret enlisting. Many of the new-made soldiers from other lands felt sorry too. Broadsides had been smuggled in to them by Mexican spies, addressed particularly to those French, Polish, and Irish immigrants among the troops who were children of the Mother Catholic Church. The Mexicans, the papers said, were brothers in faith to these men, although counted as enemies by the barbarous Americans, who were usurpers and war-mongers. Let any man but leave the heretic Americans and come over to the Mexicans, and they might have rich uniforms trimmed in gold lace and silver buckles, a feast or fandango every night with alluring and acquiescent women companions to bring them joy. After the brave Mexican army chased the Americans back across the Rio Grande, each man who had left the Gringo dogs would receive 320 acres of land, with more for any officers who would come. Many fell for the propaganda; some reached the Mexican lines, many others were shot as they ran or when they tried to swim the river.

When word reached Washington of these shootings, the Whigs, who had opposed the movement of American troops on Mexico from the first, raised a terrific commotion. A resolution was introduced which would have summarily court-martialed any officer or soldier who shot a deserter without proper trial and inquiry into the cause for desertion. The resolution was defeated.

The National Police Gazette, which had been struggling for existence, then bounced out of the red by publishing lists of deserters. The Government bought up hundreds of copies of the *Gazette* and sent them to the loyal troops. By the time the lists reached the fighting front, they were no longer useful. The embattled boys behind the smoking cannon of Fort Brown cared not a whit about trials or reasons for deserting. When they caught a man sneaking off to the enemy, they simply shot him. A bullet neatly settled his problems without recourse to military courts of law.

Now couriers raced their horses through the scattered Mexican lines to inquire of Major Brown if the fort could hold out. Brown sent word back to Taylor that his men would hold it while breath remained in their bodies. The American guns were mostly silent now, the men conserving their small stock of ammunition and keeping to their bomb-proofs. The besieging Mexicans reported jubilantly to their commander that most of the hated Gringos were dead. Nevertheless, they dared not attack.

Under cover of night, a detail of Mexicans crossed the river, got behind the fort and set up a battery. At dawn the Americans were awakened by a thunderous cannonade from front and rear. The fort's gunners fired back all through the roaring dawn and morning. At noon the powder-blackened cannoneers were plenty tired, but their losses had been light. The fort still held; and a hundred yards out front, the starry flag still flew.

MORE deserters crept out in darkness, until there were enough of them serving with the Mexicans to form the detested St. Patrick's Battalion. The weary men sweating it out behind the battered fortifications until their General and the main force of their army should come, thought grimly of the terrible vengeance they would exact if ever they met the treacherous renegades in action.

The siege continued for days. Grape, canister, and musket balls swept the walls. Howitzer shells pounded the gun emplacements, while the men stayed at their posts and kept the guns slowly firing with almost the last of their ammunition. Now the eyes of the gunners were sunk deep in their sockets; the men were so perilously close to complete exhaustion they clung to their pieces for support. The end could not be long delayed unless General Taylor came quickly.

Major Brown went from one gun to another, cheering the staggering cannoneers with his presence. A fragment of an exploding shell struck the Major, knocked him down. Two gunners picked him up and carried him into a bomb-proof. Gently they laid him down, tried hopelessly to make him comfortable. Despite his shattered leg, Brown fought hard to live. Gasping in the fetid air, acrid with powder smoke and foul with the odor of sweating men, Major Brown did not long survive his frightful wound. Mercifully, death came quickly to release the dying commander from his agony.

The situation of the garrison was now desperate—the commander dead, men exhausted, ammunition almost gone. They began now to fire the signal guns, spaced at intervals, calling for the aid promised them. The Mexicans surmised the meaning of the regularly spaced gun-fire, and redoubled their bombardment, hoping to reduce the fort and capture the garrison before help could arrive from Point Isabel.

The guns of the fort fell silent after the signal shots, and the Mexicans promptly sent in an officer under a flag of truce to demand surrender. Captain Hawkins, who had succeeded to the command, politely refused. The officer went back to the Mexican lines—and the enemy guns now opened on the fort from four different directions. The garrison responded with musket fire and an occasional cannon shot.

By noon the Americans—who had been on half rations for days—expected an assault momentarily. Many were too exhausted to care about either food or danger. Lieutenant Van Dorn was everywhere about the fort, fearlessly exposing himself in the most dangerous spots, cracking jokes, telling stories, praising men who had done well, urging on those who had grown despondent.

Suddenly a lookout cried out in dismay—the flag before the fort had been shot down. Captain Hawkins called for volunteers, and instantly Lieutenant Van Dorn and an aide responded. Slipping through the front gate, the two men raced through a hail of shot—"like humming birds in my mother's garden," Van Dorn later declared—right into the heavy Mexican fire. Van Dorn scooped up the fallen banner from the dust, flung it back to the breeze, and the aide fastened it securely.

Hazardous mission accomplished, they sprinted back to the fort. Van Dorn scratched his ankle, dodging a shell which would have taken off a leg. He stooped low, on impulse, and a cannon ball whizzed over his head that would have decapitated him had he been standing upright. Unwounded, the valiant pair reached the fort as their comrades sent up a ringing cheer.

Now, as if in recognition of the gallant deed, came the sound of heavy cannon fire in the direction of Point Isabel—Resaca de la Palma was being fiercely contested by Grant, Longstreet, and the others. "Old Rough and Ready" was fighting his way back to his boys. A tremendous shout rose from the hardy remnant of the garrison.

Winning the scrap at Resaca de la Palma, the rescuing Americans raced on toward Fort Brown. As they neared it, a wild, exultant cheer went up from their marching ranks, to be answered by the cheers of the garrison. After 140 hours of intensive bombardment, the flag, the fort, and the gallant defenders were still there.

IN MATAMOROS, a great feast had been prepared for the victorious Mexican army expected that evening. Every house was decked with garlands for the conquering heroes, and every girl wore flowers in her hair. The Americans spoiled everything; driving the defeated army through Matamoros and leaving only a desolate town of wailing, anguished women, who tore down the gay banners from their houses and shrieked their grief as burro after burro came into town bearing on their backs, like so many sacks of meal, the grisly remains of what had once been men.

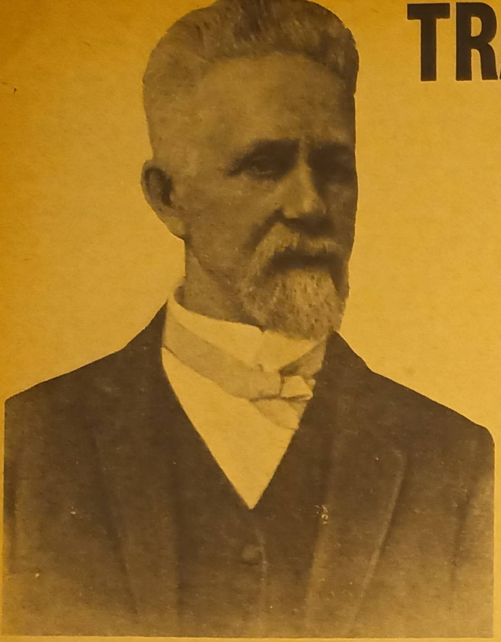
The invincible Americans drove on through Mier, Reynosa, Comargo, and bore down on Ceravlo. The Mexicans did not fight—except among themselves—for more than a day at a time, when they had food or were forced to fight in self-defense. After every stand they broke and fled, running, running, always waiting for reinforcements and supplies that never came.

(Continued on page 66)

TRAVESTY TOWN

The Story of OLD MILLERTON

By WILLIAM B. SECREST

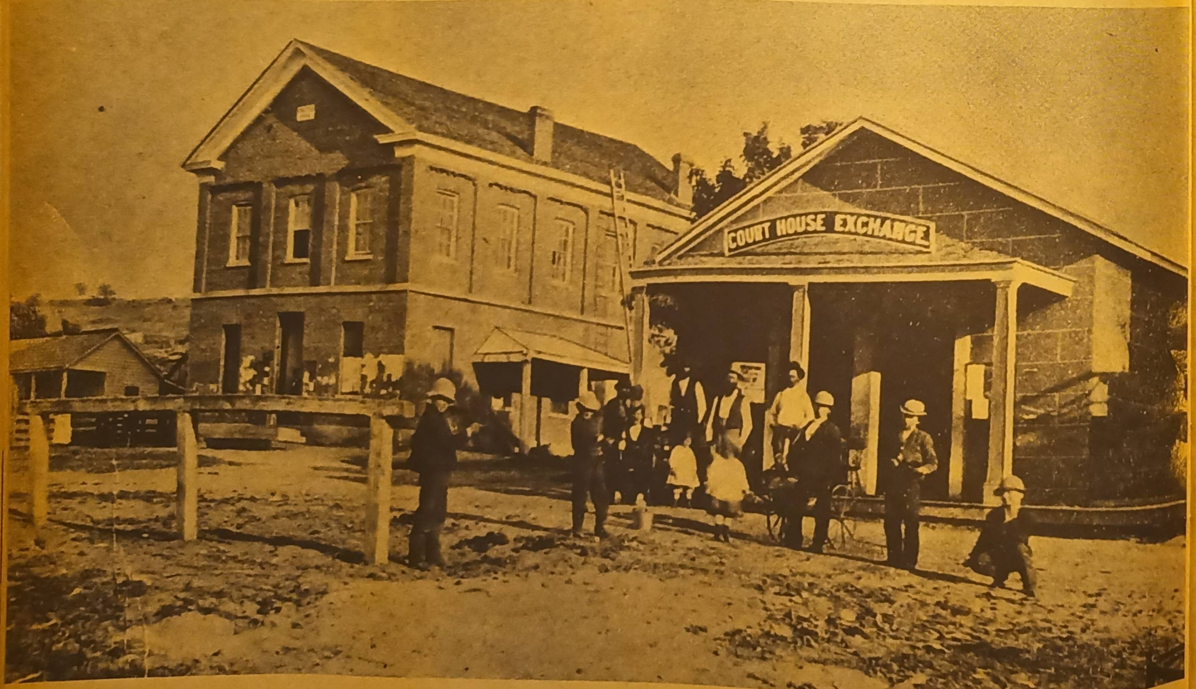


Author's Collection

Old Millerton was the hub of a large, if scantily populated new county, but the town assumed little of the dignity that should have accompanied its role. Its buildings were scattered helter-skelter and located on unsurveyed government land to which no one had legal claim. Its citizens, as varied as a crazy quilt, blithely whiled away the time, seemingly waiting for a boom that never came . . .

Above, Dr. Lewis Leach, the beloved doctor of early Millerton who knew the town at its zenith and saw it die. The earliest known photograph of Millerton, below, was taken sometime in 1868. It was in front of the Court House Exchange that C. P. Converse shot William Crow in an election-day fight.

Photo Courtesy Fresno County Historical Society



DR. LEWIS LEACH looked at the thirteen mutilated bodies and shuddered. So this was California, Land of Opportunity! Certainly there would be no more opportunities for these citizens of Woodville—the tiny town of tents and shacks had been totally ravaged. Giving orders to his party to camp in the open, away from the stench and ruins, Leach appointed guards and began the business of burying the dead. To his horror he discovered that one of the victims had been skinned alive!

It was late December of 1850; Leach and his group of eleven had just arrived in California after an overland journey from St. Louis. They had crossed the Mojave Desert and were approaching the Kern River when they encountered two bedraggled refugees of the Woodville massacre. Hoping to find other survivors, Leach ordered his party toward the site but all they could do there was bury the dead.

The next morning the men pushed north toward the goldfields. On the San Joaquin River they stumbled across a ragged collection of tents scattered along the riverbank—the mining camp and store belonging to 49ers named Cassady and Lane, the first "civilization" they'd found in California. That night, they gorged themselves on food, greedily puffed pipes filled with fresh tobacco, and listened as Major Lane filled them in on local Indian troubles.

By the next morning all of Leach's party except the doctor had accepted employment with Cassady and Lane as miners. The latter had seen enough of frontier life and was preparing to return East. He did consent to treat a wounded Woodville survivor's arm, however. It was shot through with blood poisoning and had to be amputated with a woodsaw and jack-knife. There was no anesthetic. Despite the crude surgery the patient lived.

Perhaps that operation made Lewis Leach realize that he was desperately needed in this forlorn country. Whatever the reason, the doctor decided to stay in California.

ON JANUARY 20, 1851, a large blond man in buckskins rode into Cassady's and Lane's camp and Leach was introduced to Jim Savage, already a legendary figure in central California. Savage had come to warn the miners that the Indians were on the warpath and that several men had been killed near Rootville. Major Lane posted guards and rounded up the stock but Cassady made light of his precautions. The next morning moccasin tracks were found along the river and arrows were discovered in some of the stock. Cassady still insisted there was no real trouble but two days later his mutilated body was found on the riverbank.

Despite different backgrounds, Leach and Savage became friends almost immediately. When Savage told the doctor that a militia battalion was being formed to fight Indians, Leach signed on as a private. They fought through the Mariposa Indian War together, Leach becoming Battalion Surgeon. After the hostilities ended, the two adventurers formed a trading post partnership which proved to be very successful. When Savage was murdered in 1852, Dr. Leach erected a marble shaft over his grave which can be seen there today.

A fort was established in April, 1851, a mile-and-a-half above the tent town of Rootville, on the San Joaquin River. A large blockhouse, probably the first wooden structure built by white men in what is now Fresno County, was erected. Its formidable logs and loopholes quieted the Indians, and the "big wood house for fight," as the Indians called it, became the scene of treaty-making activity. The post housed two companies of soldiers and was named Fort Miller. Rootville miners were so relieved by the security the fort provided they began calling their tent community Millerton. The name stuck.

Two army wives, Elisabeth Carrol and Ann McKenzie, were the first white women in this area. One day a group of squaws pounced on the two women and commenced rubbing their faces to see if their skin was really white or just painted. Mrs. McKenzie escaped but Mrs. Carrol wasn't released until she had been stripped and scrubbed from head to toe.

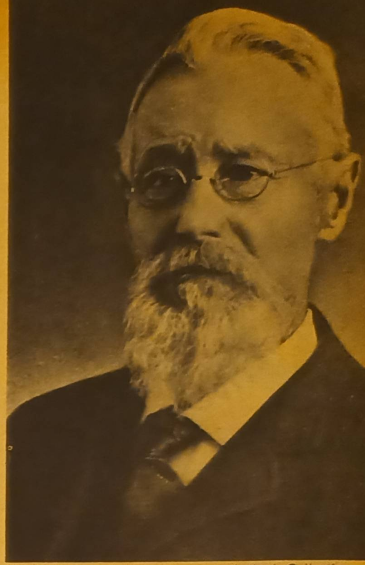
In 1852 Ira Stroud and his family arrived in Millerton, followed shortly by the Richards and Williams families. Frame buildings began to appear and by 1853 something resembling a settlement was hugging the riverbank.

It was a wild little town from the first, noted for its devil-may-care spirit. Although Millerton was located on government land, leases were entered into, lots sold, and transactions made, none of which had any legal validity whatsoever. No one seemed to care. There wasn't anything in the way of city government anyway—jurisdiction over the town was held by the county supervisors at Mariposa, sixty miles away. Tents and buildings were scattered every which way along a scraggly road that wound through the center of town. This street, variously called Main, Center and Water Street, terminated on the east in a Chinatown and was practically closed off on the west by buildings.

In the early 1850s the town had a Chinese blacksmith, a livery stable, a ferry, a small hotel, and several saloons and stores. Dr. Leach and Dr. DuGay were usually in town or available nearby, and except for a woman shortage Millerton had most of the rudiments of civilization.

Cards, shooting matches and horse racing were the most popular pastimes. But once Jeff Shannon and Jim Roan got tired of horse racing and decided to stage an Indian squaw race. When each man had a squaw "trained" and ready, the race was announced and bets made. Shannon's squaw won but the editor of the *Mariposa Gazette* claimed it would have been a different story if Roan's runner had kept in training.

Charlie Converse was another local sport who liked wagering. When every other sport had lost its edge, he would bet on how far he could spit. One time he was engaged in a high-stakes poker game with a bunch of tough Mexicans. They had been playing for gold dust in buckskin sacks and Converse lost everything he owned. He asked that the game be continued, however, and rushed down to the river and filled several sacks with sand. Re-entering the game he won his money back, and more. The Mexicans never found out about the ruse.



Author's Collection

Jasper Musick, pioneer Millerton freighter and merchant. As a supervisor of Fresno County, he was very active in promoting the building of the courthouse at Millerton.

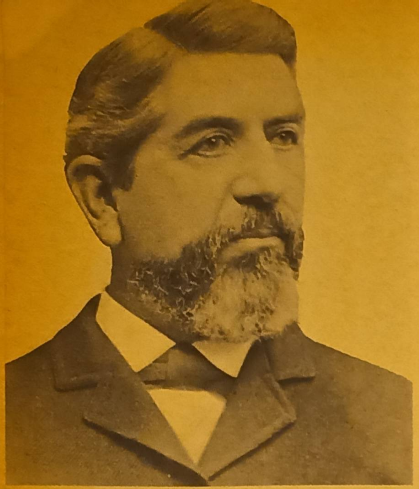
Quartermaster Jordan of Fort Miller had a reputation for being shrewd and cunning—he always got the better of a deal. But when he contracted with John Newton to buy hay at $50 a ton Jordan got his comeuppance. The hay was piled in a huge stack and Jordan estimated it would weigh ten tons. He paid Newton and had his soldiers load the hay. The first wagon was starting toward the fort when it was discovered that the huge stack was a thin veneer of hay covering a large rock boulder.

On a hot day in late July, 1853, two dust-covered horsemen dismounted in front of Ira Stroud's saloon. One of the men untied a small keg from his saddle and and the two proceeded into the bar, slapping at their dust powdered clothes as they went.

"Barkeep, give us a bottle of yore best likker and mind you none of that swill you pass out to Injuns." The speaker swung his keg from his shoulder down unto the rough, plank bar.

"This here is Byrnes an' I'm Sylvester," the other man said as he faced the room. "We're Rangers with Captain Love's company. It's a long, hot ride from the coast mountains an' right now we want to propose a toast to . . ," he grinned at his partner as Byrnes thrust his hand into the keg and produced "the head of Joaquin Murietta."

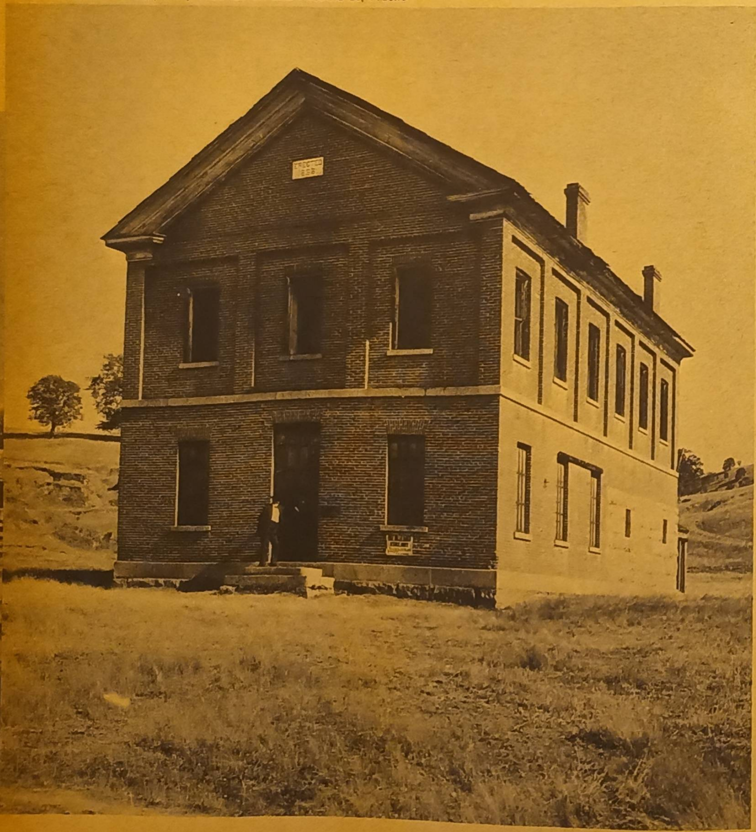
Loungers in the saloon stumbled over each other in their rush to see the remains of the famous outlaw. Byrnes and Sylvester told their story of the fight at Cantua Creek, some ninety miles west of Millerton, and how Joaquin and several of his men had been killed. While Love and the rest of the Rangers were chasing the remaining outlaws, Byrnes and Sylvester had been dispatched to Millerton to put the head of Joaquin and the hand of his lieutenant, Three-Fingered-Jack, in



Author's Collection

Judge E. C. Winchell, prominent Fresno County pioneer, is shown above. One morning in 1864 he sentenced an Indian to be hanged. When he got back from lunch he discovered the Indian had been lynched with a rope taken from his front yard. Below, the old courthouse circa 1910. The old-style iron door and window shutters can be seen in front. The two small windows at the rear are the jail cell windows.

Photo Courtesy Tony Mazmanian and Associates, Fresno



alcohol. The two Rangers had started out with the head of Jack also but it had become so foul-smelling they had cast it to the coyotes.

Luckily Dr. Leach was found before the Rangers got too drunk. He advised them that he was short of alcohol and suggested that whiskey would preserve their trophies until they reached Mariposa. The next day Love and the rest of the posse arrived and, with Sylvester and Byrnes and their trophies, headed for the state capital at Benicia for their reward.

Many years later some old-timers recalled that several Rangers lived at Millerton after Murietta's death. According to them, the Rangers bragged that they had put one over on the State—that Murietta had not been killed and that both the hand and the head were from the body of Three-Fingered-Jack. There was and is some controversy as to whether Murietta was killed that day at Cantua Creek, and it is doubtful that the mystery will ever be completely solved.

Doctor Leach was such a well-liked resident of the Millerton area that none of the settlers passed up an opportunity to do him a good turn. Once he filed a claim for $350 in the local court (held in Allen's Saloon) and received the full award despite the fact that $300 was the limit of the court's jurisdiction. On the last day on which an appeal could be filed, a lawyer named Jim Cruikshank showed up to contest the award. Some of Leach's friends detoured Jim into a grog shop and Cruikshank wound up howling drunk. At midnight, when time for the appeal had expired, the lawyer was put to bed and woke up the next morning a wiser and chastened man.

By 1856 so many problems had developed as a result of Millerton's isolation from the county seat at Mariposa that a new county—Fresno—was formed with Millerton as the county seat. The first Fresno County Board of Supervisors met in Ira McCray's saloon and hotel in June. There were no county buildings; all of the new officials had to rent offices in local business houses or private dwellings. Tradition has it that the supervisors sometimes adjourned as often as twenty times a day for drinks. An early-day city clerk recalled that county court was often adjourned so the jury could take in horse races.

It was decided that the first county building to be erected should be a jail. On September 15, 1856, the contract for the building was awarded to Henry Burroughs. The $6,000 structure was finished five months later but on the day of its inspection by county authorities, the lone inmate offered to demonstrate that he could scratch his way out with a nail. Burroughs successfully postponed his exhibition, however, and the jail was accepted by the county.

Repairs were necessary as early as May, 1857, and high-priced meals, the cost of jailers and other expenses made the supervisors sorry they had wanted a lock-up. When the sheriff discovered that his prisoners had carved a hole through a wall and were making nightly excursions into town—always returning in time for meals—he gave up and started sending all captives to the Mariposa jail.

A flood during the winter of 1861-62 gave Millerton a bad scare. The lowlands on both sides of the river were inundated and several buildings were swept away. The bar and gambling rooms of Ira McCray's Oak Hotel were filled with mud and gravel, and floating debris weakened many buildings' foundations. It was a warning, but of course Millerton paid no heed.

AFTER WORD of the Civil War reached California, Millerton became the scene of much "secesh" activity, including a military company which drilled in secret. If someone tried to raise the Stars and Stripes on a national holiday he was likely as not to be confronted with a brace of pistols and told to haul it down "or else!"

Most of Millerton's early settlers were from the South. Fremont was the Republican Party's standard bearer in the 1856 election but he polled only one vote in Fresno County. "Dad" Aldridge, the dissenting voter, became known as "the lone Republican of Fresno." Before the 1860 election word was passed that "no damned abolitionist would be allowed to vote." Davis and Hill, two notorious Copperheads, were responsible for this threat, but they didn't scare Aldridge. Although strongly pro-Southern and Democratic, the county election officials made sure Aldridge was protected while he cast his ballot.

Fort Miller, evacuated in 1856, was re-garrisoned in August, 1863 to counter the seditious actions of Millerton settlers. When rumors circulated that an uprising was imminent at Millerton, California military authorities decided that prompt army action had to be taken to save the valley from a war of its own.

Company A of the 2nd California Infantry left Stockton under the impression it was heading south to fight Indians. The company officers, however, were under orders to restore harmony in Fresno County. Army reports had indicated that Confederate sympathizers were preparing to head a military movement against Federal authority in the valley. Taking no chances, Colonel Olney, Company A's commander, ordered his troops to fix bayonets at the Chowchilla River, "for we are now in enemy territory."

When Olney and his troops reached the north bank of the river opposite Millerton, they deployed into skirmishing position. A trooper bearing a white flag commandeered a small skiff and rowed across the river. His orders were to demand an immediate capitulation of the town on the promise of amnesty for all its citizens. This failing, the townspeople were to be reminded that they risked suffering the consequences of treasonable behavior.

The trooper skulked around town and finally walked into the Oak Hotel. The men who were there, drinking and talking, didn't seem particularly dangerous. In fact, when he told them Federal troops were across the river, several hands put the ferry into operation and Company A marched into Millerton proper. A few people waved and several clapped their hands but most of the men. women and children peeked out of windows and doors wondering just what the hell was happening.

All of the rumors which had prompted the march on Millerton turned out to be just that. Colonel Olney made an embarrassed exit and marched upriver to Fort Miller, but history of a sort had been made. Millerton was the only California settlement ever "besieged and captured" by Federal troops during the Civil War.

IN 1863 land had been purchased for a new county courthouse and jail. Finally in early 1866. plans for the building were accepted by the supervisors and bids for its construction were solicited. The low bidder was Charlie Converse and construction was begun in the spring.

Converse was a good builder. He constructed a kiln to burn brick, and quarried granite blocks below the town. Some of these blocks weighed over a ton and were hauled to the building site by teams of oxen. On the first floor of the courthouse he fashioned two cells which were second to none in the State. Their ceilings were sixteen inches thick, their doors and bars made of iron. A heavy iron rod ran up the center of each cell so that prisoners could be chained for further security.

The new courthouse was the pride of the county and cost over $24,000. It was typical, however, that no one thought to have a cornerstone-laying ceremony. Also in keeping with this caricature of a town, the first inmate of the new jail was the builder, Converse himself.

Shortly after the courthouse had been completed in 1867, an election for sheriff was held. The incumbent, J. Scott Ashman, was running for reelection against James Walker. Some of their followers were rash, reckless men who felt very strongly about their candidate. Converse believed both were able and conscientious but he also believed that rotation in office was a good policy and became a violent partisan in the cause of Walker.

When the votes were in and counting had commenced in the courthouse, Converse began pacing up and down in front of the Courthouse Exchange, a saloon situated next to the new county offices. Suddenly someone in the saloon hurled a rock which narrowly missed his head. Converse, keyed up by the campaign, drew his pistol and fired into the building. At that moment a confederate of his attacker crept up behind him and struck him on the head with a club. The blow by this new assailant, William Crowe, knocked Converse to his knees. He whirled and fired several shots, one of which struck Crowe in the body. A group of citizens rushed out to disarm Converse.

Crowe turned and ran but fell to his knees a few feet away. Friends carried him from the street as Converse struggled with the crowd, his arms flailing wildly while he was being forced onto the courthouse steps and finally subdued.

Crowe died as a result of his wound and Converse was lodged as the first prisoner in the jail that he had built. But the grand jury decided that the homicide was justified and he was released.

Charles P. Converse was a strange. reckless man; about him raged one of the most unusual—and still unsolved—mysteries of old Millerton. He had come to California in 1849 and had become a wealthy man through various mining and cattle ventures. He also owned and operated a ferry at Millerton. His young wife, Matilda, divorced him because of his unpredictable temperament, and married Dr. Leach in 1872.

During the building of the courthouse in 1866, Stephen Gaster, the county treasurer, disappeared. He had last been seen in Millerton as he climbed into the stagecoach for Hornitos, accompanied by Charles Converse. In a few days Converse came back to town saying he had last seen Gaster at Stockton. Converse then let out the news that he had deposited a large amount of money with Gaster and that he now needed the money to pay off his laborers. There was nothing to do except issue a warrant for the treasurer's arrest for the embezzlement of the public funds.

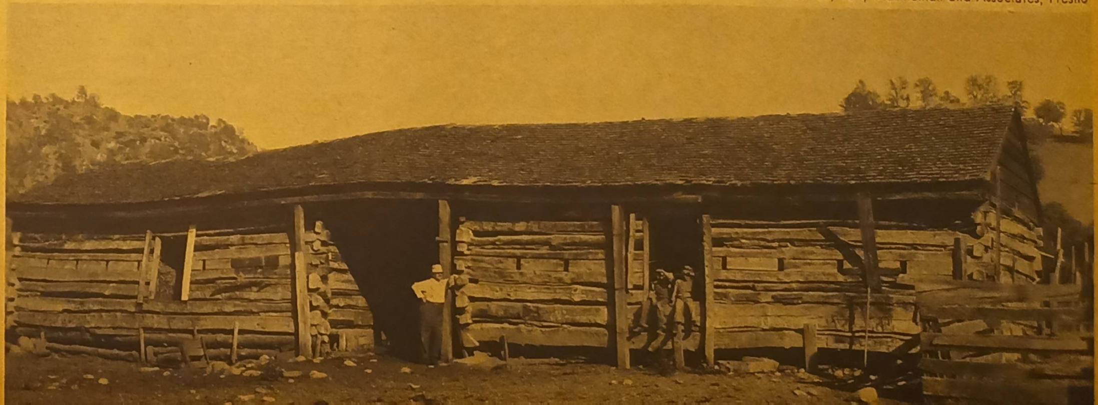
Up to this point there was no proof that Gaster had skipped with the money. Finally Judge Winchell ordered the county safe cut open. It was empty (except for a sack of twenty dollar gold pieces identified as belonging to a Mr. Darwin of Upper Kings River.)

Millerton was immediately in an uproar. There seemed to be no reason for Gaster to steal county money. He was an old resident of the area with an excellent reputation and a personal life above reproach. He did not drink, gamble or speculate and was well-known for his amiability and generous nature. Most of those who knew him decided that he had met with foul play. Converse, the last man to have seen him, was suspected of having had something to do with the affair and he never quite cleared his name. Mrs. Gaster, however, seemed to feel differently towards him, although she was convinced her husband had been murdered. When a proper interval had been observed she obtained a divorce and married Converse.

Thirty years after Gaster's disappearance, Converse disclosed that he had located the former treasurer in Nicaragua. He was operating a sawmill in the small town of Leon and his identification was verified by the U. S. Minister at Managua. It was substantial proof that Gaster was alive, although the matter of the stolen money remained unexplained.

Finally most of those interested in the affair decided Gaster had been lending public funds to a "friend"—possibly Converse. When this friend refused or was unable to repay the money, Gaster's only recourse was flight. He died in Nicaragua, a poor and undoubtedly bitter man.

Converse roamed about the West for some years, his fortunes steadily on the decline. He finally wound up as a curbstone broker and mining expert in San



The blockhouse at Fort Miller as it looked sometime after the turn of the century. This was the first building constructed by white men in Fresno County and is now the museum of the Fresno County Historical Society.

Photo Courtesy Tony Mazmanian and Associates, Fresno

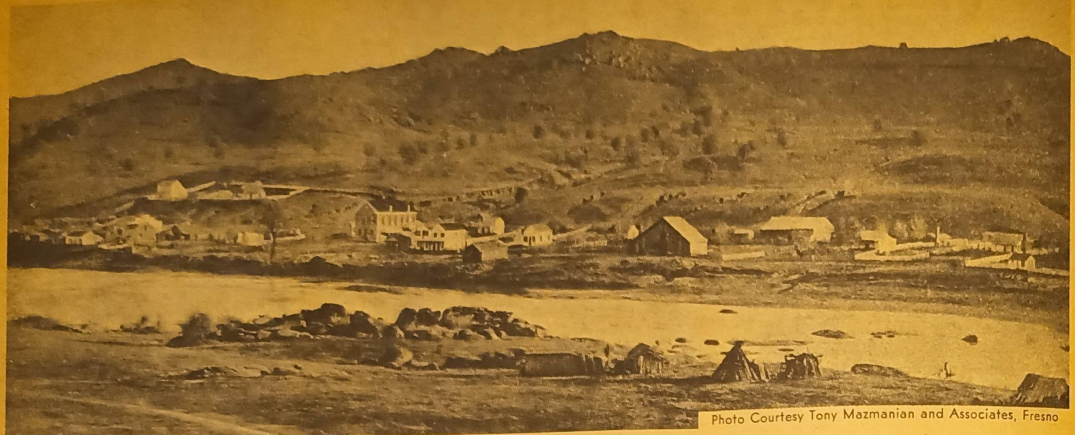


Photo Courtesy Tony Mazmanian and Associates, Fresno

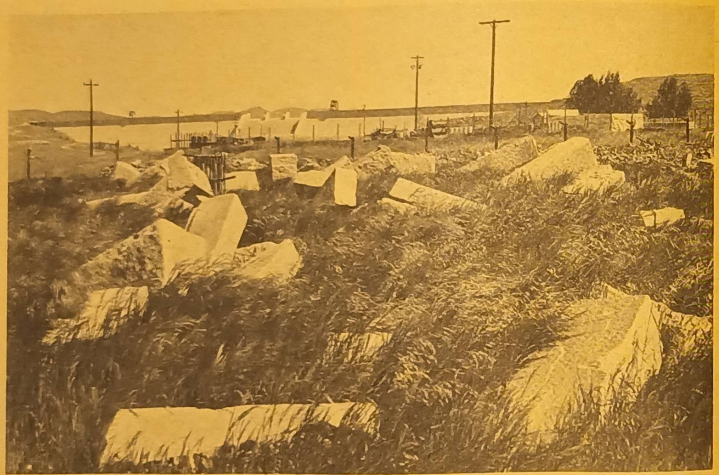


Photo Courtesy The Fresno Bee, Fresno

Millerton, California, in 1870. Much of the town had been swept away in the disastrous flood of 1867 as is evident in the photo above. The courthouse dominates the town at left-center of picture. At right, a pile of rubble on a lonely hilltop is all that remains of old Millerton today.

Francisco. When his fortunes finally hit rock bottom, he committed suicide in the Bay.

IN DECEMBER, 1867, three weeks of of warm rains drenched the heavy snowpacks in the Sierra Nevada Mountains above Millerton, setting off several avalanches, the largest of which stripped the timber from two miles of slope on the San Joaquin watershed. The swollen river carried tons of uprooted trees and timber down to form a huge log jam several miles above Millerton.

On Christmas Eve the river began rising rapidly and residents of the sprawling riverbank town suddenly realized how vulnerable their position was. Merchants began transferring their store goods to the courthouse, which was on somewhat higher ground. As the water continued to rise, volunteers from Fort Miller arrived to aid the townspeople.

Suddenly, just before midnight, an ominous roar echoed down from Cassady's Bar and a wall of water and uprooted trees came swirling and smashing through the hills. Millerton's horrified residents could not see what was happening but they knew their town was being destroyed. Trees and logs battered the village, propelled by relentless torrents of water. Miraculously no lives were lost but a conservative estimate of the destruction was placed at $30,000. One merchant went insane as a result of his losses. Ira McCray became an impoverished, bitter man and wound up in an unmarked grave at Fresno. Grierson, the storekeeper, sold out and returned to Denmark, and Denny, another merchant, moved to Visalia.

Years later, Government engineers made computations based on watermarks found on the casements of the courthouse windows. It was estimated that the bursting of the natural dam at Cassady's Bar had released 110,000 acre-feet of water upon Millerton. For years afterward the tons of timber which had smashed through Millerton were used by local settlers for firewood and fenceposts. Twenty miles downriver the accumulation of logs was so great a sawmill was set up and a profitable business was established.

The San Joaquin River and its rich gold deposits had been the town's blessing and curse; Millerton never recovered from that Christmas Eve catastrophe. About twenty miles southwest, a town had been laid out on the Southern Pacific Railroad and by November, 1872, a settlement had sprung into being. In two years there were fifty-five buildings in the new county seat.

The town of Millerton no longer existed by October of 1874. All of the frame buildings had been torn down and moved to Fresno; only the courthouse and a few adobe structures remained.

The townsite was homesteaded for a time and then sold into private hands. Payne's old adobe saloon stood next to the courthouse for many years but gradually it disappeared and the old county building was all that remained.

Eventually, the impatient river took even this last remnant of the travesty town. Construction on Friant Dam began in 1937; the lake it would form would completely inundate the time-gutted courthouse. At the last moment, public spirited citizens banded together and raised enough money to have the old structure torn down and saved. The granite blocks were numbered and hauled, together with other salvageable material, to a knoll overlooking the waters of Millerton Lake.

Over the years the Fresno County Historical Society has tried to rebuild and restore the old building, although at this writing they are still short of needed funds. If and when it is rebuilt it will become a museum to house relics of Fresno County's tumultuous past.

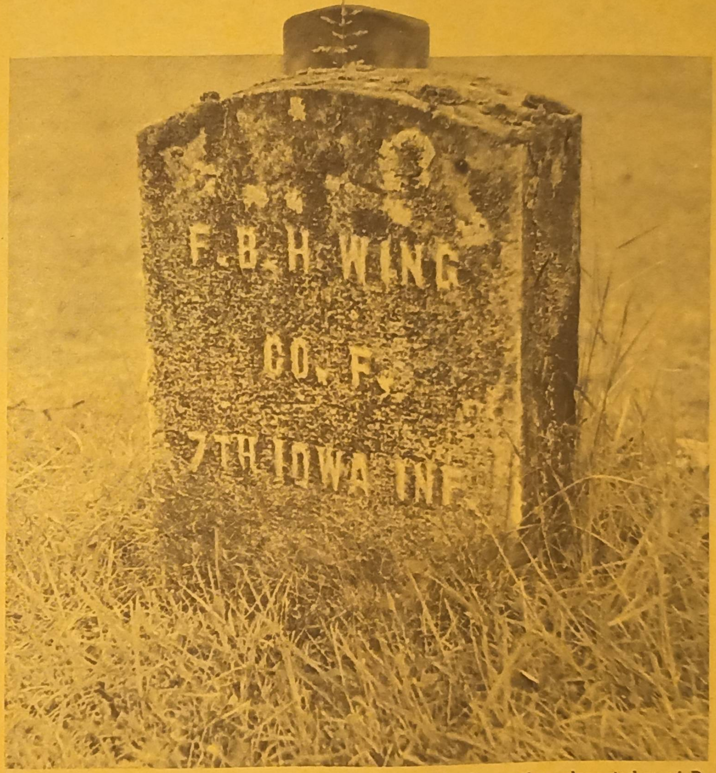
Today all that remains of old Millerton is a pile of rubble on a lonely hilltop. It is the last, most tangible reminder of those reckless, early years when the course of a river helped to build—and destroy—a town.

WHEN PANIC TOOK OVER!

Neighbor turned against neighbor; a whole settlement was abandoned to its fate. The door of human sympathy was not merely closed—it was slammed!

By SCOTT McARTHUR

Photo Courtesy Author



Only a small, weathered government headstone marks the resting place today of Dr. Frank H. B. Wing, the physician who died of exhaustion after helping stem the epidemic of smallpox that held the town of New Tacoma, Washington Territory, in complete isolation and quarantine in 1881. He is buried at historic Tacoma Cemetery.

INDIANS didn't really over-awe the early residents of the rough-and-tumble Pacific Northwest. Nor did outlaws or the threat of drought. These were things a man could see. Something he could battle—and perhaps lick—with his bare hands.

But there was one thing that turned the bowels of the otherwise dauntless pioneer to jelly. It was disease—the ravages of an unseen and often unsuspected micro-organism that could turn the strongest, healthiest man into a weakened, shattered wreck, or put him in his grave with a speed that defied comprehension.

Such was the epidemic of smallpox that swept Washington Territory the winter of 1881 and left the community of New Tacoma isolated under a gun-enforced quarantine imposed by her neighbors. For several weeks travelers to the ramshackle little town at the edge of Puget Sound had brought tales of the horrors of smallpox that was ravaging the territory. The little eastern Washington hamlet of Dayton, according to somewhat exaggerated newspaper accounts, had been almost wiped out.

Then, on October 4, 1881, the disease struck New Tacoma. The first to fall ill were members of a family who lived in a building between the town's two principal streets.

Downtown visitors had used the hallway past their rooms as a shortcut between the two streets. Medical men said that may have exposed the first victims to the disease. It, without doubt, helped it spread.

Through most of October, New Tacoma sat tight with its growing number of ill. The town's four physicians were split over the exact nature of the malady. Doctors Ballard and Miles thought the disease only chickenpox. But City Health Officer Dr. Frank H. B. Wing and a Dr. Bostwick branded it smallpox and urged immediate action.

The disease toll rose until finally, about the first of November, the nearby community of Old Tacoma imposed a quarantine on the stricken city. Other Puget Sound communities followed suit. Residents of two—Puyallup and Steilacoom—went farther. They threw up barricades of rails and downed trees across the roads leading from New Tacoma, and posted armed guards to keep residents of the infected community from leaving its environs.

Vaccination for smallpox had been known for over eighty years. In some eastern states vaccination for the disease had been compulsory for some time. But preventive medicine had not made significant inroads in the Pacific Northwest, and recovery was left mostly in the hands of Nature.

The epidemic eventually attracted the attention of the press. An editorial in the New York *Evening Telegram* reported the spread of the disease had been traced to the post office at Walla Walla, Washington Territory. The paper's editors demanded mail service to all stricken areas be halted.

After some hesitation, Acting Postmaster General Frank Hatton, ordered mail service stopped to quarantined communities, and Tacoma's last link with the outside, the mail train, rattled through town without stopping, its shades drawn. What few staples found their way into the beleaguered village were hurriedly dumped from ships into a locked enclosure on the wharf. Stevedores were not allowed on the dock to handle the cargo until the ships had cast off.

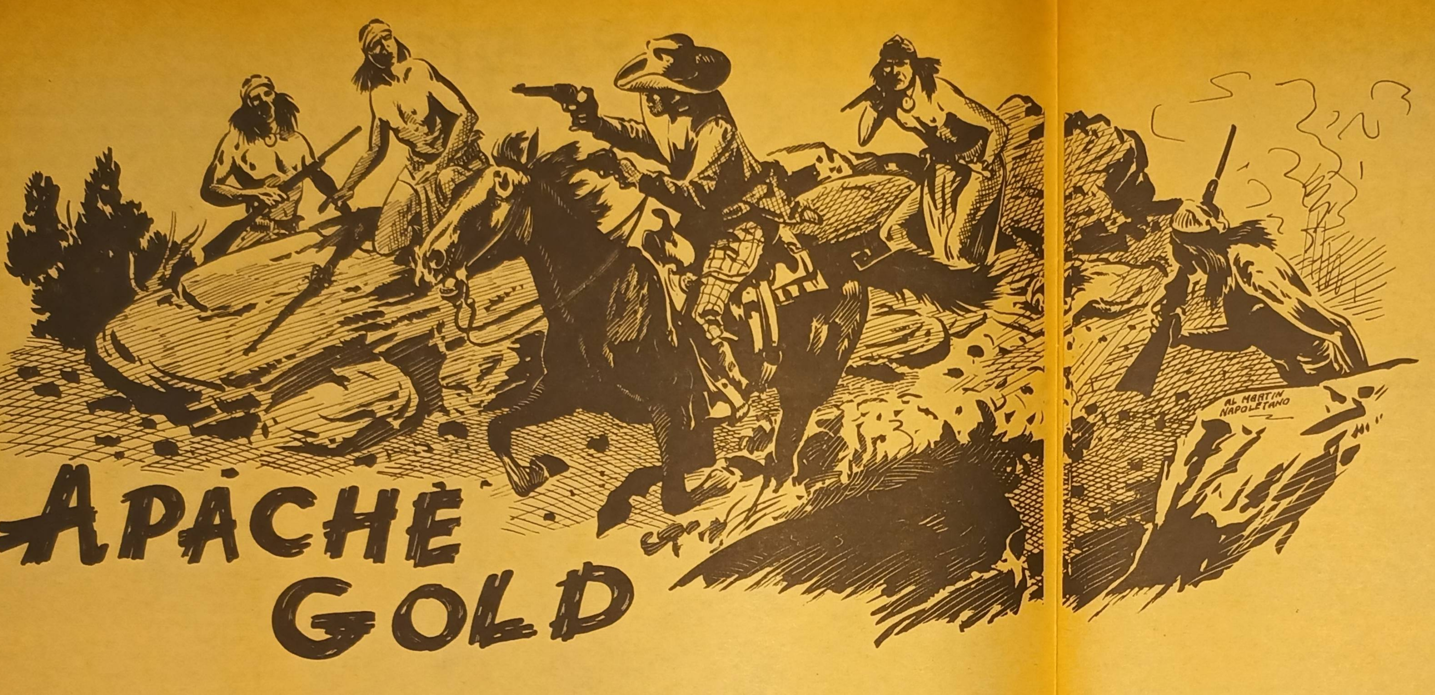
NEW TACOMA was not the only Pacific Northwest community cut off by quarantine. The *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* in November reported most traffic north of Portland was at a standstill because of the disease. The Portland *Oregonian* said officials of the O. R. & N. Railroad had stopped service beyond Walla Walla because of conditions at Dayton.

Fears that smallpox would spread to nearby Indian reservations were not realized. Four lives were lost among Indians at the Puyallup Reservation. One died at Fort Steilacoom.

The New Tacoma city council, meantime, had converted the old hulk *Alida* into a floating pesthouse, and the square yellow flag of plague flew before many homes in the stricken town. In some instances entire families fell victim to the disease. Grocery clerks set their deliveries on stumps near the quarantined homes. Only the valiantly toiling doctors dared enter.

Dr. Wing, a forty-two-year-old native of Iowa, was the most faithful. With no family of his own to worry over he threw

(Continued on page 47)



Buck snapped a shot at the Indian and spurred his horse. A dozen rocks came to life and sent death winging at him.

APACHE GOLD

Fortune bestowed a golden smile upon Buck Adams—a smile that changed suddenly to a mocking leer

By GEORGE DILLON

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

HAVE you ever noticed how Fortune will shower sudden wealth upon a man, let him savor its intoxicating flavor, then snatch it away again? Well, that's what she did to Buck Adams. But Buck was too tough, determined, and resourceful a gent to take it lying down. He fought desert thirst, savage Apache Indians, and even the U. S. Army to regain the gold she'd snatched from him.

Red and yellow cactus flowers were brightening the desert the spring of 1862 when Buck Adams, with seven other prospectors, came plodding out of California into Arizona Territory, hunting gold. What little precious metal they'd found in California had infected them with a stampeder's feverish and incurable craving to make a rich strike.

By the time they reached Fort Apache, their string of eleven sleek pack mules had dwindled to five lean, scrawny animals, and their packs were depleted and weatherworn. The prospectors bought a modest supply of food at the sutler's store and fell into conversation with the sutler, a chunky, red-faced man with a mustache that drooped dejectedly.

"Better not do any prospectin' east of here," he warned. "That there's Apache country and they're on the warpath."

Buck Adams, a big rugged-looking man with sandy hair and a square, stubborn chin, eyed the sutler with lazy scorn. "Any gold there?" he drawled.

"Hear tell there's plenty," the sutler said, "but no one's ever lived long enough to bring any out."

"If gold's there," Buck said, "I reckon we'll take a whack at it."

"Them Apaches is plain hell," the sutler cautioned. "You never see 'em till they're on you—then it's too late!"

Buck hitched up his trousers and spat contemptuously into the sandbox under the pot-bellied stove. "We been up against Cheyennes and Comanches, so I reckon we won't worry none about Apaches."

The sutler shrugged. "Your funeral," he said curtly.

Adams and his partners loaded the supplies on their mules and moved on eastward, prospecting every likely gulch and canyon. And then, one day, they made the rich strike they'd dreamed of, coarse placer gold lying thick in the gravel bars of a small stream.

Each man selected a plot of ground and began to wash out the gleaming yellow metal. They worked feverishly from daylight till dark, begrudging even the time it took to eat, and their buckskin pokes filled with surprising speed.

But as their gold piled up, they grew increasingly fearful of losing it. With growing unease, they observed the sinister Indian smoke signals rising from buttes and mesas in a dozen directions. And twice, Hein Hoffman, who was by far the most jittery—and watchful—glimpsed a lurking red-brown savage slipping from one red-brown rock to another.

It was too much for Hein. He kept remembering the sutler's warning. After a week of growing tension, he weighed all his gold on the crude, rusty balance they carried, and then figured painfully for a time on a scrap of paper.

"Twelve t'ousand dollars," he said. "In Germany, dot will buy me a goot business. Home, I am going."

HIS partners argued long and earnestly trying to persuade him to stay. But Hein stubbornly persisted in packing up his gold, along with a few belongings, and slipping away in the night to escape the Indians.

Buck and the other six prospectors, more courageous—or foolhardy—built a cabin and continued to work the diggings, burying their nuggets and dust each night under the earthen floor of their cabin. When their food ran short, five of the men took the mules and went to Fort Apache for supplies, promising to be back on the fifth day, at the latest.

When they had not returned by the afternoon of the sixth day, Adams and his remaining companion, Dutch Brandel, a sturdy German emigrant, grew worried. Hoping to catch sight of the missing men, they climbed the steep hill which towered above their cabin, and scanned the landscape in the direction of Fort Apache.

"Can't see hide nor hair of 'em," said Adams. "They either got blind drunk at the fort, or else they've got lost."

"Ja," Dutch agreed, "or maybe dose Indians got dem."

After a time, they turned and started clumping down the hill. Then Buck saw that their partners had come into camp through a valley to the south and were busily unloading the supplies.

"Ah! There they are," he said with relief. "Back safe."

Then below them, before their startled eyes, the brown rocks on all sides of their camp suddenly seemed to come to life and become brown Indians leaping upon their friends with murderous fury. Before Buck and Dutch could do more than drop behind clumps of sage and wonder what action to take, the fight was over, and their partners all lay dead.

Adams was unarmed and Brandel had only a small pistol with half a dozen rounds of ammunition. They feared that they might be discovered at any moment; yet they knew that it would be even more dangerous to move. They were forced to lie hidden and, sickened with fear and rage, watch the twenty or more savages loot their supplies, inflict nameless barbarities upon the bodies of their friends, and finally burn them with the cabin.

After dark, Buck and Dutch slipped away and set out on foot, without food or water, in what they thought was the direction of Fort Apache. For twelve days and nights they wandered to the southwest, suffering incredibly from hunger, thirst, and exposure, keeping alive only on the prairie dogs they occasionally managed to kill with Dutch's pistol.

THE hot desert sun blazed down upon them, withering their parched bodies, frying their brains, and giving the world a torturous sense of unreality. But the two men plodded on, stumbling, falling occasionally, but always rising again and staggering doggedly on. They grew weaker and weaker, becoming half delirious as death approached.

And then they were sighted and rescued by a scouting party from Fort West, far to the south of Fort Apache. The Army immediately sent out a punitive expedition against the Indians; it returned in a few days with an air of victory, half a dozen casualties—and eight sullen Apache prisoners.

As the troop jogged tiredly into the fort, Adams glared at the bedraggled prisoners, hating them for what they'd done to his friends, for the tortures they had made him suffer, and for the fortune in gold they'd caused him to lose. A bloody, unreasoning rage flamed through him. Cursing the Indians bitterly, he jerked a carbine from a trooper's hand and leveled it at one of the captives.

Lieutenant Emory and two troopers threw themselves upon Adams and wrested the rifle from him.

"We'll have none of that," snapped the Lieutenant.

"But he's wearing Steve O'Connor's shirt," Adams protested hotly. "I'd know it anywhere. Hell's fire, half of them've got stuff that belonged to my partners. Let's string the whole damned bunch up right now."

"They'll be punished when and how the Army sees fit," said Lieutenant Emory flatly, "and not without a trial."

"Yeah," Adams said. "You'll give 'em six months in Fort Yuma. Then turn 'em loose to kill someone else. I'll see they get what they deserve. Wait and see!"

Day by day, Adams grew more bitter. He was destitute, living on charity, and he felt that the Indians were being treated better than he. He asked the commandant of the fort to furnish him with an escort to recover the gold buried beneath the burned cabin. The commandant flatly refused and, further, sternly forbade him to enter Apache territory under any circumstances.

"They're afraid of antagonizing the Indians," Adams complained to Dutch bitterly. "But, hell's fire, even if they let us go, we got no guns or outfits—and no money to buy them with. Look, Dutch," he said, leaning toward his parner confidentially, "let's just help ourselves to guns and horses some dark night, slip away from the fort, and go get our gold."

Dutch drew away, fear clouding his broad, placid face. "Naw," he said. "Dot's stealing. Den dose soldiers and Indians, dey both be after us."

"What the hell?" Buck argued. "There's over a hundred thousand in gold there—already mined!"

"Ja," Dutch agreed, "but gold's no goot to a dead man."

Nothing Adams said changed his partner's mind. Dutch took a job herding cattle and, ironically, was killed some time later in a stampede.

Buck Adams, however, never wavered in his determination to get the gold. He stole a canteen, a few supplies, two army pistols, and the commandant's horse, the finest in the army stables, and hid them in a gully near the fort.

Then, unable to leave without taking revenge upon the Apaches who had massacred his partners, he scaled the stockade of the prisoners' compound. Silently, with a pistol in each hand, he approached their sleeping quarters. He broke off the lock and threw open the door.

"Come out, you red bastards, and get your medicine," he growled.

ALARMED, the Indians snatched up a few knives and improvised weapons they'd managed to conceal from the soldiers and crouched in the shadows. Buck, with a wild yell, leaped in among them, firing from both pistols. The Apaches tried to fight him off with knife and club, but they had little chance before two blazing six-guns. Nor did Buck intend that they should have more than they had given his partners.

He clubbed down the last two Indians with empty pistols and, bruised and bleeding in a dozen places, scrambled back over the stockade while the fort was boiling to life. Then, in the excitement and confusion, he got over the fort's outer wall, ran to the gully where he'd hidden the commandant's horse and, mounting, raced away into the desert.

First, he left a plain trail leading west, then, concealing his tracks, he cut back, heading northeast toward his hidden cache of gold. But the Indian telegraph had passed along the news that he had killed the captives, and for two hundred miles to the north and east, Apaches waited with savage fury for sight of the fugitive.

And Lieutenant Emory, in charge of one of the search detachments, correctly surmised his intentions, and beat him to Lost Creek, the only source of water for miles on his most probable route.

"If we don't get him here," Lieutenant Emory said to Sergeant Crawford, as they watered their horses before laying the ambush, "one of the other details is sure to get him. We've got all the water holes covered. He can't get away."

At that moment, Buck Adams rode over a small hillock.

Sergeant Crawford stiffened. "There he is," he rasped, reaching for his carbine.

Buck saw the troopers at the same instant and whirled his horse.

SERGEANT CRAWFORD and half a dozen troopers fired at the fleeing man, then spurred their tired horses in pursuit. But the commandant's horse, in spite of his weariness, was still the best horse in the regiment, and Buck finally eluded his pursuers, only to run into more trouble.

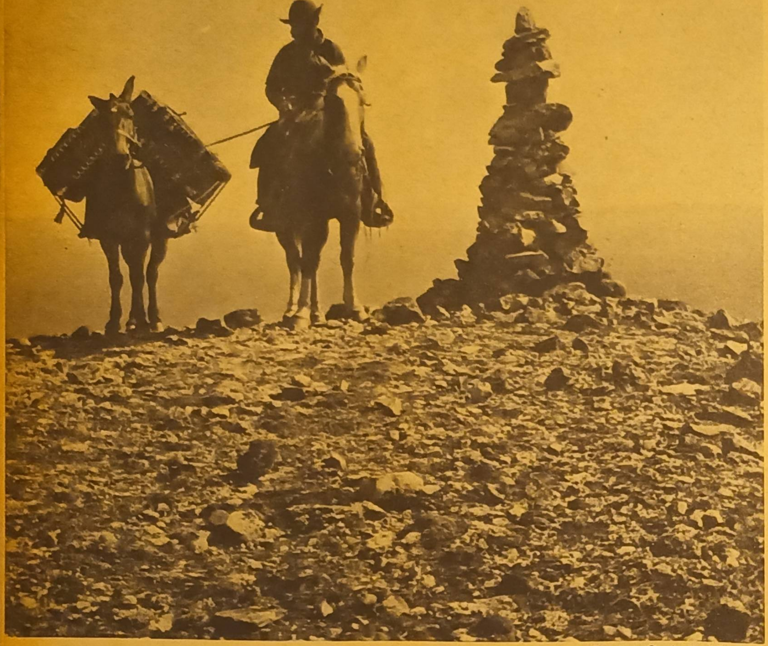
Near sunset he rode into an Apache ambush. The Indians had smeared themselves with dust and humped like rocks beside the trail. But the setting sun betrayed them, highlighting a savage countenance for Buck's watchful eyes.

He snapped a shot at the Indian and

(Continued on page 66)

CONQUERING THE ROCKIES WITH A CAMERA

By RAYMOND W. THORP



Courtesy Geological Survey, National Archives

Jackson and photographic outfit at the summit of Mount Washburn, Yellowstone Park

Author's Note: In July, 1932, while I was living in Denver, Colorado, I received a telephone call from Edgar C. McMechen, who was the publicity director of the Colorado Association. Ed told me that William H. Jackson wanted to see me. I felt this was a good break, for I had always had a desire to meet this famous pioneer photographer—the man who was first with a camera in the breadth of the West. He was the first to picture the Mesa Verde Cliff Dwellings, and the first to snap a shutter on Yellowstone Park. I met him, and he told me his story at the Brown Palace Hotel.

THE OLD MAN was ninety, but looked thirty years younger. He was a small person, not more than five-feet eight-inches in height, and sported a mustache and Van Dyke beard, and would have been a distinguished personage in any company, such as the Explorer's Club of which he was a member. He said to me, "Thorp, I have read some of your material, and I might as well tell you right now that I am outclassed by some of your characters in that I have never had to look down the barrel of a gun, or kill a man. Mine was a different vocation."

The weather was hot, and the electric fan didn't furnish much relief, so he continually mopped his face with a handkerchief. "Mr. Jackson," I said, "I want to learn something of your work—how it was done in a difficult and hostile wilderness. As the pioneer picture-maker of the West, I have heard that in spite of the fact that you had to use the old-time methods, many of your photographs are said to be the best in existence—far ahead of anything that can be produced today."

"Experts have been kind enough to say so," he replied, "but I put everything I had into pictures. As a boy—before the Civil War—I started out as a painter in oils, and in order to get money for material I colored tintypes for photographers. When the war came, I went with the Second Vermont Brigade, and worked as mapmaker and sketch artist along the picket lines at Bull Run. When the war was over I went West. Everybody went West, you know.

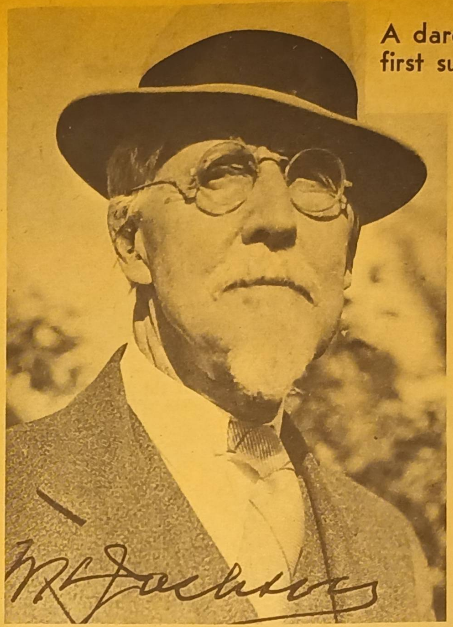
"In 1868 my brother and I set up a shop in Omaha. We had a sign made, 'Jackson Brothers, Photographers' and I hired out as a bullwhacker along the Oregon Trail to obtain the necessary capital for my brother to carry on. The following year I went out as a free-lance photographer along the building Union Pacific Railroad. It was this work that brought me to the attention of the Government, and in 1870 I became the official photographer of the Hayden Survey, known as the U. S. Geographical Survey of the Territories.

"Our way of photographing would be called antique today, but the old-fashioned methods used, as we did, methodically, have produced photographs far ahead of those produced in volume. A case in point is that famous photograph I made of the Mount of the Holy Cross in Colorado. The party ascending the peak in that year of 1873 was composed of Prof. F. V. Hayden, J. T. Gardiner, J. D. Whitney, W. H. Holmes and myself. Aside from perhaps a few hunters and trappers no one had ever preceded us and seen the object of our journey.

"I recall that Gardiner wrote a letter home in which he made the following statements: 'We have just made a tremendous climb to the top of one of the grandest peaks in the Rocky Mountains, about 13,000 feet high and 6,000 feet above the surrounding country. Our mules could not go on foot. We carried the 50 pound theodolite and 100 pounds of apparatus. . . . We expected to reach the top and return in one day, therefore only carried a couple of slices of bread each, with the result that we went hungry for the two days of tremendous climbing. We succeeded in obtaining splendid observation and photographs. One large photograph, 12 by 14 inches in size, shows the peak culminating in a dark precipice 3,000 feet high on which rests the great white cross, 1,500 feet long, perfect in form. We are undoubtedly the first white men who ever reached this peak.'

"The photograph mentioned by Gardiner was always a prize in my collection. Thousands of photographers have made hundreds of thousands of pictures on the same subject since then, but it remains as the finest ever made in black and white. It is the one photograph that has constantly been used by the *National Geographic Magazine*. We made the best landscape photos because we used the 'wet plate' process. We had to make on the spot the sensitive plate for each exposure. This was so messy, and had so much detail connected with it, that it is no wonder that there were no amateur photographers in my day—only professionals. You could hardly imagine today's landscape photographer carrying along a portable darkroom, a mule-load of 11 by 14 and 20 by 24 glass negatives, collodions, silver nitrates, iron sulphates and two-score other chemicals and necessary materials, because a truck would not climb where he wanted to go. Today's photographer carries a small box and tripod, and more film in one coat pocket than the mule carried.

A daredevil with a tripod hit the wilderness along with the first surveyors. William H. Jackson, more than anyone else, made America aware of its new destiny . . .



Courtesy Author

"I have signed this snapshot, which all my friends like very much. I like it, too, and it is not much different from the way I appeared when you saw me at Denver." Photo was made in 1934.

WHEN I got to Colorado I had already finished three years with the Survey, and the year before our pictures had helped to make Yellowstone Park into a National Monument. Here I was the boss for the first time; where previously I had worked with the main body under the direction of Professor Hayden, I now had my own Photographic Division, with carte blanche.

"My outfit consisted of two packers, a cook, and myself. I had no photographic assistant, but as there were generally extra members assigned to Prof. Hayden each season—botanists, entomologists, etc.—I usually had all the help needed. I had to know how to throw a diamond hitch with the best of the mountain men, and to be a good rifle shot in case I was stranded somewhere. I often had to stay behind to get a picture while the others moved ahead to a main camp, in which case I shot my supper and camped on the spot. The photographer was the hardest work man in the outfit, and had to produce the most in the least time.

"The main or layover camp was usually set up near a stream, from whence we made our side trips. My regular procedure after locating a point of view was to bring up the pack mule as near as possible and unload. Then while I was setting up the camera and making the focal adjustments, the assistant—perhaps a college boy—arranged the dark-tent, placing inside the bath-holder, collodion, developer, and so on. It usually required about five minutes for me to "fix" a plate and get it ready for use.

"In our first expedition into Colorado I was accompanied by Coulter, a botanist, Carpenter (entomologist on leave of absence), and the son of Senator Cole of California. I recall as one of the most colorful experiences of the Survey our visit to the Los Pinos Indian (Ute) Agency. We had wanted to photograph the Indians in the act of receiving their annuity distribution from the Government. I had been forewarned that this would be a difficult proposition, and so it was. The Utes were always a very rebellious and warlike tribe, and right at this time were in a special state of unrest owing to the internal plottings of several sub-chiefs, among them the great warrior Shavano and his ally, Guerro. These were two very remarkable and dangerous Indians.

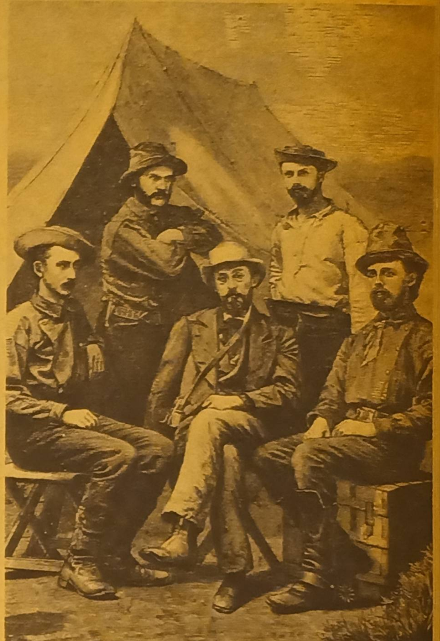
"When the Indian Agent learned who we were and what we wanted, he advised us to see Ouray, chief of all the Utes, who has since been named by historians as one of the most brilliant peace chiefs in American history. We found the Agency located on the Cochetopa at the junction of Los Pinos Creek, and in a short time we arranged for an interview with Ouray, who was domiciled in an adobe house surrounded by seventy tepees. He was at home, reclining upon a rude couch covered with Navajo blankets, of which there were a great number covering other couches.

"The interview was quite a long one, the chief asking questions concerning our work and our reasons for desiring to photograph his Indians. He stated that his rule was absolute, but that he believed that any person's right not to be photographed was his own, and that while he would readily sit for us himself, he would not issue any orders, but would speak to the sub-chiefs.

"We 'struck while the iron was hot' and, after photographing the Agent's family, undertook some poses of Ouray and his comely wife, Chipeta. The sub-chiefs were sullen, and would not pose nor would they allow their families to do so. Even then they were preparing for the great uprising five years hence, and dynamite was in the air. We were told later that some of us would have become casualties had not Ouray been present.

"While we were at Los Pinos, we saw six white men who had come over the snowy mountains from the West. They were resting up. The leader and guide was a big man with deep-set eyes whose name was Al Packer. Packer carried a large

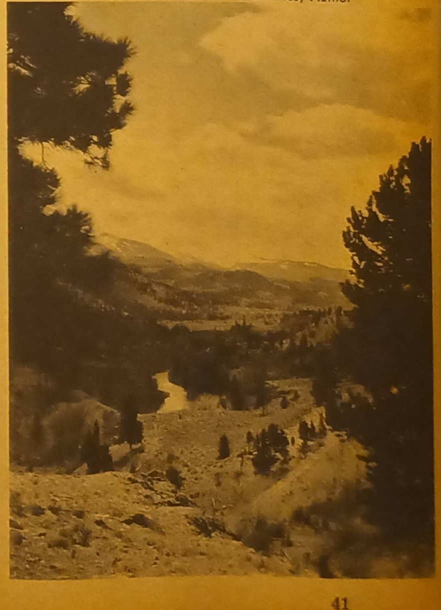
(Continued on page 72)



Library, State Historical Society of Colorado

Top men of the Hayden Expedition, 1874. Left to right: W. H. Holmes, G. B. Chittenden, Dr. F. V. Hayden, Ernest Ingersoll, and W. H. Jackson. Below, Lake Fork of the Gunnison River, Colorado.

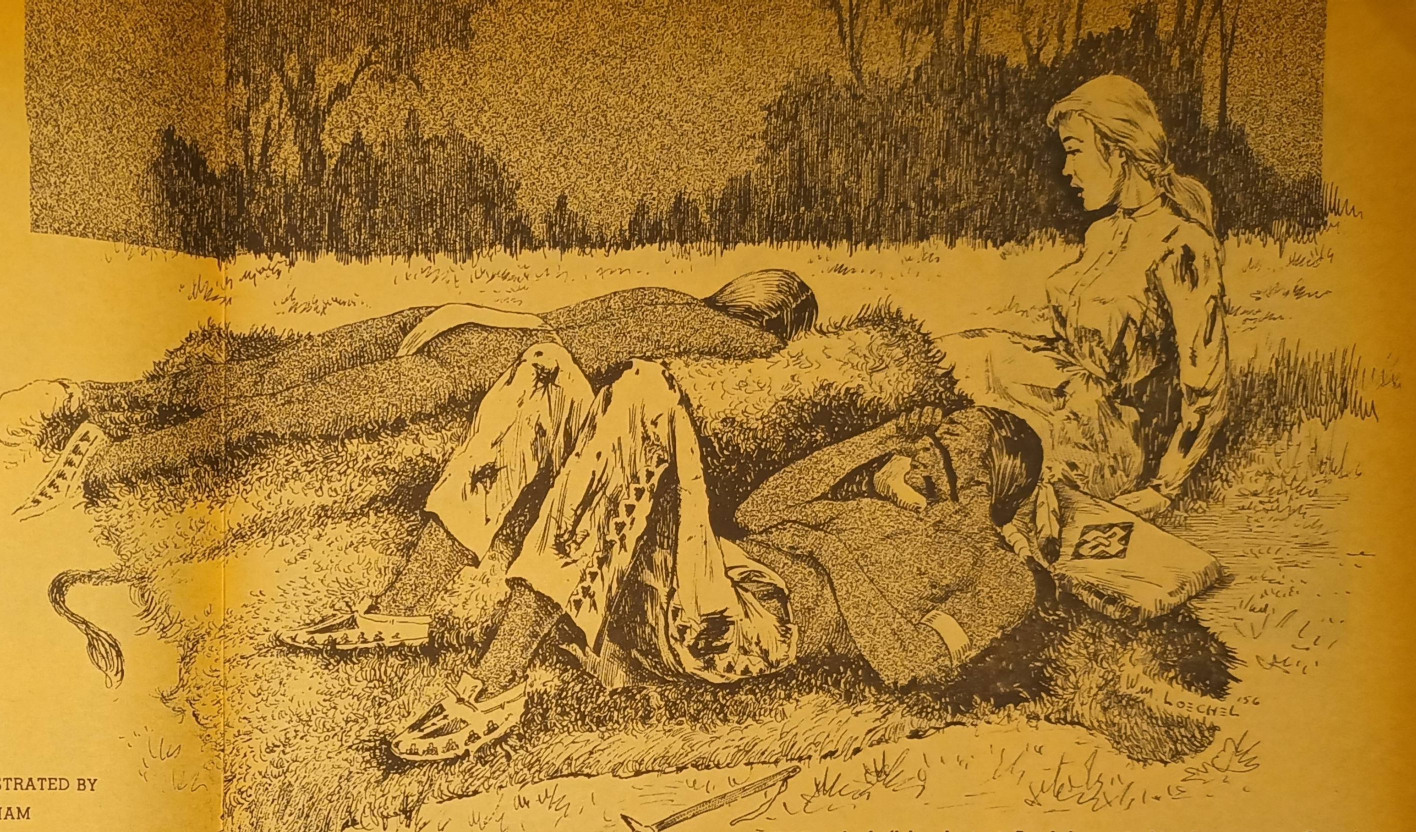
Courtesy Author



PIONEER MOTHER

By MABEL T. QUEBEDEAUX

Her only chance to save her three-year-old son was to escape the Indians and get back to the settlements and the Texas Rangers.



Holding the buffalo robe taut. Sarah began inching her way out. One of her guards coughed—and she froze instantly.

ILLUSTRATED BY
WILLIAM
LOECHEL

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

This story is true. It was related by Washington Anderson, who was at that time a member of the Ranger forces. This incident occurred in 1836. The Indian camp was on the banks of Waller Creek, at a spot now within the campus of the University of Texas.

M. T. Q.

"MA, come help me!"

The frantic wail came from a frightened little boy, tied to the back of a wild mule in an Indian camp. He was three-year-old John McSherry. The Indians had kept the child in this uncomfortable position since his capture two days before. Each time he cried out, Sarah Hibbins, his mother, moaned in agony, for she was unable to help him.

The Hibbins party had consisted of John Hibbins; Sarah, his wife; John McSherry, her son by a former marriage; an infant, Hibbins' child; and George Creath, Sarah's brother. John Hibbins had met the others in Houston, Texas, as they returned from a visit to Sarah's former home in Tennessee. Their destination had been the Hibbins' homestead in DeWitt's Colony. Gonzales, Texas, had been founded prior to this time in DeWitt's Colony.

After Hibbins' wagon had crossed the Colorado River near their home, it was surrounded by Indians. The two men were killed and scalped. Sarah, with the baby in her arms, was tied upon the back of a mule. John, her older son, was lashed to a second mule.

Two days later, the Indians with their three captives recrossed the Colorado River and moved toward their regular camping place farther north. Late in the afternoon temporary camp was made on the banks of Waller Creek, now within the city of Austin, Texas.

Sarah was permitted to dismount from the mule. Her stiffened arms clasped her baby. Food had been scantily provided, but there had not been enough for either mother or child. The baby cried, and Sarah tried to comfort it. An Indian started menacingly toward them. Sarah clutched the baby closer. The warrior scowled and snatched the infant from her. As the Indian stalked away with the child, Sarah ran beside him and begged for her baby's return. His rough push sent her sprawling to the ground. While she regained her feet, the warrior strode to a tree, and, catching the skirts of the baby in his hands, he beat out its brains against the tree before the horror-stricken eyes of its mother. He then disappeared among the trees, still carrying the baby's body. Half-fainting, Sarah fell to the ground.

From semiconsciousness the distraught mother heard John calling, "Ma, come help me!" Grimly she fought off the blackness threatening to engulf her, for she knew John's only chance of survival depended upon her.

The Indians did not make Sarah work with the squaws as the evening meal was prepared. She was treated as a captive, being forced to remain in one place and not go near John. One kind Indian woman brought food to Sarah, but—feeling as if she never wished to eat again—she refused it. Then John called again for help, and that reminded her that food was necessary if she were to keep up her strength. Sarah forced down as much food as she could.

JOHN was still tied upon the mule, which was staked within the circle of firelight so the Indians could amuse themselves watching the terrified child. The braves laughed and joked, watching the wild mule trying to bite John's feet. The poor child could do nothing to protect himself with hands and feet securely tied. His cries for his mother only increased the Indians' merriment. After a time the warriors tired of the cruel sport, and motioned for one of the girls to take food to the little boy. His hands, when untied, were so stiff he spilled most of the food, but he managed to swallow some of it.

The chief barked a guttural order, and the Indians set about preparing for the night. The leader motioned toward Sarah, and then for two of the warriors to bring a buffalo robe. They motioned Sarah to lie down on the ground. They then spread the robe over her body, stretched it tightly and lay down, one at one end and one at the other. In this manner, the captive was effectively trapped. Any move she made would awaken her guards.

THINKING fast as the Indians stretched the robe across her body, Sarah raised herself slightly, thus raising the taut robe a little too. This maneuver was unnoticed by the Indians. The firelight was dying out and their senses were dulled, for they had been drinking liquor they had stolen. Sarah kept herself in the strained position while the warriors settled on each side. Her greatest worry was whether she could hold this position until the Indians were asleep. After a seemingly interminable interval, she felt she would have to relax. Just then John called again, and his pitiful cry acted as a powerful restorative. She exerted all her will power in an effort not to relax.

The liquor began to take effect, and her two guards slept. Sarah relaxed cautiously, but held the robe taut with her hands while she rested her aching back.

She dared not wait long, for her attempt at escape had to be made before the drunken Indians awoke. Still holding the robe taut, Sarah began inching her way out. One of her guards coughed—and she froze instantly. Her breath came back when he turned over and slept again. She was nearly out from under the robe when the second guard groaned and muttered in his sleep. Again Sarah became immobile, but the warrior did not awaken.

Knowing that the Indians would awaken the instant the robe slackened, Sarah—while still holding the robe taut—felt around on the ground and found a large rock. This she gently edged under the robe, and breathed a silent prayer that the drunken Indians would not discover the deception until she was far away.

Now Sarah paused, swiftly pondering what action she should take next. John drooped in exhausted slumber on the mule's back, a guard sleeping nearby. Even if she could reach John and untie him, he would be so stiff he could not walk.

She could not hope to carry the child and get them safely away. On the other hand, if she left her helpless little son, would this be taking away his last chance for survival? If the Indians caught her trying to escape, they would punish her brutally—perhaps even kill her. If they awoke to find her gone, they might injure the child. Nevertheless, she must chance these risks. Carefully, placing each foot soundlessly, she crept through the trees surrounding the camp and away from the dull red glow of the dying fire.

Sarah knew approximately where the different settlements were located. Hornsby Bend should not be far from this place. The settlers there would help her, and try to rescue John. Waller Creek curved, and she was not sure of her directions. Heavy clouds covered the stars, and the ominous feel of an approaching Texas norther was in the air.

All night long, Sarah fought her way through the brush, hair catching, clothes tearing, but with eyes protected as much as possible. Once, soon after starting out, she thought she heard John calling her—or was it only her tortured imagination? She hurried along as fast as she could, knowing that the Indians would awaken as soon as the norther arrived.

EARLY next morning, she emerged from her hideaway in the brush and discovered to her horror that she was still within sight of the Indians' camp. In trying to efface her tracks by wading in Waller Creek, she had evidently circled the camp. Sarah tried not to think of her fate if the Indians recaptured her. She began pushing as rapidly as possible toward the gray light of the coming day, desperately hoping that this was the way to Hornsby Bend.

The norther came in all its chill fury, but Sarah continued to wade in streams as long as they did not take her away from her eastward path. The cold water numbed her legs, but she rested only when it became impossible to go further.

No one knows why the Indians did not follow and recapture her. Perhaps the bitter norther deterred them. More likely, they figured a mere woman was not worth the effort.

By afternoon, Sarah was so close to utter exhaustion she could barely force her legs to carry her onward. Rest was a vital necessity, but there was no safe place to rest. The time came when she could not move forward. A spot nearby, among rocks sheltered by brush, would afford a screen from searching eyes. Sarah crept in between two rocks beneath the brush and slept.

A sound awakened her . . . the Indians? *Something* was coming toward her hiding place—something large and frightening. Bushes crackled and small stones rolled and rattled as it approached. Sarah huddled back between the rocks, for now heavy breathing could be heard. The beast, whatever it was, was at the entrance of her little sanctuary now. And then Sarah cried out in relief, for it was only a cow! Startled, the creature galloped clumsily away to join other cattle in the valley.

Sarah hastily scrambled out, and ran toward the spooky cattle. The faster she ran to catch up with them, the faster they ran away. Sarah felt she *must* keep up with them, for cattle meant settlers somewhere near at hand. Suddenly she remembered that cattle, like horses, fear Indians—maybe they thought she was an Indian! She slowed to a walk, and the cattle began to graze as they moved toward home. Cautiously, she followed them.

Now Sarah heard the ring of an axe in the distance. With her last remaining strength, she hallooed to attract the attention of the wood-choppers. The settlers, hearing her cries, believed them to be the cries of Indians. Hastily they gathered up their tools and hurried to their homes.

(Continued on page 67)

OLD CORNUCOPIA AND ITS GOLD MINE

By CHARLES KENDALL

Photos Courtesy Author

OFFICE
WARNING NO TRESPASSING COPIA GOLD MINES
TIME CARDS

Office door at main building. It has been a long time since time cards were turned in here for payment.

Everything now has reverted to the fish and the deer. But back when a flag pole, a post office and a saloon made a town, this was Cousin-Jack country second to none!

CORNUCOPIA, OREGON, isn't exactly a ghost town. Summer people hole up in miners' old cabins or have built their own among the fir trees, yet only the snow-crushed ruins of most of the business places remain.

Some years ago Cornucopia Gold Mine Company sold about twenty small dwellings to nearby ranchers and residents of Halfway with the stipulation that they move them off mine property. Some of these serve out-of-towners as deer camps. The recreation hall and the change house both collapsed under eight feet of snow in 1954 and their lumber and fixtures were sold for salvage. The company still owns only a men's dormitory on a 60x60-foot lot. Except for the steps, which have buckled and sagged away from the threshold, it looked livable when I saw it two years ago.

The town and mine buildings occupy the west slope of Pine Creek Canyon. The Queen of the West, Last Chance, and some other mines are visible on the flanks of the canyon at higher elevations. The "Big Tree," a squat fir that measures thirty feet around and ten feet through, bolsters the cliff-hanging lower side of one of the access roads. Once it has been pointed out to a visitor from 4,000 feet below at 'Copia, it becomes a never-to-be-forgotten landmark.

Chris Schneider, the mayor of Cornucopia, has lived in the town for seventy-eight years. He is the caretaker of the mine property and lives in 'Copia during the open months. His winters are spent in Halfway, on the edge of a lush, flower-spangled valley within view of snow-covered Eagle Cap Peak.

Chris' dad homesteaded near 'Copia in a secluded flat on the eastern side of the canyon. Later in 1901, when the mine was going good, the old man took a job underground and helped put in the Coulter Tunnel. While his crew was tamping powder into the drilled holes, an explosion killed him and several of his men.

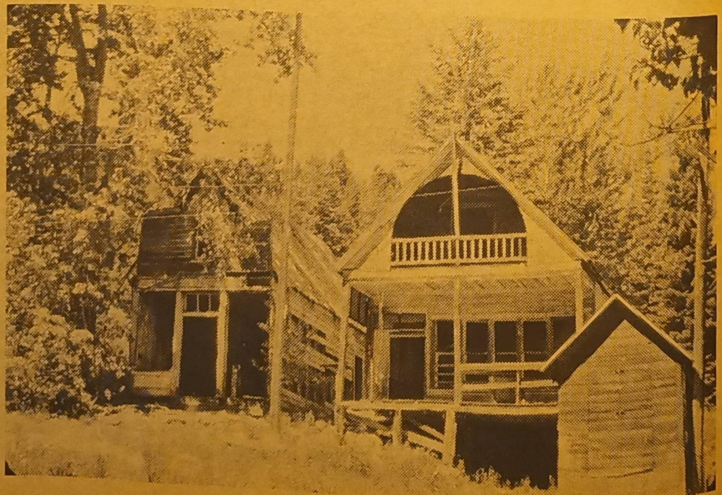
Chris was fourteen then. He got a job washing dishes at the company cookhouse. An old photograph shows him standing meekly at one side of a group of rough miners, some wearing their Sunday derbies and vests. Young Chris is prominent because of his long white apron.

A couple of years later, the big boss gave him a chance to work in the mill. He took to blacksmithing and mastered the knack of sharpening and tempering drill bits. Now and then he would take a turn at mining underground in the tunnel. A shift in those days was ten hours a day in the mine, and twelve hours in the mill. Until the eight-hour day became law, the week was seven days long.

Chris said there was no soldiering no matter how tired a man might get. "If you wasn't putting out the work and was shirking around, you'd get canned. The eight-hour law was a relief. You could do your work faster, you could drill those holes and shoot the ore down, and have time to wait if you was a good miner."

There were three holidays: the Fourth of July, Labor Day and Christmas. Labor Day was "the day" with most of the miners. People would flock in from woods, lumber mills, ranches and villages along the rim of Hells Canyon for the all-day picnic and contest festival.

Post office at left, flag pole, saloon, hose cart house



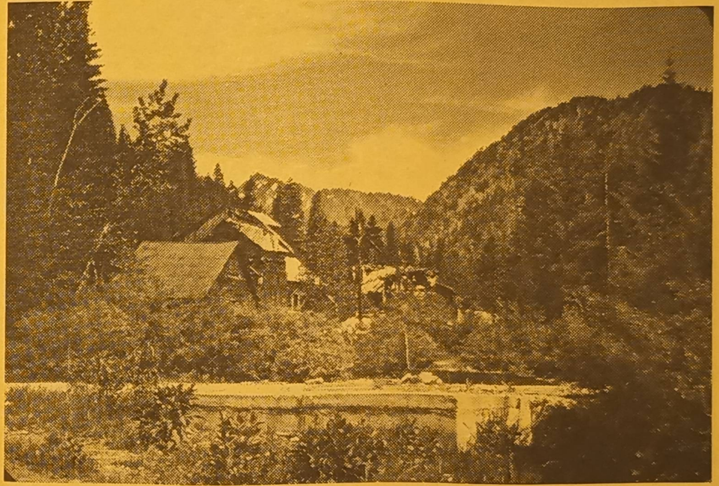
CHRIS is a lean man who looks and moves as a man much younger might. His bright blue eyes light up when he talks of the tugs-of-war, the mucking and drilling matches, the three-legged races, greased pig chases and nail driving contests.

The tug-of-war was pulled on a long plank or on two planks, butted head to head. Cleats were spiked to the planks and each team placed their feet on them. Seven men on each side, picked for strength and heft, stripped off their shirts and at a signal for the starter, set their weight and might against each other. The bright silk ribbon tied to the mid-point moved ever so little as the timekeeper called off the minutes and the rooters yelled. Faces became red, veins stood out on forearms, biceps and temples, as muscles bulged and ached and calloused hands developed burning sores. The miners groaned and took their air in gasps, letting it out in short bursts. Slowly the ribbon would drift to one side as the judge called time.

Chris chuckled as he thought of the condition of the men when it was all over. "They'd want a drink of water and there wasn't one of them that could hold a glass or a tin dipper in one hand," he said. "They all had the shakes from the pull. They had to get the pail and take it in their two hands."

While he was a great one for the tug, and stood up to the best in mucking, Chris was absolutely the greatest in drilling, he admitted with pride. A pair would drill by turns for fifteen minutes. "One would strike for a minute while the other turned the drill," he said. "When the minute was up, they would trade jobs without losing a stroke. The striker, in other words, would give his partner the eight-pound hammer with his free hand, reach to the side and scoop up a longer drill than the last, and pop it into the hole. We always started with a short drill and used a longer one for each turnabout as the hole got deeper."

Between the drill-turner and the striker the water tender would stand with a can and pour a fine, steady stream along the shank of the drill into the hole. It was steel-on-steel-on-stone and the impact echoed up and down the canyon. As the drill bounced, the mud would come up, thrown out by a pump-like action on the rebound, and splatter all three. Chris said they would be a dripping mess by the end of the fifteen minutes.



Above, the foundation of the change house, blacksmith house in distance. The assay house, below, has chute for disposal of waste ore.

He shook his head at the strength and skill this match required. "My partner and I beat them all. We drilled 36-5/8th inches for a record that has always stood. We was never beat.

"I'll show you, if you'll come to the bottom of the canyon," he said and led the way. At the end of the short ride he walked to a clump of willows and drew back its branches to expose a boulder about five feet wide. The top was drilled with a dozen one-inch holes. He picked grass, leaves and moss out of a few. One of them was plugged with a shank of a drill, apparently lodged there over the years. Another boulder a few yards away told of another match. This area had been a popular picnic spot in the center of the community.

Of all the many nationalities represented by miners, the Cousin Jacks, as he referred to Cornishmen, were his favorites. He remembers them as a jolly, happy-go-lucky bunch. He never learned their full names in most cases, only their nicknames.

"They were good miners, learned it in the Old Country, and they was good highgraders, too. They liked their fun and they liked their beer. They smoked good cigars, dressed in good clothes. Tailors would come to camp and measure them for the proper fit and stay right here and finish out a Prince Albert with swallowtails and all. Pretty slick. You ought to see those tails fly when they'd whirl the girls around on a Saturday night!

"They would sit around all dressed up in their tailored suits on Christmas, drinking beer and singing. Those fellows could sing! That was their way."

Now and then one of them would say, "So long, pal." And he'd draw his pay and head back to his homeland. Quitting was understandable, but going home was something to wonder at because of the expense.

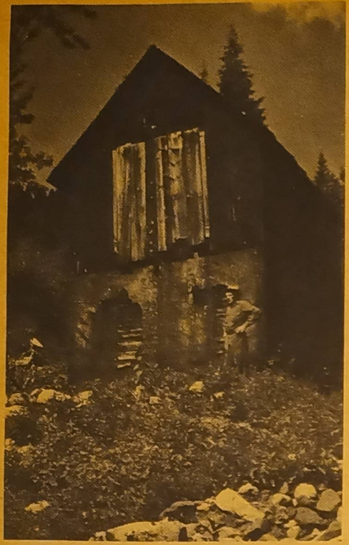
"They couldn't live the way they did and afford passage and train fare home, too," Chris said firmly. "Odd bits and chunks of high grade ore found their way into boot tops, open shirts, etc. in them days. Some would dust it into their hair and pan the bath water."

Chris was a close observer of night life in 'Copia—not because he caroused but because he made a little moonlight gold playing the fiddle for dances. His sister played piano and his nephew played drums and they were in demand all over the country. The "social side of town" was a welcome change from the dusty stamp mill, blacksmith shop and dark, dripping tunnels.

Formal prizefights sometimes were staged during a dance. Many a potential Dempsey fought ten rounders for a few coins in a hat, while young men cuddled their girls and watched the perspiring fighters slug, feint, jab and hook.

The building where Chris danced and played is marked by loose foundation stones. It wasn't lucky enough to be cut in two like the old general store which was moved to the outskirts of Halfway and joined together again to serve as the VFW Hall.

There is something sentimental about Chris' reference to the 80-foot flag pole he helped set in cement on the edge of Main Street between the post office and



Chris beside the jail and council chambers.

the saloon. Some vandal recently pulled the rope through the pulley at the top, making it impossible to hoist the 6x8-foot American flag Chris keeps around. Now he drapes it across the front of his house in observance of the Fourth and cusses the vandals.

In fact, it was to keep vandalism at a minimum that the owners of the mine property hired him to keep an eye on things. Everything from side-dump ore cars to electrical wiring and narrow gauge rails would vanish if he and his helpers were not around, he said. The mine was shut down by the owners, a Pittsburgh group, on October 31, 1941, when labor and rising costs began to squeeze the profit out of the operation. The following spring the post office was closed and the rock crushing equipment was taken out.

Chris said the mother lode was at the Union-Companion Mine. By 1922 the mine and mill were electrified. When he and others were given new compressed air drills, "we kept the ore bin full all the time," he boasted. This mine was productive from 1880 to 1941 with a shutdown of only three years, 1927-30, but while there is much good ore left, it is not high grade enough to be worth getting out at today's costs.

AFTER seventeen years of placid inactivity, 'Copia made news in 1958 as part of a shocking five million dollar swindle. A once poor New York City schoolboy talked the fathers of school chums into investing in some gold mine stock, including that of the Cornucopia. Other than in this connection Cornucopia has had very little publicity. It remains nostalgically suggestive of bygone days. Only a few claims now are being worked around the canyon by die-hard gold seekers. Chris has a placer claim and mining claim where he still does drilling and blasting.

Until 1918 the town had five saloons in addition to the hotel, two general stores, a school, a post office and a jail. The camp recreation hall had a soft drink bar, bowling alleys and a dance floor. But it was built with a flat roof and the weight of snow collapsed it.

The same building housed the council chambers and the jail. "We had a big woman up here for a time who used to be pretty free with her mitts. When she got too rough we'd put her in the jail to cool off," Chris explained. "Otherwise there were only a few occupants over the years."

The best preserved building is Chris' home, a two-story frame structure with a steep roof. The yard has an attractive white picket fence around it and Mrs. Schneider has lettered on the outside of the gate, "Glad 2 C U" and on the inside, "Hurry back." The deer silently emerge from the timber and browse near her garden fence in the early morning and after the sun has dipped behind the ridge next to the Big Tree.

The mine waste would bug a rockhound with its chips of quartz, granite, schist and greenstone. If a fellow looks real hard he might see some color but the tailings across the creek are really very poor pickings. These great yellow beds disfigure the valley floor on the east side. This sand is so fine the Idaho Power Company hauled many truckloads of it to use as a sealer when building the coffer dams at Brownlee and Ox Bow on the Snake River.

Chris said the tailings would probably contain nothing because recovery of the gold from the ore was very high. "They did a good job of getting the gold out," he said. "Those engineers in charge of the processes knew their onions."

Clippings from various publications which Mrs. Schneider has saved in her scrapbooks indicate that about $20,000,000 in gold and silver, plus copper and zinc, was taken out in the fifty-eight years of the mine's operation.

Left to lie among the riser pipes of hot and cold water in the old change house is a 3/8ths-inch iron rod twisted into the shape of a basketball hoop. Chris explained this had been a clothing rack. A man would stretch his overalls around one side and his jumper, etc., around the other and pin them in place, take a long stick and hoist the whole rigging to a rafter in the boiler room and hook it there until he came off shift. That way he'd have a dry outfit to put on.

The narrow-gauge rails still curve in and out of the sheds around the works near the darkened mine openings. As the cars were dumping, two at a time, into the ore bin built into the side of the waste dump, the rest of the cars in the train were braked and left on the main line in the shed. After the pairs had been emptied and shunted to a siding, the trainman would couple them together again, lead the horse around to the tail end and start back. Most of the horses became so used to the operation they could make the trip by themselves without a driver.

The crusher and ball mill which replaced the old stamp mill about 1930 have been salvaged and hauled away, but the steam plant, the main office with its adjacent hospital, the assay office, warehouse, electric shop, blacksmith shop and bachelor's hall are very much as they used to be.

Today, at the bottom of the canyon, a ten-inch pipe brings a jet of icy water down from the head of the draw and turns the paddle wheels of a generator. Thus Chris' house is supplied with electricity. Pine Creek churns and roars along below. A man can get the limit in rainbows in half an hour, especially when the snow water has swollen the creek and the Oregon Game Commission has planted a few thousand fish in it in late May and early June.

Fish, like the deer, are for the out-of-towner, according to Chris. He gets his kicks out of prospecting and poking his tunnel farther into the rock. As for the deer, he says he never hunts them, though he is tolerant of the hunters in the fall. In the winter the deer trail down to the brakes of the Snake River where there is less snow and the temperatures are mild.

With a gleam in his eye and sincerity in his voice, Chris says he is apt to hit pay dirt in his canyon wall any day now. "I'd rather prospect than hunt or fish," he says. "Once the gold bug bites you, you have the fever for life and anything else seems like a waste of time."

Examining the top of one of the drilled boulders

When Panic Took Over!

(continued from page 37)

himself into the task of caring for his private patients and of operating the pesthouse, under his charge as city health officer.

Trade came to a standstill. Even the circulation of money ceased. The village of New Tacoma, with its desperate inhabitants cut off from the world, had become a wallow of death, disease and untold human suffering.

The few remaining copies of local newspapers of that period tell of the desperate days. Stores and schools were closed; the streets were deserted; New Tacoma was like a town under siege.

Columns of space in the little *Pierce County News* were filled with health suggestions culled from the outstanding almanacs of the day.

R. D. Herrington, Tacoma's leading furniture and casket dealer, met the upsurge in his business by advertising made-to-order caskets upon receipt of "the width across the shoulders, and length from head to heel" of the deceased.

While Health Officer Wing and his colleagues labored to help break the epidemic, the citizenry went to elaborate ends in the hope of inuring itself against the disease.

William Bonney, proprietor of a drug store, chopped a hole in the alley door of his establishment. For twenty-five cents townsfolk could stand, their heads outside in the fresh air, while the enterprising druggist burned sulphur in the small back room to fumigate them.

Even the normally unwashed New Tacomans sloshed their carcasses in carbolic acid baths several times daily in attempts to stave off infection.

One writer said it seemed as though the worse one smelled, the safer he was supposed to be. He described the beseiged town as smelling "like the middle furnace of Hell."

The Territorial Legislature, meeting at Olympia, took action. A bill was passed regulating "quarantine practice" between communities in the territory. The law provided six-months jail sentences and $100 fines for violators.

Finally, the epidemic subsided. Gradually, through the month of December, the neighboring communities lifted their quarantines. Mail and commerce began to flow normally once more.

The *Weekly Ledger* reported the pest ship *Alida* abandoned December 18, and the town council levied a one per cent property tax to discharge a $5,000 debt incurred during the quarantine.

In its wake, the scourge left many dead, and many more scarred for life. About fifty had died in the town, and another hundred or so had been ill.

The most tragic death came after the disease had runs its path of death and disfiguration. Dr. Wing, the town health officer who had spearheaded the fight, died in his sleep, apparently of exhaustion.

The town, already grief-stricken by many deaths, once more went in mourning. The Northern Pacific Railroad provided a special train, and the whole community followed the body to its final resting place in the cemetery south of town.

Wing's grave today is marked only by a small, weathered stone marker similar to others erected by the Government over graves of Civil War veterans.

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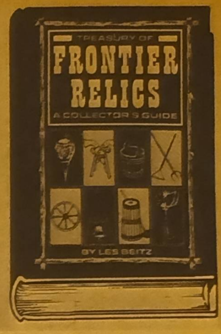

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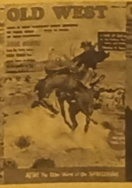

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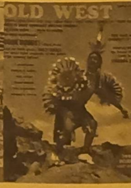

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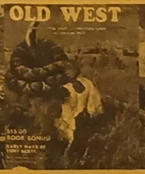

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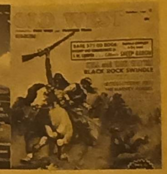

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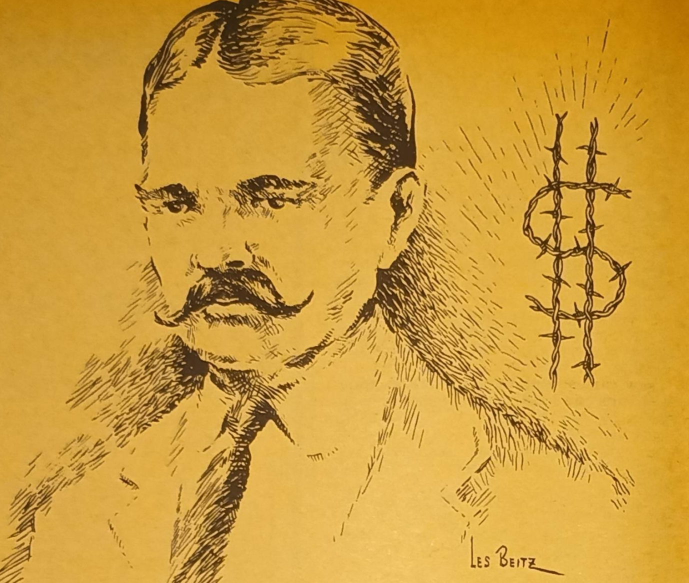
"BET-A-MILLION" GATES — MAGICIAN!

HE TURNED BARBED WIRE INTO A LEAD PIPE CINCH!

By BOB KAROLEVITZ



SOME PIONEERS of the Old West made their fortunes by finding gold. John "Bet-a-Million" Gates, undoubtedly one of the slickest salesmen in American history, started amassing his millions by peddling barbed wire in Texas after the Civil War.

The glib, quick-thinking drummer from Turner Junction, Illinois, was, without question, responsible for breaking down the sales resistance of many Western cattlemen, so that ultimately hundreds of square miles of public domain rangelands were fenced.

The presence of the wire posed numerous problems. It barred homesteaders from land they wanted to enter, faced mail carriers with new obstacles in their rounds, and time and time again engaged settlers and employees of the great cattle companies in violent fence-cutting wars.

But John Warne Gates, then a brash opportunist in his early twenties, couldn't have cared less about the social significance of his product. He was out to make a fortune, and any conflict between cattlemen and homesteaders was their problem, not his.

In his youth, no one would have guessed that chubby, spoiled little John Gates—third son of Mary and Asel Gates, farmers of Turner Junction—would become one of the nation's most audacious tycoons. Born on May 18, 1855, John was welcomed by his father as an additional field hand. Unfortunately, the youngster grew up with little inclination to slop hogs or hoe corn. He detested farm chores almost as much as he hated school. But even at an early age he was thinking!

When he was 15, he showed the first evidence of things to come. While hunting squirrels in a big patch of timber (where he had gone to avoid work at home), he developed his first "Big Idea."

Forgetting all about squirrels, he ran home for a pencil, paper and tape measure. Carefully he measured the trees in the stand and estimated the amount of wood each would yield. Then, turning on the charm, he convinced his mother that she should lend him enough money to buy the timber.

The teen-age entrepreneur hired three of his pals to do the cutting and hauling while he sold orders for firewood to housewives and the local railroad station. When it was over, he had netted $1,000—and his friends had all the blisters.

With that kind of money, it wasn't strange that he was soon introduced to a game which played an integral part in his life: poker. He was a natural gambler, and by the time he was eighteen, John was Turner Junction's Number One rowdy—with plenty of poker earnings to flash as he strutted about town.

That's when he met Dellora Baker. It was love at first sight, but practical Miss Dellora was wise enough not to commit herself to a young man whose only source of income was based on his ability to bluff behind a pair of deuces. So—smitten as he was—John enrolled at Northwestern College in Naperville, taking a five-month course in bookkeeping, business law and penmanship. After that, he worked all summer at any jobs he could find.

This convinced the young lady that her man would be a stable citizen and a good provider, so she married him on February 25, 1874. After the honeymoon, John Gates went back to squirrel shooting and playing poker with the boys!

EVEN WHEN Dellora lost their first child, John showed no signs of maturing. Finally, in a last desperate effort to force responsibility upon him, Asel Gates and his father-in-law, Ed Baker, advanced the young couple enough money to open a hardware store.

At the beginning, the young man's natural flair for salesmanship promised great things for John W. Gates & Co. Then, abruptly, his interest waned again, and he got worse instead of better. He was sick and tired of Turner Junction, his dinky hardware store, and the continual harping about his laziness.

At this propitious time in young Gates' career, a jovial Irish peddler named Peter McManus showed up in the little railroad town. He wore loud checkered suits and brown bowlers. As he puffed on his big, expensive cigars, he astounded John Gates with his tales of feminine conquests and his triumphs at the gaming tables.

What made all of this possible, the wide-eyed village hardware merchant asked? And then Peter McManus spoke the magic words which would ultimately shape the fabulous destiny of his listener: Barbed Wire!

While Gates sat spellbound, the jaunty Irishman unfolded the story of the new development on the plains of Kansas, Nebraska and Iowa. He told how ranchers, to protect themselves, were fencing open range against the onrush of new settlers. Railroads, too, were buying up tons of the barbed strands—and the salesmen who sold the wire were rolling in the quick wealth produced by excessive commissions.

This was indeed music to the ears of John Warne Gates. With his wife's reluctant blessing, he sold out the hardware store—and with part of the money bought himself a gray bowler and an alpaca overcoat with a velvet collar. Then the twenty-one-year-old salesman-to-be set out for DeKalb, Illinois.

DeKalb, at that time, was the Barbed Wire Capital of the World, simply because that's where the first commercially successful product was invented. In 1874 a farmer named John Glidden, living near DeKalb, patented such a wire, supposedly drawing his inspiration from a thorn hedge. At about the same time, Jacob Haish, a neighbor, also made a similar strand with metal points.

Automatic machinery was devised soon afterwards to produce and apply the barbs and twist the wire. In 1874 just 10,000 pounds of barbed wire were sold at $20 for 100 pounds; in 1880, over 80 million pounds were sold for about a penny a pound.

Peter McManus, meanwhile, had told John Gates that in DeKalb a Colonel Ike Ellwood had a factory where he had perfected the manufacture of the much-desired commodity. All Ellwood needed, he said, was a crew of salesmen to spread the word and reap the profits.

Colonel Ike hired Gates all right, but not for the fabulous sums Pete McManus had mentioned. The wire manufacturer offered $25 a month and expenses on the road. After a heated argument, Gates got the figure up to $30, but the Colonel would go no higher. With some misgivings, the ex-Turner Junction hardware merchant agreed to represent the firm in Texas along with his cohort, Peter McManus. Then he celebrated his new job by beating Ellwood out of $60 in a poker game!

Texas was a new world to John Gates. And in no time, he learned that there was no easy market in the Lone Star State. In Houston and San Antonio he saw carloads of barbed wire on railroad sidings and in warehouses—but none stapled on fence posts. Meanwhile, to substitute for his total lack of commissions, he played poker and faro with the Texas cattlemen who took a liking to the friendly youngster from Yankee-land. They enjoyed him so much that they even listened patiently to his futile pitches about barbed wire. Nobody bought, however!

"That fancy bob-wire will cut up the cattle and give 'em all screwworm," they warned. "It'll never hold longhorns either."

The lack of results began to discourage young Gates, and he was about ready to go back to Turner Junction and face the music. Then one evening as he and McManus sat in a restaurant looking out over San Antonio's Military Square, they saw a most interesting performance.

THE ATTRACTION was Doctor J. L. Lighthall and his Diamond King Medicine Show. As the two salesmen watched, Doc Lighthall introduced his banjo player and his dancers. He even pulled a tooth "free of charge" to attract a crowd. Then he went to work in earnest—selling Radway's Sarsaparillion Resolvent, the great blood purifier, the one and only cure for dreaded, dangerous scrofula. Everyone from the poorest peon to fine ladies in high heels had a dollar for Doc's elixir.

As the gaudily clad old quack rambled on, seizing every advantage of the gullibility of his listeners, John Gates was taking mental notes. If this kind of showmanship worked for patent medicine of dubious quality, why wouldn't it be even better for a product which had obvious merits?

This was before the first official rodeo was held in Pecos, Texas, on July 4, 1883 (according to most historians of the sport), so Gates didn't have much precedent for what he proposed to do. His biography says that he planned a big competition for cowhands in Military Square. He offered prizes to wranglers who could stay aboard the outlaw horses he was bringing to town. Furthermore, he announced that he would cover all bets that no longhorn could break through his barbed wire fence.

Armed with a permit from the mayor of San Antonio, Gates hired Mexican laborers to string an eight-strand corral at the end of the street. While he rushed around making arrangements and promoting attendance, he managed to cover $5,000 in bets. If the fence fell, he'd most likely be ridden out of town on a rail—but his gambling instincts were aroused, and he decided to go for broke.

On the day of the big show, cowboys and ranch bosses came to San Antonio from miles around. Buckboards and buggies crowded the town because this was a family event, too.

Everyone wanted to see the big finale—the demonstration which might make or break the sale of barbed wire in Texas. It could certainly break John Gates!

When the time had come, the barbed wire salesman stood up in a buckboard and shouted to the crowd. "Gents, this is the best fencing in the world. It's light as air, stronger than whiskey and cheaper than dirt. No man can say John Gates don't make a fair and square test. All right, boys, turn 'em loose!"

With that, forty head of longhorn steers (selected secretly by Gates for their lack of aggressiveness) were driven into the barbed wire corral. They bawled and balked as they milled around inside the enclosure, and then Gates stretched his luck. Handing two flaming torches to a Mexican cowboy, the gambler sent him charging into the herd, cursing in Spanish and waving the fiery brands.

In a frenzy, the steers broke in all directions. They slammed themselves against the barbed wire in an attempt to break away but, though some of the posts snapped off like matchsticks, the fence held. After what seemed like centuries to the young salesmen, the cattle finally quieted down in the center of the ring, staying as far as possible from the fence with the murderous barbs.

Gates' big gamble had paid off. Not only did he collect his bets, but he had proved graphically that "bob wire" was strong and effective. Then, remembering how Doc Lighthall capitalized on repeat performances, Gates announced that there would be more exhibitions in San Antonio and other Texas towns. Within a year, his only worry was how to fill orders fast enough!

THE LONG-SHOT demonstration had brought John Gates his first real success since he peddled firewood as a teen-ager. However, as he was savoring his triumph, he got word that someone else had usurped credit for his idea and was out after his commission. In a rage, he hopped a train for DeKalb and a showdown with Colonel Ellwood. Their meeting was dramatic and noisy. Gates resigned at the top of his voice and when he left, he secretly swore revenge.

After a visit with Dellora in Turner Junction, Gates next moved to St. Louis where he established himself as a manufacturer's representative. For months the king of barbed wire salesmen could find no wire to sell. Then he made his pitch to a number of small independent manufacturers:

"If a cardsharp comes up to you and bets he can call a queen of spades to jump outa the deck, and that he will have her spit in your eye, don't you take it. You'll lose your money an' get your eye full of spit. But if the best damn salesman in Texas comes along an' says he'll get you top for your wire, then you take it, mister. Take it!"

The wire makers liked what they heard, and soon Gates was back in Texas, renewing old friendships and stealing orders from every Ellwood salesman he could find. Colonel Ike was furious, but Gates was now picking up momentum. By the time he as twenty-seven, he was back in St. Louis as half-owner and sales manager of a new and growing barbed wire plant.

By 1884 vast areas of public land had been fenced. Complaints poured into the Commissioner of the General Land Office in Washington, and in his report of that year, he called attention to thirty-two cases of illegal fencing averaging more than 138,000 acres per enclosure. One fenced area was said to contain fully 600,000 acres. In Colorado forty townships were within a single fence. One cattleman in the Red River region was said to have 250 miles of fence.

Up until this time, cattle fences always enclosed a source of water, a stream or a lake. This fact led to continuing cutters' wars. Then an improved mechanical windmill made it possible to fence smaller areas around wells. All of this, of course, provided an even greater demand for barbed wire.

From this point on, the Gates story virtually explodes into a series of financial activities which would take a book to describe. His first manufacturing venture expanded to include many factories. When the pressures got too strong, even Colonel Ellwood sold out his interests and joined forces with his ex-salesman.

The next step was the formation of a tremendous barbed wire combine, the American Steel and Wire Company—and Gates had reached the realms of the rich and the mighty. He became the virtual dictator of the entire American wire industry.

But Gates remained a salesman—merely on a higher level. He bought and sold and pressured and schemed. Always he sought the Big Idea. His hatred of J. Pierpoint Morgan and others who would not accept him on their business and social level caused him to plunge into the world of steel to seek their comeuppance. It was Gates who masterminded the tremendous development of cheap Southern iron ores which Carnegie, Morgan and others had written off as too inferior to consider. The Republic Steel Company and other allied corporations blossomed under Gates' wily direction.

While he was never quite able to destroy Morgan or the other hated barons of Wall Street, neither did they destroy John Warne Gates. He suffered setbacks at times, but always returned in strength.

His early selling days in Texas caused him to maintain a great interest in the Lone Star State. He was successful in oil ventures (the present Texas Company attests to that), and he was almost personally responsible for the building of Port Arthur. He even bought part interest in the famous 101 Ranch and invested heavily in a multi-million dollar circus venture.

(Continued on page 66)

Eyebrow Trail threads its way up from Dog Canyon. Note man in circle. From high above, the Apaches tumbled rocks on U.S. Cavalry here before Rochas built his cabin in canyon, right center.

Photos across bottom show, left, Dog Canyon. Looking west one sees the famous Tularosa Basin. The cottonwood trees shown next are located at the lower spring. They are thought to be the last living mementoes planted by Frenchy, the "Hermit of Dog Canyon." At right, the cemetery at La Luz, New Mexico. Frank Rochas' grave is lost somewhere among the tumbled down tombstones.

DEATH at Christmas

By ROY F. CARPENTER

Photos Courtesy Author

Some men couldn't be run out, they had to be killed out, and stubborn Frank Rochas was one of that breed . . .

FRANCOIS JEAN ROCHAS, age fifty-one, an emigrant from France, was lowered into his grave on a chilly day in late December, 1894. Less than a half-dozen friends were in the small crowd that watched the burial in the small cemetery at La Luz, New Mexico. Men went about their business with tight lips, afraid to refer to the bullet hole in "Frenchy's" breast.

Frank Rochas had arrived in the Tularosa Basin about ten years before and taken up squatter's rights in the Sacramento Mountains' Dog Canyon. Running the risk of having his scalp lifted, Frenchy had moved in ahead of the cattlemen and had taken possession of the canyon's bountiful springs.

Between 1859 and 1881 at least five bloody engagements had been fought between the U.S. Army and the Apaches in or around Dog Canyon. The Redmen had used the cliff along Eyebrow Trail to clever advantage in ambushing the pursuing soldiers. Unconcerned, Rochas set up temporary quarters in the very shadow of the Trail and built a small stone cabin. Before long, Frenchy's modest herd was grazing contentedly among the bleaching bones of Army pack mules.

With patience and hard labor he erected a stone fence at the canyon mouth to protect his holdings. Near his cabin in the upper gorge he planted a garden and orchard which included peach, pear and apple trees.

On rare occasions he hitched a horse to a buggy and made the long ride to Las Cruces for supplies. This journey took him across the Tularosa Basin south of the famous White Sand dunes. Here, his trail merged with the old Marcy-Pope wagon route which wound through San Augustine Pass into the broad Rio Grande Valley.

In Las Cruces the little Frenchman swapped yarns with several acquaintances, including Numa Reymond, the storekeeper, Theodore Rouault, and Lassaigne, who was a priest.

After a time Rochas prospered enough to hire a man by the name of Morrison. Soon a dispute arose between them and early one morning Morrison ambushed Frenchy, wounding him in the body and arm. However, Rochas made it back into his cabin, slammed the door, and holding pistol in hand lay all day on the bed waiting for his assailant. That night the bushwhacker tried to enter the house to finish his bungled job and Frenchy met him with a hail of flying lead. Morrison quickly reversed direction and vamoosed down the canyon, never to be seen again.

AS THE PRESSURE for land and water increased, Frank Rochas realized he needed to have his holdings surveyed and a deed filed with the government in Santa Fe. At this time Rochas' herd numbered about 500, and in order to keep from overgrazing his small place, he sold his cattle to a John Riley for $3,400.00.

On December 23, 1894, he wrote a letter to his brother and sister in France, proudly telling of his hard-won home, the orchard and the sale of his stock. He then wrote a second letter to Santa Fe, New Mexico, inquiring about the possibilities of having his place surveyed.

Perhaps on Christmas Eve Frank visited a neighbor or had a visitor. There is no mention of it anywhere but his plan to get his land surveyed must have leaked out, for the day after Christmas, early in the morning, three men rode up and called Rochas to the door. There was an exchange of words, then three rifle shots were fired by one of the horsemen. One shot pierced the Frenchman's chest and he staggered into his cabin.

On December 28 a cowboy named Dan Fitchett found Frank Rochas' body. On a nearby table, still waiting to be mailed, were the two letters written on the twenty-third.

After the burial at La Luz, Justice of the Peace Faustino Acuna assembled a coroner's jury to conduct an investigation. This jury returned the "enlightening" verdict that the Frenchman had died of a gunshot wound in the chest. This ended the inquiry.

The Rochas estate was divided among his French relatives and a firm of New York lawyers was hired to administer it. Records show the total to have been around $4,000.00. But little, if any, of the money was used to pursue an investigation. Perhaps the best information was compiled after the disappearance of Colonel A. J. Fountain and his eight-year-old son in 1896, two years after the Frenchman's death. In the course of the investigation some very pointed clues were uncovered concerning the Dog Canyon affair. The report gave names and stated facts and was made available to officials. However, for some strange reason, it was hushed up and no action was ever taken.

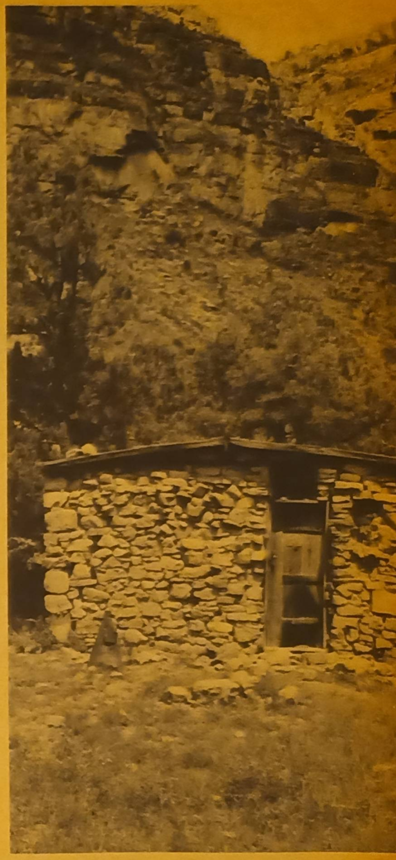
It is evident from the detailed description of the murder that someone did talk. And it is rather a strange coincidence that the killing came only three days after Frank Rochas wrote the letter inquiring about a survey.

Through the years legend has grown about the "hermit of Dog Canyon." Tales of buried treasure have stirred metal detectors into action and the curious have poked into every cave and crevice.

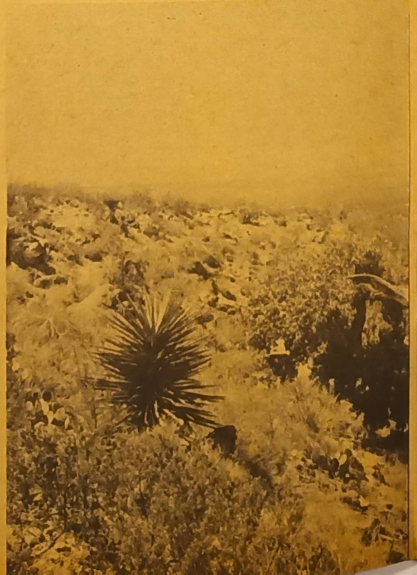
The nearby Alamogordo Chamber of Commerce sponsors an annual trail ride up the historical Eyebrow Trail and the lonely and ravaged stone cabin is now a landmark for a "coffee break," before saddle-sore dudes resume their journey.

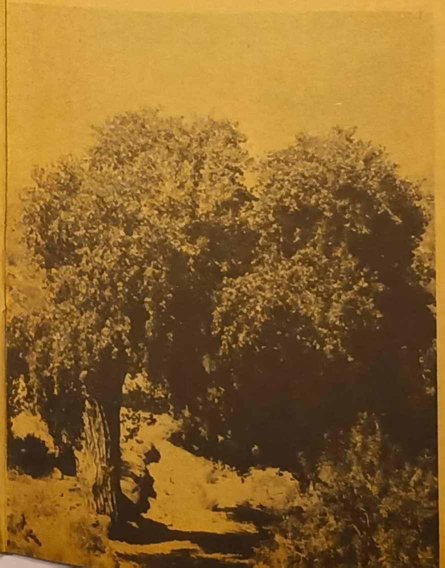
The bloody past of the Canyon is a story that grows with time but time has not revealed everything. If one gets too nosey he may still be told, "Young feller, the only reason I lived this long is I learned to keep my mouth shet!"

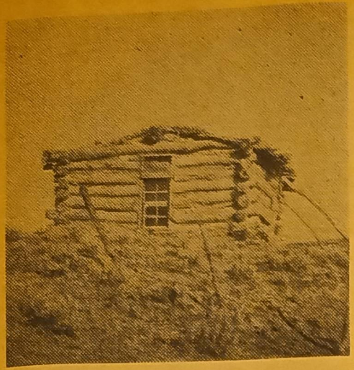
At least, that's the answer I got!



Frenchy's cabin. Historical Eyebrow Trail starts just above. Note old Sibley stove at left of door.







Most every old-time Westerner lives with the memory of a dead campfire—some special place of his youth such as

LOST CAMP

By W. H. "BUB" WILSON

From HOMESTEAD YEARS by Lloyd I. Sudlow, published by The Bison Courier, Bison, S.D., 1958

MY DAD'S (L. K. Wilson's) winter camp, known as "Lost Camp," was located in a canyon in the South Grand River brakes of South Dakota. Today it is the present site of the Brownie Wilson (no relation) ranch situated several miles northeast of Bison.

As I sit and reminisce, many incidents come to my mind, for it was at Lost Camp that I spent a lot of my boyhood years among a score and more of hired men with diversified backgrounds. Summers were spent putting up hay, the long winters in isolation holding down the camp and wintering cattle. I realize now the men figured me a general nuisance, but I suspect my dad thought the experience I would gain (helping me grow up) would offset the trouble I made.

I remember vividly when I was around ten, the summer of 1901 or '02, Dad hitched up the buggy and headed northwest up on the prairie country. Mother and the smaller ones of the large family were along. Dad wanted to show her the site he'd chosen for his winter camp. We stopped at the bottom of a canyon where a big spring was flowing. There we drank and drank of the good water and ate our lunch. This was a treat to me—I was seeing something of the outside world!

That summer Lost Camp was built. Logs were hauled from near our Rabbit Creek ranch, twenty-old miles away. The cabin, crudely built, was about 12 x 16, and a horse barn, hay-roofed cattle sheds and corrals were constructed. Some of the men who worked for Dad were Fred Green, Jake and Aleck Yeager and Charley Parker, an ex-soldier from Ft. Meade. I was charmed by Parker's clever handling of horses—never rough with them—which suited my dad.

Bill Hall (Shock Hall's brother), Emmett Allman (a Texan), Tommy Shea (Denis and Roger Moran's half-brother), Nat Witcher (brother of Dean and Frank Witcher), Jim Darling, Ebenezer Hudson from Alabama, Charley Wilson (my cousin), English Jack Meens, (a groom Abe Jones had shipped into the country to tend his prize stallions), Dick Macey, Fred Billings, Dave Heinz, Nigger Bill Fuller and Texas Tom Birdwell (a quiet secretive middle-aged man—the best man with a gun I ever saw) were there. Birdwell told me the Texas Rangers followed him for three days trying to coax him back when he left Texas! He was real nice to me and I wasn't afraid of him.

Then there was Bill Brightman and Charley Armstrong, two soldiers who had been released from the cavalry post at Fort Meade, and who were green at any kind of ranch work. Last but not least was "Rip Van Winkle" (Roy Parsons), a husky-built, rather young man who wore a full beard and long flowing hair, carried a Bible and a dictionary, used good grammar, never mingled with the other men but read from the Good Book and talked a lot to himself. Another hand was Swede Carl Nelson, who had just come from the Old Country and couldn't speak much English. It always fascinated me to watch him wind his watch with a key. He didn't stand in too well with the other men—he was too ambitious, got them up too early of a morning.

Some of our early-day neighbors were William Butcher, who lived at the mouth of Butch Creek, previously a Turkey Track cook. Some said his wife had come from Sears Roebuck, and other said it was a "trial marriage." His brother Fred, who had spent years in South America, joined him there later.

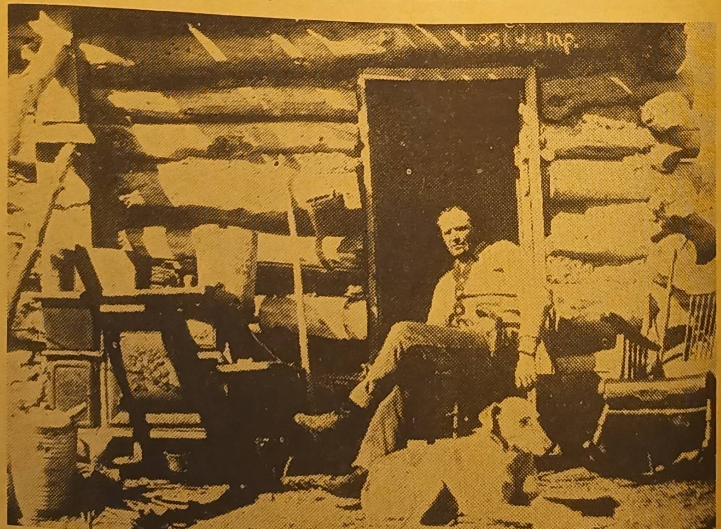
Charley Ross, now in his nineties, lived above Butcher at the mouth of Ross Creek, and now lives at Timber Lake. To my knowledge he is the only man left in this entire area who came up with the trail herd from Texas. Then there was Louie Twitto who lived between Nate Skinner and Lost Camp. There were the Buckleys—Jim, Grace, and Norman; the Charley Settles, and Tex English; Pappy Hunt; the Bill Means family—Ira, Tom, Nick and Annie; and the Seim family—Nels, Bill, Henry and the girls, who came in from Capitol, Montana, in the early '90s.

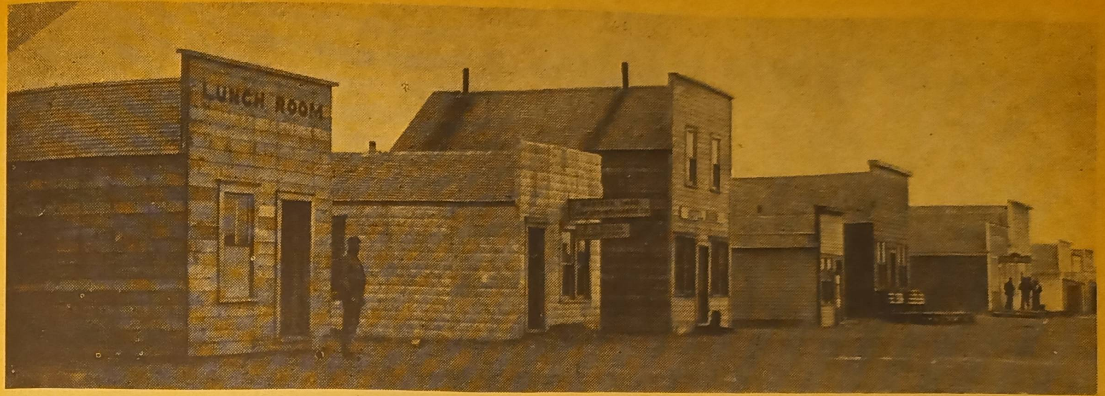
I WAS the flunky—errand boy for the camp. That suited me fine as I got to visit the neighbors but sometimes I forgot to come back even though I knew there would be a licking in store for me—usually from my dad but, if he happened to be away, then from one of the men who had it in for me the worst.

I'd always thought Emmett Othman, a Texan, was one of my real pals until he unbuckled his six-shooter belt and licked me because I stayed overnight with Tex English when he sent me over for matches. Previously—the first time I had ever seen Emmett—he had come to my rescue when a burly Swede had me down mauling me because I refused to water his horse.

Emmett rode up and shouted, "That's enough of that! Looks like you'd jump on somebody your own size!" The Swede let me up pronto, never said another word and walked right off.

In the early 1900s L. K. "Spy" Wilson, Sr., one of the area's earliest cattlemen built the log cabin and corrals known as "Lost Camp" in a canyon just to the northwest of Box Car Buttes near Bison for a winter shelter for his cattle and a hay-camp. Here his son, "Bub," spent weeks at a time with the cattle crew.





Bison Main Street in 1909 or 1910

Once Dad sent Charley Armstrong and Bill Brightman out to dig postholes. He knew they didn't know much except soldiering, so he rode out to see how they were coming, and saw Armstrong's head just above the ground. "What are you doing—digging a well?" Dad demanded. They had only dug six holes all morning.

Old English Jack had borrowed some magazines from a neighbor, and for once he was quiet—not spinning his tales as usual. I reached over with the stove poker and pulled the magazine from his hand and he leaped to his feet, threatening my life. I snatched the dishtowel and snapped it in his face and ran from the cabin—and I took my own sweet time coming back as I feared he had a longer memory than some of the men.

One time when it rained several days, causing the roof to leak and soaking the inside of the cabin, and wearing on everyone's nerves, Rip Van Winkle took his Bible and went to the top of the hill above camp, where he commenced to pray and go through his antics. Dad was a bit wary of Rip, afraid he might go berserk, as he'd been talking to himself a great deal of late, so he went outside and yelled, "Come down from there or I'll shoot the hell out of you!"

Rip answered mildly, "Maybe that would be best."

I never did figure out whether it would be best to get shot or to come down. Anyway he came.

My greatest temptation back then, was to get my hands on a gun. I'd had so many close calls and even had endangered the lives of others, that Dad had sternly ordered me to lay off guns until I had a little more sense. This particular afternoon, everything seemed just right—no one in camp, and there hung that shotgun. I carefully took it off the peg and loitered up the canyon. The first thing I saw was a hawk and I blazed away. The gun about kicked me over backward but I didn't get the hawk.

Feeling jittery, I hurried back to the cabin and hung up the gun. Not long after, Dad came in, his eyes showing excitement, "Billie (that's what he always called me), did you hear someone shooting?"

Scared as a rabbit, I answered, "No."

He said, "I'll bet some honyoker got a beef off me!"

Dad left camp immediately to do some sleuthing. I felt kind of guilty but I knew what would be in store for me had I told the truth.

One day Emmett made some biscuits. They were hard as bullets so he threw them out. The hounds couldn't even eat them. I was throwing the biscuits at the cattle and Emmett had reprimanded me but I wasn't afraid of him as he was on crutches, having a broken leg from being kicked by a horse. Dad rode up about that time and Emmett said, "You'd better stop that kid, he's knocking the horns off all your cattle with them biscuits I made!"

One day I stole Tommy Shea's smoking and chewing tobacco, slipped off and sampled both. When I got sick, I headed for camp before they found me dead out on the prairie, and Dad stared at my white face and said, "Billie, are you sick? You must have got uncovered in the night. You'd better head for home!" (It was twenty-odd miles home.) That was one time dropping on the bed at camp would have been more tempting than riding home, but I went.

SUMMERS were more fun at the camp than winters. Down in the canyon we never saw the sun till ten a.m., and it went down over the western wall at two.

I guess Fred Green was about as good a buddy as I had. He treated me like a man, and as we would be riding along he'd say, "Billie, let's get down and rest our saddles." Then we'd roll a smoke.

He worked for my dad for years and he was rated as one of the top hands. It was May 1, 1905; the cattle had been wintered and spring had come. Fred and I were holding down the camp, and Fred said, "Billie, we'll head for the ranch this morning with the herd."

There were lots of cows with baby calves and we moved slowly. The next day it started to rain, and Fred said we'd leave the herd and drift on to the ranch. Old-timers remember that memorable storm—how the rain turned to snow and a heavy blizzard was on. Thirty inches of snow came down in a blinding storm, cattle drifted into open waterholes and creeks and a heavy toll of cows and yearlings was counted. Dad gave L. P. Reinoehl permission to follow the route of the herd, and he rescued a couple dozen calves which had survived the storm while their mothers had perished.

On February 2, 1907, a beautiful morning, my father took a team and wagon and headed for Seim for provisions. Around ten a.m., a blizzard struck. He drove in to the Bill Butcher place to stay until the storm let up. They played cards until midnight in the one-room cabin, and Dad then went out to his tent to sleep. It turned bitter cold about eleven p.m.

I've heard my Dad soberly relate this incident many times. As he went from the cabin to the tent he thought he heard a human cry for help. He shouted several times, stopped and listened and laid awake tensely listening for the sound to repeat. Finally deciding it must have been a cow mooing, he drifted into slumber. It was that same night that Bessie Seim, a teacher, and her young sister perished in this storm. They were walking from the ranch to one of the boys' cabins. The isolated ranchers from far and wide went on a searching party realizing the worst. The bodies were not found until a couple of weeks after. The girls were sisters of Willie Seim, still living on the original ranch on the Grand.

One time when the men were out of tobacco, they said they'd heard there was a store over southwest, and told me to ride until I found it. I saw some rambling low sod shanties so rode over. Buffalo skulls, deer and elk horns leaned on the outside of the shanty. This was the beginning of the town of Bison. Ann Carr and her sons Charley, George and Art, and daughter Nina lived there.

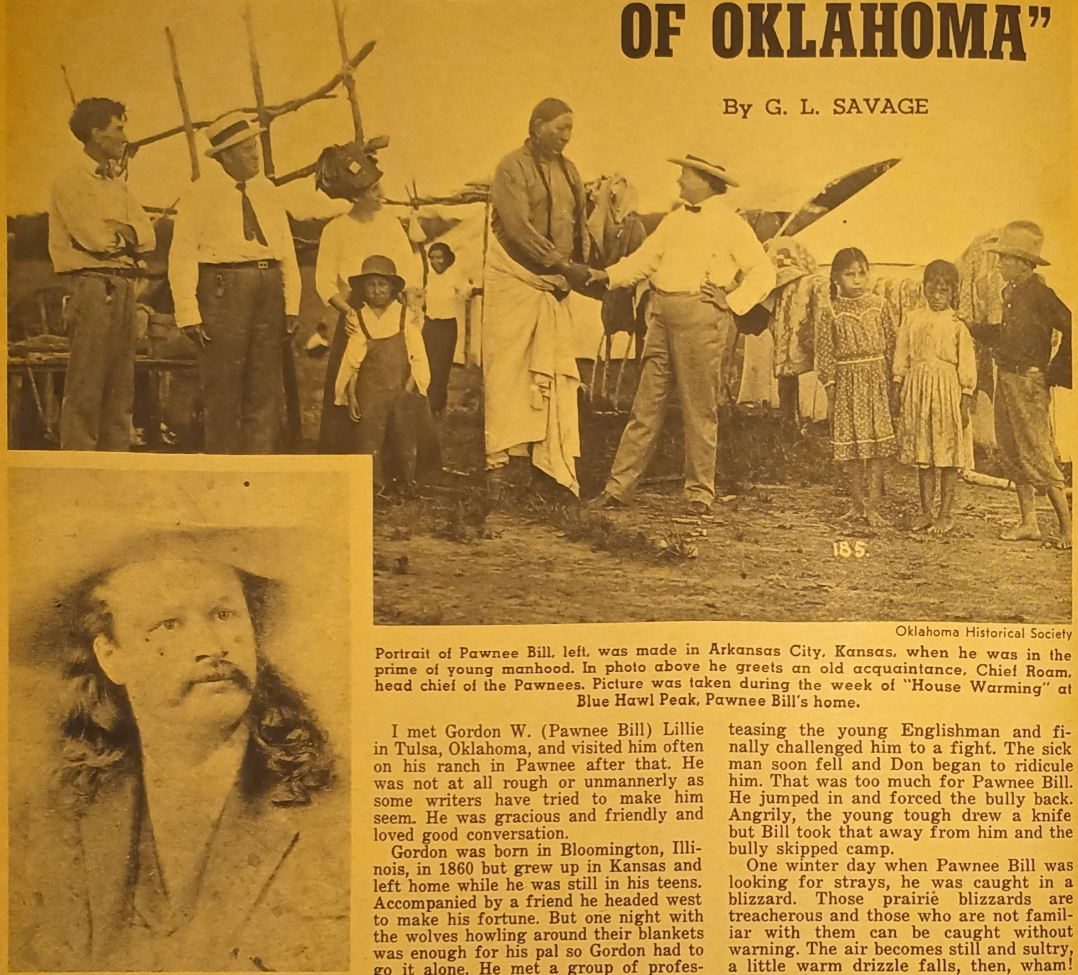
As the country settled up, Dad knew his camp must go. I think it was the spring of 1908 that he sent Nat Witcher and me up there to roll up the wire. Texas Tom and Nigger Bill had built their drift fence about ten or twelve miles, in 1903. Its purpose was to stop the cattle from drifting southeast back to the home ranch on Rabbit Creek.

Jess Whitford, who had a claim west of Meadow, bought the buildings. I don't know who lived there afterward, but it's my guess if the cabin still stood that many wayfarers found a temporary home there, as it had everything—water, shelter and wood.

Nowadays as I whiz by at more than a mile a minute on State Highway No. 8 between Bison and Meadow, I glance over to those buttes that to me as a boy were a landmark in that great open expanse of country in finding Lost Camp in Wind Canyon, and remember the men I knew there.

PAWNEE BILL "LITTLE GIANT OF OKLAHOMA"

By G. L. SAVAGE



Oklahoma Historical Society

Thomas Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art

Portrait of Pawnee Bill, left, was made in Arkansas City, Kansas, when he was in the prime of young manhood. In photo above he greets an old acquaintance, Chief Roam, head chief of the Pawnees. Picture was taken during the week of "House Warming" at Blue Hawl Peak, Pawnee Bill's home.

THE FIRST TIME I saw Pawnee Bill I thought he was a big man. He was riding around the arena in Chicago before the first act of his and Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. Cody and Pawnee Bill appeared to be about the same height with their ten-gallon hats pointing toward the clouds. But a few years later Pawnee Bill told me that Cody rode a horse a few inches shorter than the one he rode. "I don't think he ever forgave me for being a little man!" Pawnee Bill laughed. One morning in New York City, he wanted to take a walk right after breakfast and get lost in the crowd. He was wearing ordinary street clothes. Buffalo Bill caught him and had him pose for pictures for the paper. It was necessary to borrow Cody's jacket and hat. He had to stuff paper in Buffalo Bill's hat band and hide the glove tips, and sit on the New York telephone directory for a little extra height all to please Buffalo Bill!

I met Gordon W. (Pawnee Bill) Lillie in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and visited him often on his ranch in Pawnee after that. He was not at all rough or unmannerly as some writers have tried to make him seem. He was gracious and friendly and loved good conversation.

Gordon was born in Bloomington, Illinois, in 1860 but grew up in Kansas and left home while he was still in his teens. Accompanied by a friend he headed west to make his fortune. But one night with the wolves howling around their blankets was enough for his pal so Gordon had to go it alone. He met a group of professional buffalo hunters and was invited to ride with them. In those days buffalo hunting was a paying business. Hides were in demand all over the country.

Pawnee Bill told me the first time he heard a big herd of buffalo coming toward camp he was frightened. They thundered past all day and all night. The hunters dropped several close together and used them as a barricade to hide behind as they shot others. Thirteen hundred hides were taken and it required two weeks to skin the dead. The hunters worked all winter and in the spring took their hides to St. Joseph, Missouri, sold them, and went their different ways.

Pawnee Bill decided to go home and visit his family and later went to work on the Zimmerman Ranch (in 1882). While riding herd with a group of cowboys there he got into his first fist fight. Among the cowboys was a young man from England who had come west to recover from lung trouble. The cowboys never knew his real name but called him "Pell Mell." A cowboy named Don kept teasing the young Englishman and finally challenged him to a fight. The sick man soon fell and Don began to ridicule him. That was too much for Pawnee Bill. He jumped in and forced the bully back. Angrily, the young tough drew a knife but Bill took that away from him and the bully skipped camp.

One winter day when Pawnee Bill was looking for strays, he was caught in a blizzard. Those prairie blizzards are treacherous and those who are not familiar with them can be caught without warning. The air becomes still and sultry, a little warm drizzle falls, then, wham! the weather comes at you from every direction, the sky letting loose with everything it has—rain, hail, sleet, and snow. Pawnee Bill was given shelter by a young stranger whom he recognized as an outlaw, and he never told the boys back at the ranch who had helped him through the night.

Bill felt close to the Pawnee Indians and spoke their language well. He also knew several other Indian languages. The Indian Agent asked him to work for him as an interpreter and Bill gave it a try, but the work was too tame for him. When a Pawnee friend, Left Hand, came to him and said the Sioux had raided their camp and run off their best horses Pawnee Bill was back in the saddle. He and Left Hand rounded up enough young warriors to go after the raiders. The raiders, expecting pursuit, divided the horses and sent them back to Sioux country by various routes. Left Hand and Pawnee Bill divided their warriors and followed. They recovered some horses but lost some warriors. So did the Sioux.

The last time the author saw Major Lillie, "he asked me to come and stay all day and he and his sister and I would go up to the attic and open Mae's trunk. I did not have the heart to do it—and I don't know what happened to it. Major Lillie said there were some beautiful things in it—the souvenirs of a lifetime—but I knew the story of the trunk and let the opportunity go by."

BY THAT TIME, the white men and the Indians had learned to depend on Pawnee Bill when they needed help in dealing with each other. Young Indians attended his classes in school to try to learn the ways of the white man, but Pawnee Bill was just as bored as his pupils and soon quit the job.

He tried ranching only to be tormented by rustlers who were paid to make life miserable for him. He killed four of them and when the cattle barons who were making big fortunes on land that should have been open for settlement sent a note to him that they were going to hang him, he sent the note back and told them to get along with the hanging. They came shooting and he shot back. They decided to leave him alone.

The Pawnees took him into their tribe and made him a chief. The ceremony was attended by four United States soldiers. Other guests of importance included Spotted Horse, Good Horse, Old Eagle, Left Hand, and Long Feather.

Uncle Sam never quite lifted his hand from Pawnee Bill's shoulder. He was used by the Government whenever they needed a person of his ability in whatever job turned up. When the surveyors went to Arizona, he was asked to accompany them and he did. On that trip he met Geronimo and the two of them became friends. Perhaps it was the first time that Geronimo had become acquainted with a white man who could see his side of the story. Their friendship lasted through the years. Bill was not always on the side of the Government although he supported the law as he saw it.

The Indian lands in Oklahoma were about to be opened to white farmers and ranchers. Cattle barons were giving the Indians a little cash for the privilege of grazing their herds on the prairies, and were hiring a few Indians as cowboys and guards.

Pawnee Bill organized a group of men in Kansas about 1887 who called themselves "The Consolidated Oklahoma Colonies." Residents of the country made fun of them and called them "Boomers." However, it was not funny to the cattlemen. The numbers of people gathered around their land was an ever-increasing threat.

Soldiers of the Seventh United States Cavalry were sent to guard the border. They had orders to arrest anyone who crossed the line and were told to shoot Pawnee Bill if he tried to lead his army of civilians into battle.

Newspapers sent reporters from all over the country, and public anger was aroused when some of the cruelty that was practiced by the guards was made known. Letters and telegrams poured into Washington.

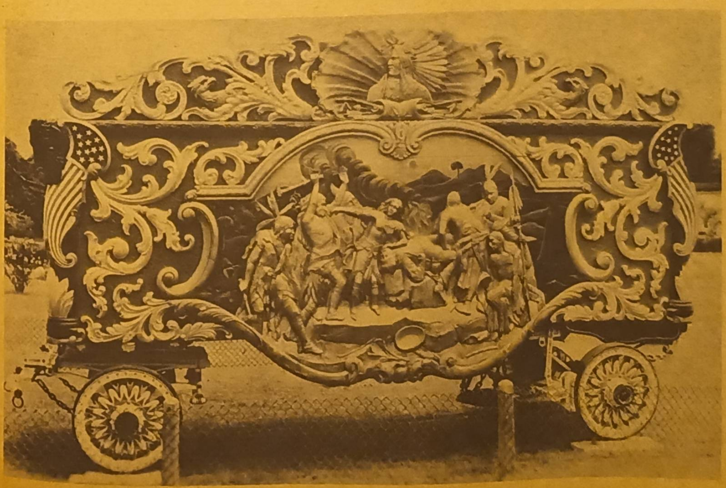
Pawnee Bill intended to enter with or without the consent of the Government and by early spring of 1889 he was ready to go. The Board of Trade of Wichita, Kansas, asked him to wait but Bill said his followers had waited long enough, they were suffering from exposure and hunger. The Board of Trade volunteered use of every vacant house in Wichita, the use of the Fair Grounds, and food. Pawnee Bill accepted, and on April 22, 1887, the land was declared open by President Harrison.

Pawnee Bill had won his fight. He saw schools built, heard church bells ring, and watched his Indian friends take on the ways of the white man. He saw the children fed and educated.

WHEN BUFFALO BILL needed help with the Indians in his Wild West Show, he asked Pawnee Bill to take the job. The man chosen had to be acceptable to the United States Indian Commissioner, and had to furnish bond on each Indian who left the reservation. The law required the company of an officer whenever an Indian left the reservation because each one was considered a prisoner of war. Pawnee Bill took the job.

Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Mrs. Gordon W. Lillie, Bacon Rind (Osage) and Pawnee Bill (Gordon Lillie)



Pawnee Bill's first bandwagon, built in 1904. Major Lillie remarked that this wagon had been gold-leafed completely four times. It weighed ten tons. H. W. Gunderson of Houston, Texas, through extensive restoration, replaced about two hundred and fifty pieces of carving and repainted it in brilliant colors.

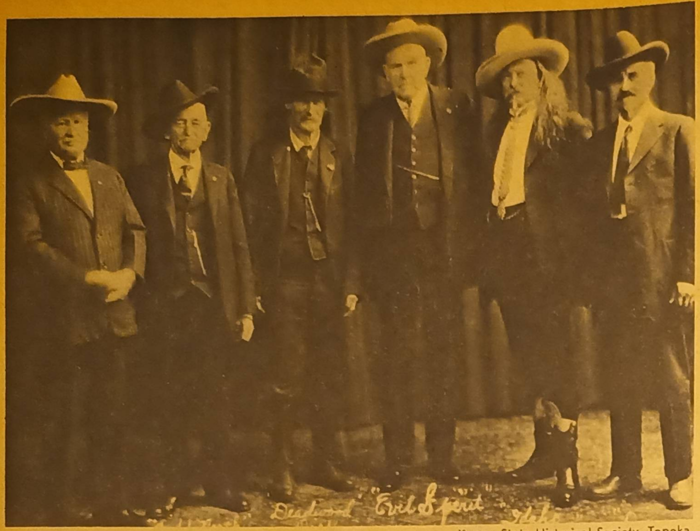
Courtesy Author

The new associates were alike only in their names, yet they seemed to need the friendship of each other. Buffalo Bill said Pawnee Bill should be taller and Pawnee Bill said Buffalo Bill was just a little boy who would never grow up.

Finally, when Pawnee Bill had a show of his own, he took it to Europe. The performers all had a good time for a while, then the troupe, especially the Indians, became homesick. One afternoon a horseman in fancy livery rode up to Pawnee Bill and handed him an envelope on a little silver tray. Pawnee Bill was scared stiff. He thought the man was from the police and was there to take him in. The envelope contained a note written in French, so Pawnee Bill gave it to a friend of his for translation.

Queen Wilhelmina was requesting that he put on a show for her! He complied, and after the show was over, walked up to the royal family and shook hands with them, never guessing that things were not done that way in Europe.

WHEN Pawnee Bill and Buffalo Bill combined their shows, they knew good times and bad. Pawnee Bill was cool-headed; Buffalo Bill was impulsive. Each man's former employees stayed loyal to him in any misunderstanding. Just before Pawnee Bill's silver wedding anniversary, one of the women in his troupe said she had to make a trip to New York to see her eye doctor. Of course she was given time off. She carried with her a piece of paper that had the handwriting of every member of the show on it (plus a few "X's" and drawings by those who could not write). Going



Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Six grand old Plainsmen, each a strongly forged link to the West that was. From left to right, Pawnee Bill, Luther "Capt." North, Richard "Deadwood Dick" Clark, "Doc" Carver, B. R. "Idaho Bill" Pearson, and Richard "Diamond Dick" Tanner.

straight to Tiffany's, she ordered a platter engraved with the signatures and marks. It was made of solid silver, plain and heavy and beautiful, and became one of the Lillies' most cherished possessions.

Some of the old performers in the show are still scattered around the country enjoying life. Billy Penny lives in Pawnee, Oklahoma. It was his job to gather up the Indian troupe each year. He always liked the Sioux. One year when the weather was as hot as it can get only in the Dakotas, he drove an old Model T over the rocky dusty roads all day to find a great big Indian who had been with them the year before. About sundown he drove up to his house and the old boy was all ready to go. He had a big grip packed beside his chair. The Indian's hair had been combed and freshly wrapped, with a long strand hanging down over each side of his neck. A new big black sombrero was on his head. Bill Penny asked him if he had everything ready to go. The Indian started twisting a strand of hair around his finger but did not look up. His little middle-aged squaw was sitting in a straight chair by the front door. She said is a quiet but firm voice, "He is not going." And he didn't.

Goldie Cameron lives in Nederland, Colorado. Last summer in a parade up there, she wore the same dress that she'd worn when she was with the show. It still fits! (She is still a darn good rider.) Goldie was given in marriage by Pawnee Bill when she married Harum Sterling in Madison Square Garden. All of the wedding party were on horseback.

Pawnee Bill finally established a ranch near Pawnee, Oklahoma, and kept a herd of buffalo along with his cattle and horses. The ranch was beautifully located, with just enough roll on the prairies to give it a change of colors. He named the place for a Pawnee friend, Blue Hawk, and built an expensive home with a small balcony that looked out toward the horizon. That is where he could be found when evening came and the sun faded. He enjoyed watching the shadows come over the ranch.

The big Wild West Show gave its last performance in Denver, Colorado, on July 21, 1913. Tammen and Bonfils took it over to satisfy a mortgage they held on it. Pawnee Bill was at his ranch when it happened but hastened to Denver.

Bill brought home his saddle and the trunk that his wife Mae kept mementoes in, but she put it up in the attic and it was never opened by either of them again.

In 1936 Bill and Mae went to Taos, New Mexico, to celebrate their golden wedding anniversary. They were given a gold-tinted automobile by some well-known Oklahoma oilmen. Three weeks later Mae was fatally injured in a highway collision in the car. Bill was hurt, too, and had to walk with a cane after that. He was never quite the same without Mae—was restless and lonely. During the winter of 1941-1942 he took a bad cold and died on February 3, just eleven days before his eighty-second birthday.

Those who remembered him—and there were thousands of us—mourned the passing of a great friend and wonderful Westerner, truly a man to admire.

This was the scene almost a century ago when teen-ager Pawnee Bill joined an outfit of hiders on the prairie frontier.

Oklahoma Historical Society

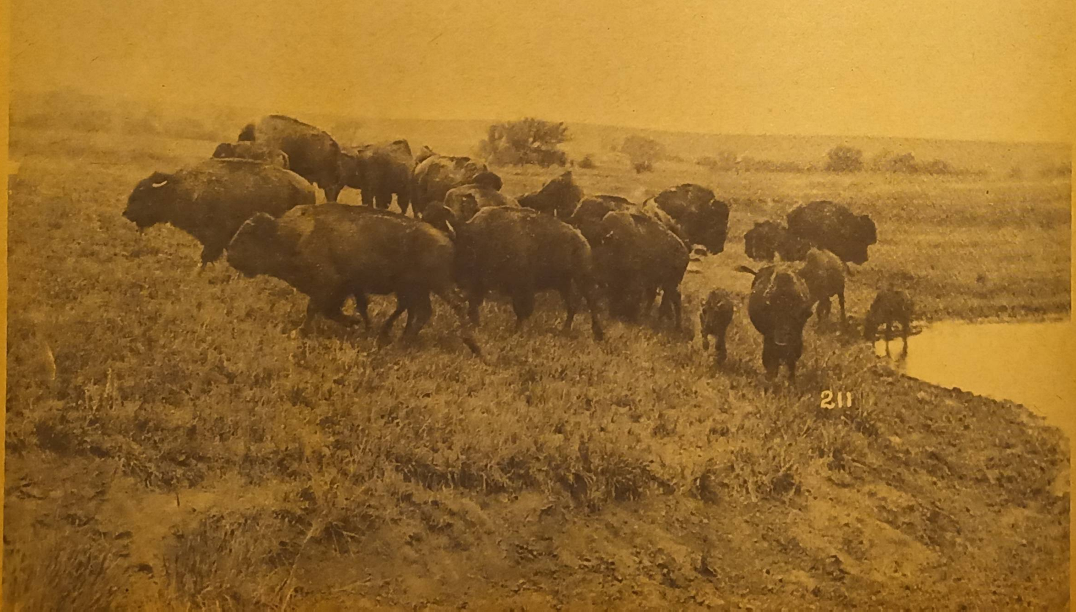


Photo Emily Muriel Heilman Collection

Archer B. Gilfillan at his sheep wagon with one of his dogs. This picture was made in 1928 by Mrs. Al Dean for Little, Brown and Company.

SOME MEN NEED IT LONELY

The Sage of the sheep wagon is now identified!

By MAURICE KILDARE

Explanatory note: In the Spring issue of OLD WEST, we ran a story, "Secret Sorrows of a Sheepherder," based on a speech given in 1924 before the State Wool Growers Association in Montana. The author, Maurice Kildare, was unable to learn the identity of the herder who had delivered the humorous address, even though he had the original manuscript. (It was unsigned.)

Since publication of the article, many of our readers have identified the mystery man, as has the author—so three months later, here's a peek behind "the sheepskin curtain."

ONE of the men I appealed to for help was Everett E. Shuey, Secretary-Treasurer of the Montana Wool Growers Association. Intrigued by the speech, he kept showing around the copy given him. Then, ten days before OLD WEST hit the newsstands, at the December, 1965 Wool Growers Convention, he struck pay dirt. Two members recognized the speech and named the author.

He was the late Archer B. Gilfillan and author of a book, *Sheep*. Furnished clues by Shuey I located his sister, Emily Muriel Heilman, through the University of Minnesota Press.

My theory that the speech had been ghostwritten for someone who signed his name with an "X" was blasted. Well-educated, Gilfillan had been a *real* sheepherder for eighteen years!

Gilfillan was born at White Earth, Minnesota, on the Ojibway Indian Reservation in 1886. His father, an Indian missionary, moved his family back east when the boy was fourteen. Subsequently he graduated from the University of Pennsylvania. He then spent three years in a theological seminary studying for the ministry.

Before finishing he suddenly abandoned any idea of becoming a shepherd of two-legged animals. The call of the West was too strong to be denied. Going to South Dakota he homesteaded in Harding County near Slim Buttes in 1910. About the same time he entered the sheep business. Both these ventures ending in failures, he herded sheep two years for various small owners. Then he signed on with the AD sheep ranch of Al Dean, Buffalo, remaining there for sixteen years.

His sister describes him as a lonely, sometimes unhappy, man of strong but complex character occasionally beset with uneasy self-doubts. But the medium-sized, brown-headed Gilfillan (who became prematurely bald) covered his true feelings with an air of optimistic confidence and friendly generosity.

During his sheepherding career he became known for his dry wit and humor. His widely scattered, countless friends in both Dakotas, Montana, Wyoming and Kansas were soon calling on him to make speeches at conventions and other gatherings. Gilfillan's subject was always that most dear to him, the pastoral life of a flock tender. To him the life was filled with daily adventure, romantic and glamorous—intimate incidents which only a sheepherder could know. And he could paint it in vivid words.

The mainstay in all undertakings, his sister early encouraged him to write. That he did so well is the surprise. Who hasn't heard of dozens of authoring cowmen and cowboys? But who ever heard of a bona fide authoring sheepherder?

Planning his book in 1926 he incorporated into it a few parts of his now famous Helena speech. In 1929 *Sheep* was published by Little, Brown and Company and ran through two editions. In 1956 it was republished by the University of Minnesota Press. It contains a foreword by J. Frank Dobie, which reads in part:

"Look at that lousy sheepherding scoundrel coming over the divide with his sheep. Boys, get your black masks and the wagon spokes!"

Thus Mr. Dobie quoted a Wyoming senator describing the cowboy's acceptance of a sheepherder.

A CONFIRMED bachelor and singularly devoted to his career, Gilfillan loved the short grass country of northwest South Dakota. A reflective, fascinated observer of all things around him, he wrote in *Sheep:*

"At the eastern edge of the range over which I herd, rise the white cliffs of Slim Buttes . . . . to the north a great white limestone wall thrusts out into space, its rough sides forming many a niche for an eagle's nest. To the south a grass-covered shoulder reaches out like another protecting arm. From the top of any of these (the hills) the herder may watch his sheep spread out below him in peaceful grazing."

The sheep wagon was his special delight. Its economy of space, providing all units of living quarters in one, was kept scrupulously clean. Moved about as grazing required, this wagon of the past was his home for most of the years he spent on the range.

In simple language he spoke and wrote of the techniques a herder had to be skilled in to perform his work. His knowledge of sheep, range, climatic conditions and wild life was quite extensive. He was his own boss, entrusted with property worth tens of thousands of dollars.

The flock, moving off bedground at dawn, would be a mile away twenty minutes later when Gilfillan took after them, his breakfast bolted down. The sheep dog was a staunch partner in his work and of him he wrote: "Considering the indispensable help that a dog renders a herder, it is not strange that between the two there exists an unusually close bond. The dog is the herder's ever-present friend. He stays by his side during the day and sleeps in the wagon at night. When the herder is without his dog for a day or so, he misses his companionship quite as much as he does the dog's aid."

Living so much alone in his independent world, he early became a devout conservationist. The ruthless shotgunning of winged creatures by "city sportsmen" he deplored. The songsters, soaring eagles, night owls and sparrow hawks were valuable in controlling such pests as insects and rodents. The jackrabbit and cottontail were with him all the time. They provided a source of fresh dog-meat, and an occasional change of the sheepherder's menu.

Of the snakes he disliked only the rattlers. They sometimes fanged his sheep and his dogs. One day he encountered one with no gun or rock handy. In the emergency he hurled a dog-eared volume of Shakespeare at it.

Of that incident he said, "That rattlesnake was never the same again, nor was Shakespeare!"

As a stock killer the coyote was too small to merit respect, and too wily to

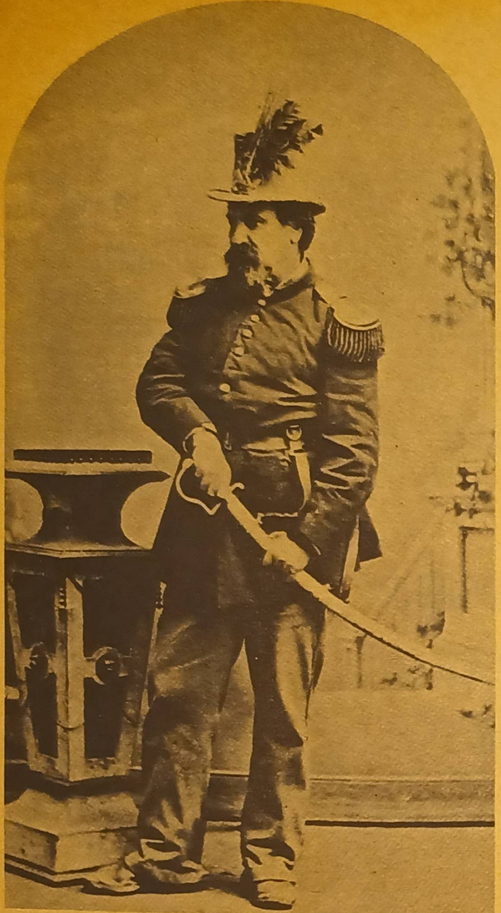
(Continued on page 73)

HIS ECCENTRIC HIGHNESS

By C. R. Christopher

Photos Courtesy The Bancroft Library, The University of California

For twenty years, the "Emperor of the United States" ruled benevolently from his capital on the West Coast.



Emperor Norton, in the fancy uniform presented him by his loyal subjects.

ON September 17, 1859, in San Francisco, His Gracious Highness, Norton I, overthrew the Government of the United States.

Joshua Norton, lately come from the Diamond Coast of Africa, proclaimed himself Emperor of the United States and Protector of Mexico and braced himself against the arrival of the United States Cavalry, which he expected to challenge this *coup d'etat*. The craven Army failed to put in an appearance, however, and for twenty years, Emperor Norton moved among his loyal subjects of San Francisco in an aura of respect, whimsy and love.

All San Francisco took to its heart what Mark Twain called "this lovable old humbug," and Emperor Norton became a municipal star boarder and panhandler *nonpareil*. In an era and a place where picturesque, unusual characters could be spotted on every street corner, Emperor Norton was unquestionably the most picturesque, the most colorful, the most fantastic of all.

His royal palace was a dingy rented room where he hung his flamboyant uniform on a nail and lived in such regal splendor as his affectionate and indulgent subjects were joyful to provide.

As plain Joshua Norton during the year of the Gold Rush, he had set himself up as a commission man and speculator. From temporary prosperity, he went into bankruptcy. The theory is that this is what unseated his mind or inspired him to perpetrate a most artistic imposture by which he contrived to live in respect and comfort, without working, until the end of his days. The consensus is that Emperor Norton really believed that he was an Emperor.

He levied—and collected—taxes, had imperial Annie Oakleys to every theater, restaurant, saloon, and hotel in San Francisco. The newspapers dared not refuse to print the imperial scrip or his welter of official ukases and proclamations. Every merchant in the city—excepting his Chinese laundryman—happily honored the Norton scrip, and even advertised the fact in his store window—"By appointment to His Gracious Majesty, Norton I."

As for the recalcitrant laundryman, Norton did not press this point, lest he embroil the great powers of the United States and China in war. He graciously enjoyed a loyal subject to take care of the bill.

EMPEROR NORTON took daily constitutionals along the streets of San Francisco. He had a substantial nobility of bearing and proceeded with conscious dignity. He had tiny eyes that twinkled with pleasure as he accepted the plaudits of his subjects en route. The most engaging aspect of his appearance, however, was his uniform. The first one had been given to him by officers at the Presidio of San Francisco. Subsequent royal raiment was provided by local haberdashers who vied with one another for the Emperor's patronage. The uniforms were blue, and heavy with brass epaulets which soon tarnished in the city fog. A sword clanked at the Emperor's side. His hat was a white beaver topped with feathers —eagle, peacock or rooster, according to the imperial mood of the moment.

The Emperor had a red nose but the customary diagnosis did not apply. He was a temperate man and if he went into the saloons three times a day, it was only to partake of the spectacular free lunches which were offered as a sort of loss leader to push liquid wares. During the rainy season, the Emperor added a Chinese umbrella, obtained by royal requisition. For a common and endearing touch, his shoes were slit to accommodate the royal corns.

Emperor Norton frequently made official visits to the City of Oakland across the Bay. Occasionally he went into the provinces as far as Outer Sacramento. The University of California and other scholastic institutions often invited him to address student gatherings.

Toward his subjects, both high and low, the Emperor had a sense of *noblesse oblige*. An old lady might hear him order the streetcar conductor to let her ride free "as a guest of the Empire." Then the Emperor and his subject would both ride for nothing.

In collecting taxes, Emperor Norton made this essentially unpleasant business comparatively painless, employing a warm, personal contact. He kept a scrupulous accounting of all fiscal transactions. Occasionally he would drop into Wells Fargo to float a loan for the Empire. When the distressed bank president explained that the bank was fresh out of money because of a recent loan to Patagonia, the gracious Emperor gladly settled for a loan of ten dollars, instead of the ten million or so originally requested.

EMPEROR NORTON'S proclamations indicate his intense interest in the world about him. He was obviously above average intelligence and kept *au courant* not only locally but as a cosmopolite. No matter was too large or too small to warrant imperial attention if it affected the course of the Empire. He ordered the Imperial Armies to clear the Halls of Congress in Washington, D.C. He summoned President Andrew Johnson to San Francisco to blacken the Emperor's boots in punishment for attempting to usurp the Imperial authority. He was pleased, however, to accord President Grant the privilege of staying on the job in the White House as an Imperial Viceroy. He declared an economic embargo against a rink that refused to provide skates for the Emperor upon presentation of the Imperial Scrip.

Norton often gave foreign statesmen the benefit of his opinions. He forwarded his recommendations on solving the Schleswig-Holstein Affair and had considerable cable correspondence with Charles Parnell concerning Ireland's internal problems.

Or thought he did. The imperial traffic in cables was made possible by pranksters and thus he received communications purportedly from Empress Eugenie of France, from the Queen of Spain, and Earl Beaconsfield and the Emir of Afghanistan. He could be firm; and to the Emir, he sent the warning that if the Emir tried any monkey business, he, Norton I, would make it "mighty warm" for him.

The pranksters justified their fictitious cablegrams by pointing out that they practiced deception in order to keep the Imperial morale at a high level. For all the exploitation of Emperor Norton's pathetic pretensions, the first emotion that he evoked from his subjects was love. They were sure that no Emperor, in fact or fairy tale, had ever entertained the continuing solicitude for the well-being of his subjects that Norton did. They were touched by his kindness. He was all that, and often gave scrip to less glamorous down-and-outers on whom he had compassion in their misfortune.

Despite his many manifestations of a harmless, gentle insanity, now and then Emperor Norton gave demonstrations of wisdom and vision far ahead of his time.

His most famous proclamation ordered the construction of a bridge to unite the cities of San Francisco and Oakland. The bridge the Emperor ordered was finished in 1934. It was built according to his general blueprint with one exception—it stopped at San Francisco and did not extend thirty miles west offshore, to connect the Farallon Islands with the Mainland.

During the Civil War, the Emperor ordered churches of all denominations to do what they could to stop the senseless slaughter. He believed that war was a poor solution. He inveighed against the discriminatory laws that made Chinese evidence inadmissible in California courts and he repudiated immigration laws that restricted entry because of a man's color.

In his denunciation of the Revenue Laws, he pointed out the inequities in their geographical application.

WHEN smallpox attacked San Francisco, the Emperor proclaimed incentives to spur doctors to find a cure and he admonished his subjects to encourage and honor doctors who dedicated themselves to the accomplishment of this objective.

While others scoffed, the farsighted Emperor came to the defense of Marriott, the inventor who had devised an "Avitor" that actually got off the ground, however, temporarily. The Emperor decreed that the scoffers should wipe the smiles off their faces and accord respect and cooperation to this man who was trying to make his dream of an "aerial machine" come true.

In the later days of Emperor Norton, he added two dogs to his retinue. Their names were Bummer and Lazarus, and by virtue of their proximity to the Throne, they too were fed by the city. The animals apparently had rapport with the illustrious human waif. Upon their death, the dogs were stuffed by taxidermists for posterity's edification.

Emperor Norton moved through his capital city by the Bay surrounded by the love and protection of his subjects. Only rarely did he encounter instances of *lese majeste*. And when he did, he magnanimously ascribed the phenomenon to bad manners or remarked to spectators that the offender was actually the Court Jester trying to be funny.

In 1870 Emperor Norton received an enchanting cable from Monsieur Grevy, President of the Republic of France. According to Monsieur, Queen Victoria was planning to suggest a marriage between herself and the Emperor, to consolidate the friendly relations between their two great Empires. Grevy strongly advised Emperor Norton against accepting the Queen's proposition.

The impact of this startling news had not worn off before the Emperor received another cable, this time from Alexander II, the Czar of Russia. Alexander informed Emperor Norton that he had it, through diplomatic scuttlebutt, that Queen Victoria was setting her cap for the Emperor. Alexander extended his heartiest congratulations and said he was all for the consummation of this happy plan.

Bemused by the dilemma—whether to marry Queen Victoria or not—Emperor Norton was loath to make a snap decision on such a momentous matter. He still hadn't made up his mind when death took the decision out of his hands four months later.

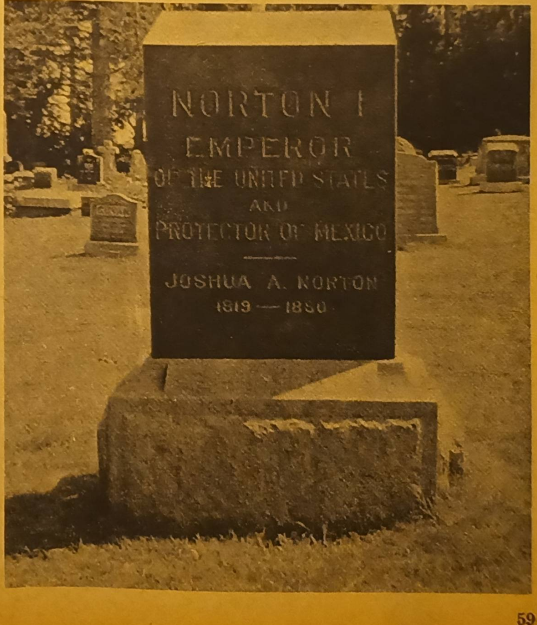
EMPEROR NORTON'S last days were undoubtedly filled with satisfaction at the progress of the Empire under his benevolent regime. He noted how San Francisco had changed from a turbulent hellhole to a gracious and civilized city. The provinces too were booming, and his subjects all over the United States were happy and at peace. Only one maggot nibbled at his contentment at this point—that he had not yet been crowned in Washington, D.C.

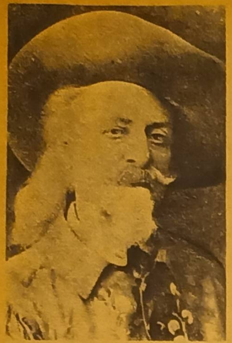
Ten thousand subjects came to grieve at Emperor Norton's funeral, the largest in the history of the city of San Francisco.

Half a century later subjects erected a monument over his grave. Emperor Norton received now and at last the recognition that he had always longed for.

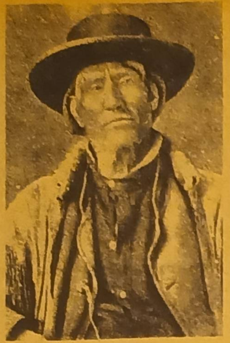
The inscription over his grave, carved in stone, made it official and indubitable that he had indeed been Emperor of the United States and Protector of Mexico.

This fine stone marks Norton's grave in San Francisco.

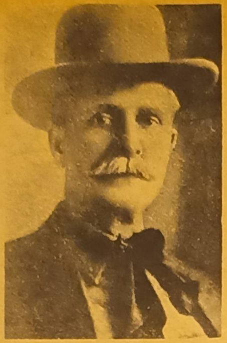




Buffalo Bill Cody, later a famous showman with his own Wild West Show, won his title as a meat hunter for a railroad camp.



Jim Bridger, old-time mountain man, scout and guide, deplored the senseless slaughter of the buffalo herds.



Bill Tilghman, who was to become a famous U.S. Marshal and serve as a law officer for 50 years, once killed 3,300 buffalo in six months.

World's Greatest Slaughter

(Continued from page 21)

"From that month the wild American bison was practically a thing of the past. The barbarous brutality practiced in the final slaughter is almost beyond belief. The hunters kept fires blazing all night along the river banks and guarded every water-hole, knowing that sooner or later the thirst-tortured creatures would be driven in a desperate effort to slake their thirst, to face the deadly rifles of the hunters, which ceased (firing) only when there was nothing more to shoot. Such a merciless war of extermination was never before witnessed in a civilized land."

THE guns stopped booming, the great bison herds were no more. Now all that was left of the buffalo population was the bleaching bones of their carcasses strewn across the Plains. The rolling prairie was white with their huge skulls and skeletons. The bones could be used back East in fertilizer and carbon works, so now came the bone hunters with their wagons. One hundred bison skeletons furnished enough bones to make a ton, worth about ten dollars. Yet the bone harvest was so plentiful that fortunes were made from it. One hunter alone, known only as "Old Buffalo Bones," shipped 3,000 carloads out of Dodge City in two years and made enough money to retire on. The Santa Fe hauled 1,350,000 pounds of bones in three years. It is estimated that bone buyers paid out $2,500,000 for bones over a thirteen-year period in Kansas, at prices of six dollars or less a ton.

Garretson, from whom we get a vivid and accurate picture of those times, writes: "At every way station, side track or switch for 150 miles, monster piles of bones were stacked like cordwood. Many of these stacks were eight or ten feet high and more than half a mile long."

With all the former hide hunters in the country gathering bones, as well as everybody else who could get hold of a horse, ox or mule and a wagon, it wasn't long before the bones too were gone. Now all that remained of the buffalo were his old wallows marking the prairie, and the bare circles called "fairy rings," where, in days past, the great bulls had worn away the grass protecting the calving cows against wolves in their constant watchful patrolling.

Hides gone, bones gone! The fact was monstrous, staggering, shocking—but there it was. Baldly and simply, the buffalo had been mercilessly slaughtered to the verge of actual extinction in the most horrifying mass demonstration of stupidity and avarice the world has ever known. The Government, following the lead of General Sheridan, had refused to provide last-minute protection for the mighty beasts, and so the grim result was inevitable. True, the Indians were starved into subjection by the national catastrophe—but at what a terrible price! Nothing in the history of wildlife has ever approached in bloody magnitude the Great American Buffalo Slaughter.

DOCTOR WILLIAM T. HORNADAY, of the New York Zoological Society, made a painstaking count of the few remaining buffaloes in 1889 and announced that only 541 buffaloes remained alive in the United States. These survivors were in zoos, private refuges and in Yellowstone Park. Hornaday suggested that the Government establish national herds to preserve this remnant of the vast herds, but Washington officials dallied, doing nothing. By 1893, poachers had killed all but twenty of the Yellowstone Park buffaloes.

Stung into action by the mounting public outcry, President Cleveland signed a bill making buffalo hunting illegal in Yellowstone Park and providing severe punishment for convicted offenders. The poachers merely shifted operations to other parts of the West where a few bison still lingered in remote areas. In Lost Park, Colorado, in 1897, two bulls, a cow and a calf were shot—last specimens of the original wild stock that once had roamed the land millions strong.

Now, with only a few buffaloes in captivity as a nucleus from which to build a national herd, great efforts were made to save the species. For the first time, scientists, sportsmen and wildlife experts found a unitedly sympathetic audience. With the "hostile redskins" cowed and broken, safely tucked away on reservations, public sentiment had changed and now the cry was "Save the buffalo!" In 1902, Colonel Charles J. "Buffalo" Jones was made warden in Yellowstone Park. Jones promptly bought twenty-one buffaloes from the Pablo-Allard and Charles Goodnight private herds. The start toward regeneration of the bison was a tiny one, but it was a beginning.

In 1905, President Theodore Roosevelt issued a proclamation creating a Game Preserve of 61,500 acres of forest and plain on the former Kiowa-Comanche Reservation in southwestern Oklahoma. Doctor Hornaday at once proposed that the Zoological Society offer the Federal authorities a nucleus herd of pure-bred American bison, providing Congress would appropriate a sum of money "sufficient to erect a fence around a considerable area of grazing grounds in the Wichita Forest and Game Preserve, and provide for the maintenance of the herd."

The Zoological Society heartily approved Doctor Hornaday's suggestion, and the Government accepted the offer with the President's enthusiastic endorsement. It took Congress a year to get around to appropriating $15,000 for fence enough to enclose 8,000 acres of the Preserve, and another year for the fence to be built. The enclosure was stocked with fifteen carefully selected buffaloes—six males and nine females, of various ages—from the Bronx Zoo. Given scientific care and protection, the small group multiplied until, in 1951, more than 700 buffaloes resulted.

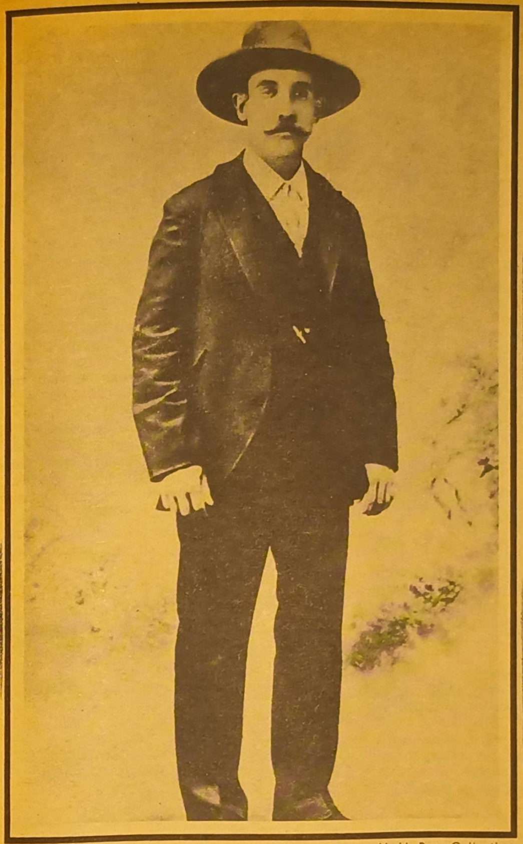
The American Bison Society, formed in 1905 with Theodore Roosevelt as Honorary President, and Doctor Hornaday as President, established the Montana Bison Range on what was formerly the Flathead Indian Reservation. In later years, the Society was chiefly responsible for creating the Wind Cave herd in South Dakota and the Pisgah Game Preserve herd in North Carolina.

With these powerful friends and protectors, the buffalo rallied to return from the very brink of total extermination. In 1951, the Caribou Press at Bronxville, New York, conducted a bison census based on individual signed postcard returns from every known bison station in the world. This survey disclosed that there were, at that time, 9,252 buffaloes in the United States, including animals held in the four national herds and in the national parks. The Alaskan herd, established in 1928 with twenty-four buffaloes, now numbers more than 400. At present, it is probable that the grand total of American buffaloes is slightly in excess of 10,000.

Ten thousand left where once roamed upwards of sixty millions!

By such a narrow margin has the American Bison escaped extinction.

"Gramps, the people in the next apartment are complaining about you killing flies again."



N. H. Rose Collection, University of Oklahoma

Ben Cravens

FRIEND TO NO MAN

By F. HORACE HUGHES

Ben Cravens never liked to pull a job alone, but he always felt an urgent need for solitude when it came to spending the loot. Being his partner was like buying a ticket to the boneyard!

IN THE 1880s when Ben Cravens left his Iowa home at the age of fifteen to begin a career as a cowboy at Sedan, Kansas, that part of the Old West was a turbulent center of illegal as well as legal activity. Young Cravens soon tired of seeing nothing but the rear end of animals and decided that he was smart enough to make his fortune in an easier way.

Ben saw a few crooks making a living of sorts by selling whiskey to Indians. A few bolder ones did not hesitate to deal in stolen goods. Following the line of least resistance, Ben began to bootleg on the side, then to steal cattle. Finally he launched into full-time operation and the fat was in the fire.

Kansas lawmen chased him into the Indian Territory's Osage country. There he was arrested by Frank Canton, who had gained notoriety during the Johnson Countv, Wyoming, cattle war a few years earlier. Cravens was lodged in jail at the small county seat town of Perry, Oklahoma. Life in that little jail was not to his liking and Cravens began to plan his escape. Within a week he had broken jail and had freed several notorious horse thieves besides.

After the jail break at Perry, Cravens started robbing banks and country stores at scattered locations in Indian Territory. Drifting into a new area, he usually made the acquaintance of some young wild fellow who knew the lay of the land and talked him into joining the fun. After the local boy had helped pull a job, Cravens was never willing to give him an even split of the loot. His way of dividing was to get rid of the helper and hide out until the heat somewhat abated.

Down in the Osage country, Cravens made the acquaintance of a young man named Dick Ainsley. Planning to rob the bank at Blackwell, Indian Territory, they rode into town to buy supplies and case the bank. Some townsmen, suspecting they were outlaws, watched the two depart into the woods outside of town, then organized a posse and that night surrounded the small cabin in which Cravens and Ainsley were sleeping. When the outlaws discovered that they were surrounded, they decided on a desperate move. Throwing open the door, they charged out, running and shooting at the lawmen. The posse's return fire dropped Cravens and badly wounded him. Ainsley was killed. As the officers approached, Cravens asked if his "partner, Dick" were dead and the lawmen thought they had killed Dynamite Dick, who had just escaped from the Guthrie jail.

The wounded outlaw and the dead one were taken to jail at Blackwell. Cravens refused to identify the deceased for the lawmen. Finally United States Marshal Pat Nagel of Kingfisher, Charley Colcord of Oklahoma City and Frank Canton came to Blackwell and identified the dead bandit as Dick Ainsley, not Dynamite Dick.

When Canton entered the jail, Cravens said, "I know you, Frank Canton! You are the damned officer who shot the horn off my saddle down in the Otoe country!" Cravens became so excited he started bleeding at the mouth. The officers thought he was done for, but he surprised them by getting well in a few weeks. As soon as he was able to travel he was taken to Kansas where he was tried and convicted of robbery. The outlaw was sentenced to twenty years in prison at Lansing, Kansas, and began his term on January 18, 1897.

Cravens soon got friendly with another notorious lawbreaker and the two planned a break together. While working in a coal mining shaft, Cravens whittled a wooden pistol, covered it with tinfoil, and blackened the barrel with soot. It looked genuine to the startled inner guard when they held him up and took his real pistol and his Winchester.

Really armed now, Cravens and his companion tied up the upper shaft guard and made a dash for freedom with every nearby guard shooting at them. Their luck held and they escaped the prison wall without stopping a single bullet. Once outside, Cravens stole a horse and fled into the hills, leaving his comrade to shift for himself. Cravens' old Nemesis, Frank Canton, was notified of the break and took up the chase into the Otoe Nation. This was rough country and Canton lost the trail.

(Continued on next page)

Cravens next turned up in Kingfisher County, where he met a young daredevil named Bert Welty. Bert was a small-time thief who had just started on a career of crime by robbing a store about five miles east of Taloga. Cravens looked like the real stuff to Welty and the two bandits formed a partnership.

A STORE and post office in Red Rock was Cravens' next target and he induced young Welty to go along. In order to attract as little attention as possible, they tied a plow on the rear of Welty's light wagon and Welty decked himself out in woman's garb. Then, hiding their saddles and guns, they made the trip across country to Red Rock without anyone's discovering their identity.

Reaching Red Rock one evening about dark, the outlaws left the horses and wagon in the brush at the edge of town and walked to the store. Quickly they showed their guns and disarmed the few men lounging around the premises. However, they failed to see Alva Bateman, the assistant postmaster, in the back of the store. Thinking he had a chance to avert the robbery, Bateman took a shot at Cravens, but missed. Cravens returned the fire and made a solid hit. Then, as he was leaving with the loot, Welty ran past the prostrate postman and shot him through the body in cold blood.

Securing all the loot they could carry, the two outlaws ran from the store. But fate was against them. A hard rainstorm blew in suddenly and they couldn't find their horses and wagon. After wandering for half an hour in the downpour, they found the wagon and horses and headed through the storm in an easterly direction.

The weather continued to deal them misery. In the darkness they accidentally drove into a ditch and broke a wheel. Quickly they unhitched the horses and saddled them. While Welty was stuffing their loot into a sack, Cravens decided it was time to play it solo again. He took a shotgun from the wagon and blasted his partner in the face.

Riding one horse and leading the other, Cravens left the scene presuming Welty was dead. But most of the charge had glanced past Welty's head, wounding but not killing him. Welty lay in the mud and rain for several hours before he gained his senses and strength enough to rise. Welty managed to stumble ten miles to Black Bear Creek and the home of one of Cravens' friends, a farmer named Hetherington, who got a doctor to patch him up. The latter evidently notified the sheriff because Welty was arrested before he could escape, and shortly thereafter was tried and sentenced to life imprisonment for the murder of Bateman.

News of the holdup and the killing reached the town of Perry the next morning and officer Branson was sent to investigate. The trail made by Cravens' two horses was easy to find in the mud and Branson followed them to a house owned by a man named Cunningham. Seeing two badly winded mounts in the corral, Branson hesitated, then turned and took off for Pawnee to get help in capturing the bandits.

Leading a posse back, Branson surrounded the house and, accompanied by Tom Johnson, Deputy, went forward to demand admittance. Cunningham came to the door and denied Cravens was inside.

Suddenly Cravens poked his Winchester past Cunningham and fired. Tom Johnson toppled, mortally wounded. Cravens leaped past Branson and ran zigzagging across an open field, with men shooting at him until he disappeared into a wooded creek a quarter of a mile away. Again he had escaped a trap.

Cravens disappeared from the public view for several years. After his escape, he was accused of most of the crimes committed in Oklahoma, Texas and New Mexico, but authorities learned later that he simply had ridden out of that part of the country and had taken a job as a farm hand in Missouri. Using the alias, Charles Maust, and working for a living for a change, he married a woman who worked at the farm, and acquired a pretty fair reputation as a reliable fellow.

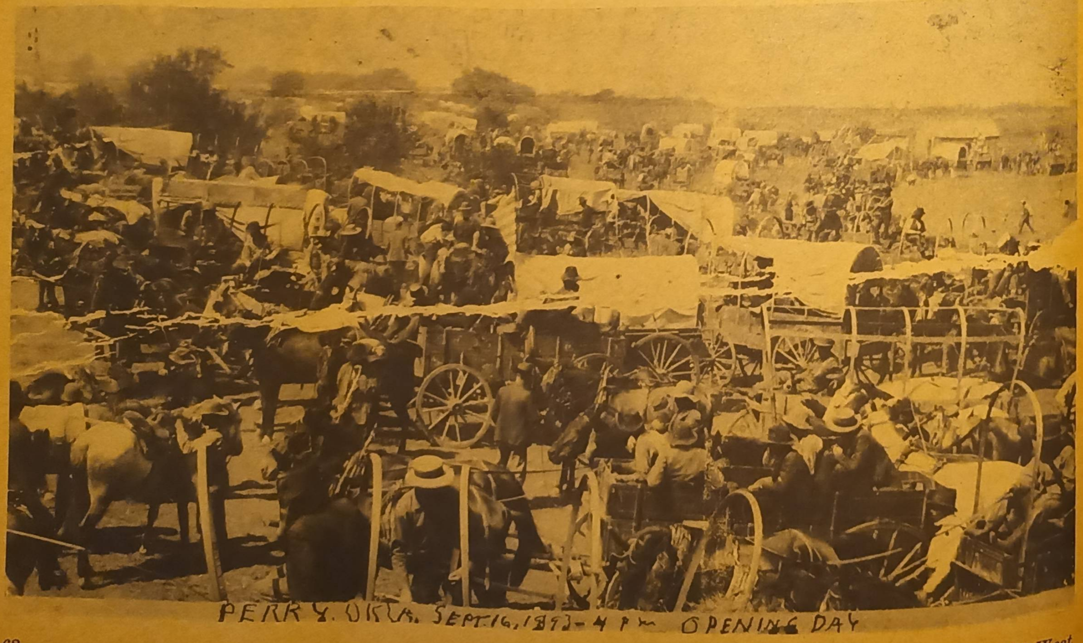
Eventually the old easy life came back to haunt him and he stole a horse that suited his fancy. He was arrested under the name of Maust and sentenced in 1908 to a four-year term in the penitentiary at Jefferson City. One day a barber, who had known him at Lansing, recognized him and told the prison authorities who he was. Cravens denied his real name but records borrowed from Lansing proved his identity beyond doubt. Oklahoma authorities were notified and he was taken to Guthrie and tried in Judge Cottral's court for the murder of Alva Bateman. He was defended by Al Jennings, who later became a train robber himself.

Bert Welty was brought from prison to testify and proved to be a damaging witness. During the trial Welty made a full confession about the killing of Bateman at Red Rock and the robbery of the store. He seemed to get a great deal of satisfaction out of giving information that would help put Cravens behind bars forever.

The Iowa farmboy who had leaped into notoriety as one of Oklahoma's most savage killers might have lived contentedly into old age had he been able to resist the urge that led to his last—and one of his least daring—crimes.

Perry, Oklahoma, September 1893. Ben "didn't care" for the jail here and lost little time in breaking out, freeing several notorious horse thieves in the process.

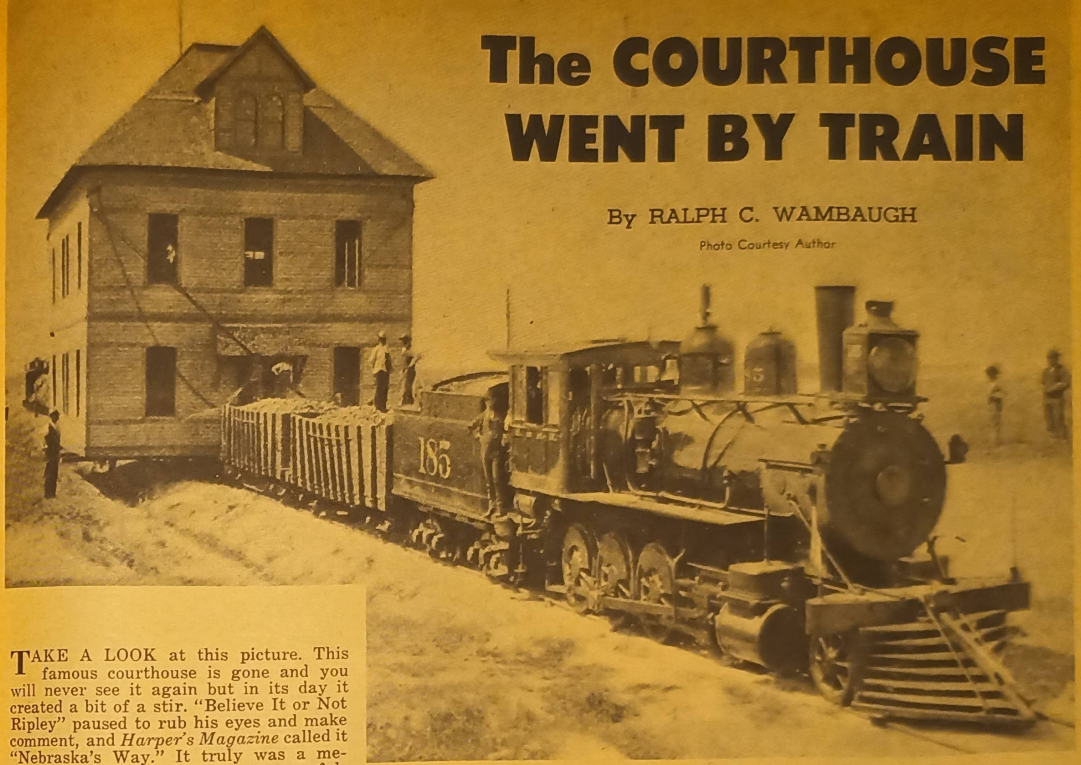
Oklahoma Historical Society


PERRY. OKLA. SEPT. 16, 1893 - 4 PM OPENING DAY

The COURTHOUSE WENT BY TRAIN

By RALPH C. WAMBAUGH

Photo Courtesy Author



The reason it worked was because nobody knew it was impossible!

TAKE A LOOK at this picture. This famous courthouse is gone and you will never see it again but in its day it created a bit of a stir. "Believe It or Not Ripley" paused to rub his eyes and make comment, and *Harper's Magazine* called it "Nebraska's Way." It truly was a memorial to the ingenuity and resourcefulness of the pioneers faced with the task of moving a county hall of justice.

Leading up to this scene is a chain of events which began in 1810, when a group of settlers crossed the Missouri River near its junction with the Platte and established the town of Belview. Gradually other settlers located in the area and when Box Butte County was organized in 1887, the village of Nonpareil was designated county seat. With the building of the railroad in 1890 the center of government was moved to Hemingford and this courthouse was built.

Meanwhile, settlers continued to pour into Nebraska. The Burlington & Missouri River Railroad established a "Railroad Division Point for Supplies and Service" at Grand Lake, a small village of tents and huts six miles beyond the western edge of the sandhills. This siding was to play an important part in the moving of the courthouse.

The village of Grand Lake, renamed Alliance by the railroad, soon became more populous than Hemingford. and Alliance's citizenry began to demand that the county seat be moved. Hemingford naturally resisted. Only after violent debate was the transfer approved and Box Butte County decided to move—not rebuild—its courthouse.

Little factual information seems to be available as to details. A disastrous fire in 1905 or 1906 destroyed the railroad offices and records. Official county records are few. Those of us who witnessed the event are getting old. Sixty-five years is a long time to carry unwritten memories around and still relate them with positive accuracy—however, I'll try.

Dan Hughes. an Alliance house mover and teamster. directed the work. E. W. Bell and John Carlson carried the responsibility for the railroad. I knew these men personally and am sure they were there. Of course, there were the usual number of "sidewalk superintendents" but I won't attempt to name them or repeat what they had to say.

The building measured 46 by 54 feet and had a height of about 40 feet. Its estimated weight was seventy tons. Some reports contend that the building was loaded directly onto flatcars, but I think four wooden trusses were built and the building mounted on them with a railroad-car truck under each truss. Diagonal guy wires were anchored to loaded coal cars. two in front and two behind, containing 60,000 pounds of coal each, for ballast.

In viewing this picture you are looking due north and the train is moving southeast, midway between the towns. There was a flagpole on the building but I do not recollect the flag flying as shown here. I am inclined to think the photographer added the flag, since I remember little or no breeze at the time.

The train reached Alliance at noon, June 29, 1899, stopping on the first road crossing at the western edge of town. Here it was raised clear of the trucks and placed on cribs built of new railroad ties while the cars were moved away.

It was then lowered onto regular house-moving trucks similar to some used today, (except they had steel tires or rims, not rubber tires as we use now).

The moving was done with horses, block-and-tackle and capstan, and men. To those who are not familiar with the term "capstan," it was a vertical cylinder mounted on a sled-like frame which could be moved from place to place with a team of horses.

In house-moving this sled was pulled to a position well in advance of the building and securely anchored to the ground by strong fins set at an angle and reinforced with stakes driven to hold the frames in place. On this frame was mounted a vertical cylinder with a beam attached, to which horses could be hitched.

Traveling in a circle, they rotated the cylinder and wound the ropes, forcing the building to move forward. When the building reached the sled, the capstan was moved to a new location and the process repeated. A slow, tedious process but it was the miracle that moved mountains in its day and was the forerunner of some equipment used in modern-day moving.

The courthouse was lowered to its foundation between Box Butte and Niobrara Avenues in Alliance, on July 3, 1899. I am sure Dan, E. W., and John, along with many others, drew a breath of relief that hot July afternoon.

Our family had six miles to drive home, so left before the finish. But it had been a great and memorable occasion for everyone there.

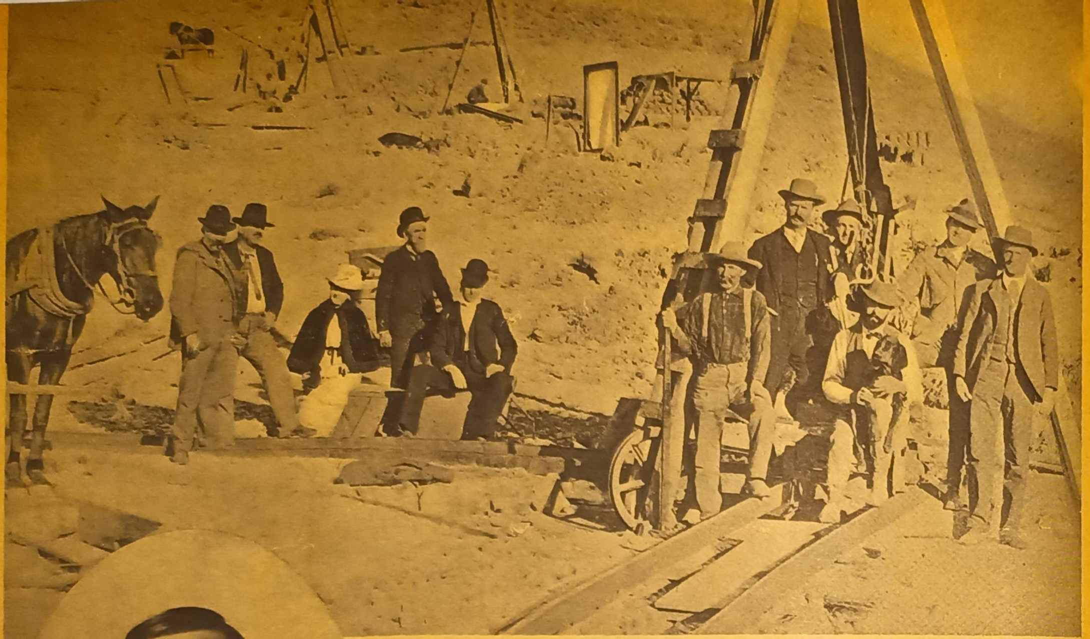


Photo Courtesy Albert E. Wilkinson, Long Beach, California

Courtesy Author

Portrait is of Andrew Dent, taken at Tonopah in 1903. Above, a group near the original discovery claim which eventually made Tonopah. This is one of the first pictures ever taken in the vicinity. The finding of rich silver ore caused Tonopah to snowball into a major mining camp which lasted through many years.

HELLGATE TO TONOPAH

The story of a lady whose humor and ingenuity was more than a match for the conditions she encountered in the mining camps

By SYLVIA DENT as told to LESTER DENT

IT HAD BEEN a hard winter along the Hellgate River in Montana. An early freeze and low water in October, 1899, caused most placer operations to shut down in the districts of Cedar Creek, Quartz Creek and Sunrise City. Then, to top things off, my husband, Andy Dent, was hit by a severe case of rheumatism. Things looked black for us until my father offered us a partnership in the freighting business he conducted out of Sodaville, Nevada. Two railroad tickets and $25.00 cash accompanied his proposal. We accepted immediately and began to make plans for our departure.

Without difficulty we sold our claim and disposed of most of our tools. But the root cellar presented a problem. It contained nearly 300 quarts of wild fruit and preserves (chokecherries, gooseberries, currants, raspberries, serviceberries, huckleberries, and wild strawberries preserved with Oregon grapes. But finally a Mr. McDowell of Quartz Creek. who later moved into our cabin, paid us $10 for the entire lot.

Many friends gathered on the railroad platform at Amador to wish us godspeed on our journey to Nevada. Then we were off. The endless bumping and jerking of the ancient train caused me to become sick within an hour. If Gabriel had blown his horn at any time between Missoula, Montana, and Elko, Nevada, I'm sure I would have been the first one in line! However, delay in Elko allowed me time for a walk and fresh air. Feeling somewhat revived I heeded the advice of our conductor and ate a large bowl of oyster stew.

When we resumed our journey, everything was fine until several drunks and two Indians came aboard. They congregated in one corner of the car and took off their shoes and coats. The conductor built a fire in the stove and soon the stench of dirty socks, combined with the odors of whisky and tobacco, caused me to become nauseated again.

Later some cowboy flagged the train and came aboard from where, God only knew. The surrounding country was devoid of any plant life and the desert floor stretched as far as the eye could see. However, he, too, reeked of strong liquor. My God I thought, how like a pesthouse on wheels!

Andy had sent a wire from Elko so Papa was waiting for us at the Reno depot. We stayed three nights at the Wilson House. I gave Mr. Wilson a gold nugget for his tie pin, and my last three quarts of huckleberry jam to Mrs. Wilson. They absolutely refused any payment for our three days' stop at their lodginghouse.

Our train ride on the Virginia and Truckee was an agreeable one to a junction near Mound House. But after transferring to the Carson-Colorado Railroad we found conditions entirely different. The roadbed was rough and the stops were frequent. I had the uneasy feeling that at any moment the train might leave the tracks.

Arriving at Mina, Nevada, around two a.m. we were delayed for five hours. The weather was cold, the waiting room unheated, my chilblains active and Papa was pacing the floor. Andy finally exploded and told the railroadmen, "If this damned train moved as often and fast forward as it does sideways, we long ago would have crossed the Mexican Border!"

I'm not sure his diatribe helped our cause but it seemed to break the tension.

UPON OUR ARRIVAL at Sodaville we inquired about a house owned by a Mr. Kelty. Papa asked him if he would sell his house and Mr. Kelty set a price of twenty-five dollars without the stove. Papa handed Mr. Kelty the money on the spot. No deed, no title—before we could utter the words "F.H.A."—we owned a house, bed, table, and two chairs.

It was windy the day we moved into the house and sand was blowing through the cracks. I suggested stuffing them but an old desert fox who was helping us move countered with, "Not on your life! If it blows in, it will blow out, otherwise you shovel it out!"

Sodaville had two kinds of weather: dusty and hot and windy—and dusty and cold and windy. Each produced its own brand of discomfort. There were three main industries in town: freighting, drinking and cussing. Teams were always coming and going in all directions and one could hear the King's English being improved upon in any of a dozen languages or dialects.

The population of Sodaville was a transient one but, excluding Chinamen and counting dugouts, I would say there were 200 residents. The Chinese population about equaled the white population. Their residences and businesses were close to the railroad and built of adobe and wood or rock and wood. The first eggplant I'd ever seen I purchased from a Chinese vegetable peddler. Not knowing whether it was a vegetable or fruit I asked him how to prepare it. He answered in a shrill voice, "Fly'im!Fly'im!" So I flyed'im in salt, canned milk, sand and flour.

Though freight was the mainstay of Sodaville's economy it was treated as if it were a nuisance. Orders would get lost in Mina or Candelaria, arrive late, then be thrown onto the platform so carelessly that whatever was inside was cracked or smashed or spilled. Many of the incoming freight addresses were illegible and at times it was impossible to find where or to whom the order belonged, i.e. twenty boxes of powder, caps and fuses addressed simply to "Joe Hoskins Mine" or 100 sacks of bran with the billing written in German and at the bottom in English, the words, "Sodaville, will call."

Thus the freight agent was the person most cussed, discussed, least liked and yet the most popular fellow in town. Oddly enough, though, nobody ever heard of a barrel of whiskey going astray!

I once heard a teamster who embraced the Mormon faith remark, "I could question the Maker on the third day of Creation easier than I can the freight agent at Sodaville!"

In late August, 1900, Andy and Papa came home from a long hard trip to the Garfield District. Andy met a man named Brougher who owned a claim in the Klondyke District. The name "Klondyke" intrigued Andy, as he had wanted to go north with the big rush two years before. Brougher told Andy he needed wagons to haul machinery and lumber to his "Gold Star" claims and stated that if Andy would stay long enough to help erect the buildings, he believed seven or eight other people in the area would also buy lumber.

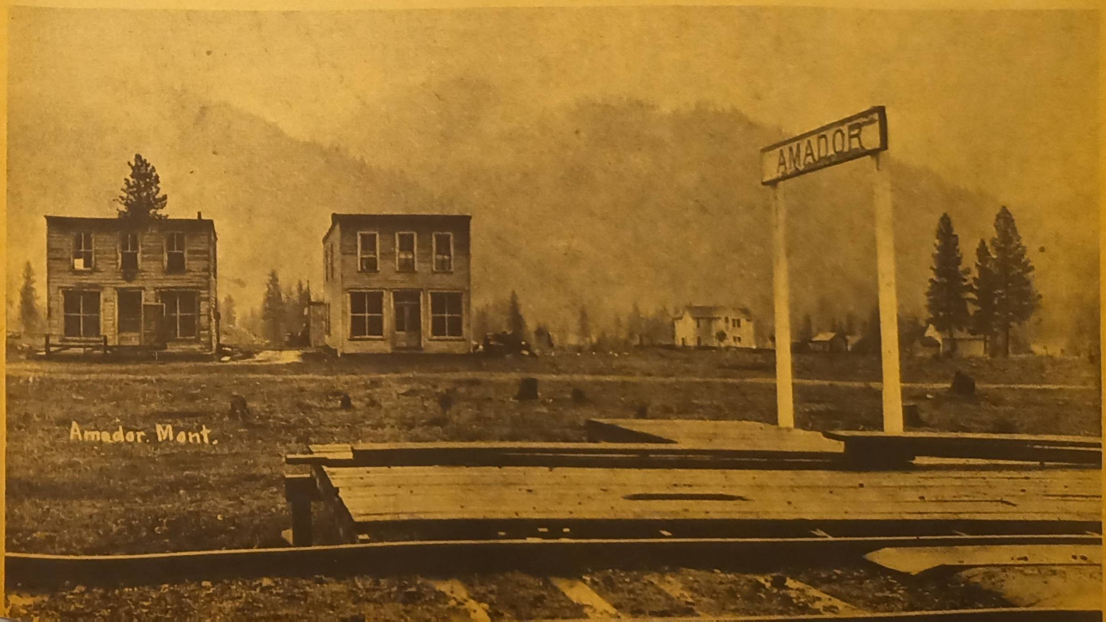
The trip was agreed upon by Brougher, a man named Ackerman, Dad and Andy and about the first of September, 1900, we nailed doors and windows closed and tacked a sign on the porch: "Gone to the Klondyke, back in September—J. P. Oxford."

(Continued on page 72)

Courtesy Author

Sylvia Dent, above, was photographed just prior to going to Nevada. Below, an 1897 picture of Amador, one-time hub of the Cedar Creek gold rush.

Courtesy Author



Apache Gold

(Continued from page 39)

spurred his horse. A dozen rocks came to life and sent death winging at him. But, blasting with both pistols, he fought through the ambush, taking, however, a painful flesh wound in the arm.

All night he rode hard, and shortly after dawn, the commandant's fine horse fell dead. During the day, Buck hid in a rocky crevice, nursing his wound, and watched smoke puffs rising from the signal fires of Indian lookouts, and dust streamers rising from the troops of cavalry that searched for him.

"This's getting a bit rugged," he thought. "Reckon I'll have to postpone lifting that gold till them damned redskins cool down, and the army kinda forgets about me. Right now, it'll take some doin' just to get out alive."

By craft and endurance and luck, he escaped all his pursuers and the grim desert. Reaching San Francisco, he shipped before the mast for South Africa, vowing to return someday for his fortune in gold—and return he did.

His treasure, however, in the meantime continued to lure men to their deaths. News that Hein Hoffman had reached Fort Yuma and had exchanged $12,000 in raw gold for coin before departing for Europe verified Buck's story of a large cache of gold, and started a miniature stampede.

But the Apaches remained at war, fighting like dusty red phantoms from hell to keep white men out of their country. They wiped out a dozen or more well-armed bands of prospectors before most men decided, like Dutch, that gold was no good to a dead man.

BUCK ADAMS was a fugitive for over twenty years, living in distant lands, but always dreaming of his lost hoard of gold. Then, in 1883, learning that Apache resistance was dying and that he was no longer wanted by the army, he returned to Arizona.

Getting a modest outfit together, he set out for his old diggings, moving eastward with confidence from Fort Apache. But the country, so familiar in a general way, turned tricky. Landmarks that he thought he knew, led to nothing. Patterns of sage, rock, and cactus repeated themselves endlessly—mockingly. Nowhere could he find the right combination that led to his fortune in gold and the rich mine.

His eyes grew stony and the lines in his face deepened. Twenty years, he realized, had changed the country and dimmed his memory of landmarks that, after all, he'd seen but once. Fortune had played another prank. The gold was lost!

It was a galling realization. But Buck Adams wouldn't give up. He set his jaw stubbornly and continued to search. "The gold," he thought. "is right where I left it. I'm bound to find it sooner or later."

He searched and searched—all the rest of his 93 years—well into this century. Perhaps, if you whizzed through Arizona in your car a few decades ago, you saw him, plodding across the desert with his burro. An old, old man, he was, with a long gray beard and time-bent shoulders, but still seeing, in his mind's eye, Fortune's warm golden smile, and still stubbornly refusing to believe that she had cast him aside.

Renegade Battalion

(Continued from page 31)

they kept running until they were shut up like rats in a trap in the fortified city of Monterrey, ringed with stone walls, crowned with stout stone citadels, surrounded by a moat. Even the houses of Monterrey, street after street of them, were made of stone and hardened adobe—each, in itself, a small citadel. Here the Mexicans halted their headlong retreat, and defied the Americans to come get them.

The Americans came, crossing the moat under murderous fire, swarming up the supposedly impregnable volcanic slopes, hurling themselves against the smoke-wreathed citadels. Many a man in light blue fell that day—but the moat, the citadels and the Mexican army fell also.

Now the victorious Americans rushed into the city on the great slope from every direction. Charging in the front rank came the 7th, which had been besieged in Fort Brown, and from which some men had deserted. The soldiers of the 7th knew that the deserters had been formed into a battalion. They knew that the battalion was here, in Monterrey; and every mother's son who had worn the blue and now wielded a Mexican lance or musket was a marked man. With an eerie, soul-curdling cry the eager avengers of the 7th poured on—a cry that started in a rumble and ended in a scream—the war cry of the Indian warrior mingled with the rangers' cattle call; a cry swelling in volume and ending in what was to become known and feared as the weird Rebel Yell.

The Americans streamed on into the narrow streets, bayoneting the enemy as they advanced, climbing to the flat rooftops to dislodge the Mexicans who had taken refuge inside the houses of stone and adobe. The refuge failed; one of the American engineers, who would later be known as the Federal General Meade and the victor of Gettysburg, had shown the men how to toss hand grenades into the apertures and breach the stone walls. Leaping through the holes blasted in the walls by the grenades, the Americans were on their foes like hungry tigers. . .

Out of a shattered house came a dark, pretty girl, with a bright scarf about her head, carrying a loaf of bread and a gourd of water. She went from one fallen man to another, no matter what uniform he wore, moistening his lips with water, giving him a bite of bread, wiping his grimy face with a fold of her silken scarf.

Suddenly a rifle cracked out sharply; the girl toppled over into the dust without a moan, the water trickling from her broken gourd, in her hand still a crust of bread. There was firing all about, and there could hardly be any doubt it was an accident, yet it took the fine edge off the victory for the Americans who witnessed the heroism of this angel of mercy.

That evening the great plaza in the center of the town was shaded by American cannon trained across it from every angle. Instead of the glitteringly appareled Mexicans who formerly gathered there to ogle and flirt with the *senoritas* of the town, American horsemen sat their mounts stolidly on guard.

When day dawned, the guns were withdrawn and the horsemen joined comrades to form a hollow square in the plaza. The ragged and the red-velveted Mexican prisoners stacked their arms. The Mexican tri-color came down from its standard, and in its stead went up the red, white and blue banner of the Americans to a rousing cheer of victory.

IN the blazing sun on the crag, the Americans carried out a Christian burial for the girl who lay beside the broken gourd. In the days that followed, the Americans joined Mexican girls at feasts and fandangoes, and the dark-eyed *senoritas* learned that the tall *Americanos* were not barbarians after all.

But every day, in the plaza, a firing squad exacted the ultimate retribution from the men who had sworn to fight for the flag now flying over the enemy in victory, and who had sold out for the never-realized reward of 320 acres of Mexican land.

When the last grim volley sounded, the Renegade Battalion became but a bitter memory in the nation's history.

"Bet-A-Million" Gates—Magician!

(Continued from page 49)

BY THIS TIME—like "Diamond Jim" Brady of the same generation—John Gates had become a living legend. While the world of finance recognized him for the powerful figure he really was, the man-on-the-street knew him for his gambling exploits which were often ballooned out of any proportion to the truth. The thrill of those early-day poker games in his 'teens never left him. His wagers grew in proportion to his personal wealth, and all forms of gambling appealed to him.

Once while standing before a window during a Chicago rainstorm, Gates and a crony "invented" a typical contest of chance. Each man would pick a raindrop at the top of the pane of glass and bet as much as $10,000 that his choice would trickle down to the sill first. It is no wonder that such a person should one day be nicknamed "Bet-a-Million." Actually, this monicker—which Gates personally hated—became a permanent label after one particularly flamboyant wagering spree at an English racetrack.

All the years of whirlwind activity finally took their toll just as the once unsuccessful hardware merchant of Turner Junction, Illinois, was looking for new worlds to conquer. Throat abcesses struck him down in Paris. Finally on August 9, 1911—with his ever-faithful wife, Dellora, and his disappointing playboy son, Charles, sobbing at his bedside—John Warne Gates died.

Attorneys of the deceased tycoon revealed an estate of over forty million dollars, but it would be flaunting historical accuracy to say that John Gates was a model for America's youth, a practitioner of fair play and all that's honest. Instead it must be admitted that he was not only cunning and willing to stretch the rules of a poker game in his favor, he was also ruthless and cruel when facing his financial opponents in conference rooms.

Still, John Warne Gates was an organizer, a promoter and a builder on the American scene. His personal philosophy was simple: "All life's a gamble, and for every winner there must be a loser."

At all times the King of Barbed Wire Salesmen was not only willing but eager to live by that philosophy—regardless of the stakes!

Buffalo Comeback

(Continued from page 23)

ing on advice of outside specialists, the Dominion Parks Branch began a systematic killing off of a percentage of the surplus animals. More important, from 1925 to 1928 four large shipments, totalling 6,673 head, were sent north to join the wild wood buffalo in their newly established range.

At once there came protests from a few mammalian scientists. This very small group declared that by turning the plains buffalo into the wood buffalo range, the two types would mingle and in a few years the rare species of *Bos Athabascae* (wood buffalo) would be submerged. The Government very sensibly ignored the protests of these purists. Actually, as events proved, the interbreeding of the two species was exceedingly beneficial to the future of the race. 657 difficult miles of land and water travel separated Wainwright Park from the Wood Buffalo Park in the far Northwest Territories, home of the last herd of wild buffalo left on earth. The water route was the most difficult, as the rivers to be traversed were dotted with dangerous sandbars.

How the situation was handled is best described by O. S. Finnie, a man with a lifetime of experience in Northern Canada. His story is here told briefly to the writer:

THE moving of the animals began late in June, 1925, over the long rail and water route. The destination was La Butte, a point on the Slave River which forms an eastern boundary of Wood Buffalo Park. The first thing done was the building of substantial corrals at the point of departure, Wainwright. These were specially arranged by dividing into compartments for the purpose of segregating the yearlings and two-year-olds. A "squeeze" was also installed. Each transported buffalo was first branded with the letter P to distinguish it from the wood buffalo. Weekly shipments of animals in lots of 200 to 250 were made in suitable weather over the next three years. The sex proportion was approximately five cows to one bull. Special stock cars were prepared, divided for proper feeding and watering. The 400 mile railroad journey required 48 hours.

"At La Butte, point of entry to the new home, specially constructed corrals had also been prepared in advance. Into these the buffalo were unloaded and rested 36 hours before beginning the 257 mile river passage."

Waiting beside the chutes were docked two light draft river barges specially designed to convey the animals in the best possible manner and get over the dangerous sandbars, which repeatedly delayed passage on both the Clearwater and Slave Rivers.

These light draft barges were pushed by equally light draft motor vessels. Usually the trip was made in four days, but the boat crews took it easy with the buffalo for cargo. Toward the end of the water phase of the journey, the well-fed buffaloes became so tame they would eat from the hands of their keepers.

At the landing point a different type of special chute had been constructed so that the barges could be moved endways right onto the chute, forming a safe continuous runway from the deck to the river bank.

The barge in place, the pen gates were opened and the buffalo galloned to their new home—a wilderness paradise which they could never overgraze.

So well have the plains buffalo flourished in this new environment that the 1954 count placed the number of the combined herds at 15,000.

The herd in the fenced 170 mile area of Wainwright National Park increased so fast that by 1921 selective killing was forced upon the men in charge of the experiment in addition to shipping alive the 6,673 animals to Wood Buffalo Park.

A roar went up when press dispatches announced that the buffalo must be thinned out on a fairly large scale. From all over Canada denunciation of this killing poured in by letter and wire. People in all walks of life, young and old, believed that the killing of the animals should be stopped. Though all the people protesting had absolutely no information on, or understanding of, the true situation with which the Government buffalo experimenters were faced, these protests continued to come in for many years. These died out altogether upon the arrival of the great depression of 1931-33.

Then, the unknowing far-sightedness of the Government experiment in bringing back the buffalo was shown in a convincing manner. Between 1931-33 the Government supplied 670,000 pounds of fresh buffalo meat free to needy people. In addition, the sale of the hides brought a substantial return in an exceedingly costly achievement.

However, from a standpoint of scientific curiosity, it is interesting to note that scientists estimate over 40,000 buffalo would be roaming Canadian preserves today had not the thinning-out process taken place. On this basis, formulated on a 40% increase, 600,000 buffalo would be the 1994 census.

This is a pleasant outlook—that the buffalo once more will roam in great numbers. It brings to mind that strange prophecy repeated by all the prairie Indians for centuries:

The buffalo will disappear; the buffalo will return!

"Honest, Ma'am, I wasn't swearing. That really is the name of the stew!"

Pioneer Mother

(Continued from page 43)

Sarah's hope of rescue deserted her when she could no longer hear the settlers. Night was near. Her last chance seemed gone, for she could walk no farther. She lay down upon the ground and almost immediately fell asleep.

Sarah awoke near daybreak, feeling stronger. Voices sounded not far away, white men's voices! Stiffly she arose from the cold, damp ground and stumbled toward the welcome sounds. Soon she reached the cabin door of Jacob Harrell. She collapsed at the door and fell against it, dazed and speechless.

Friendly hands came to her rescue, lifting her gently and carrying her into the cabin. Dimly she felt herself being placed on a bed—and thought dreamily, "I'll stay right here forever." And then, in fancy, she again heard little John calling, "Ma! Ma! Come get me."

AGAIN Sarah revived and tried to sit up. She must talk! She must tell them about John! Haltingly, with great effort, she told the Harrells what had happened, and where she had left her small son. She begged them to ride and tell the Rangers to rescue him before it was too late.

Mr. Harrell soothingly told her that Captain Tumlinson and a company of Rangers only a few moments before had ridden into their neighbor's (Reuben Hornsby) yard. Sarah insisted upon being helped to the Hornsby's home to tell Captain Tumlinson her story. Grimly the Rangers heard her out, then resaddled their tired mounts and started after the Indians. They had been looking for this prowling band of redskins all day, after learning they were in the neighborhood.

The Indians had remained in the same camping spot for the second night. Evidently the cold norther had caused them to linger where the Waller Creek bluffs partially protected them from the whistling blast.

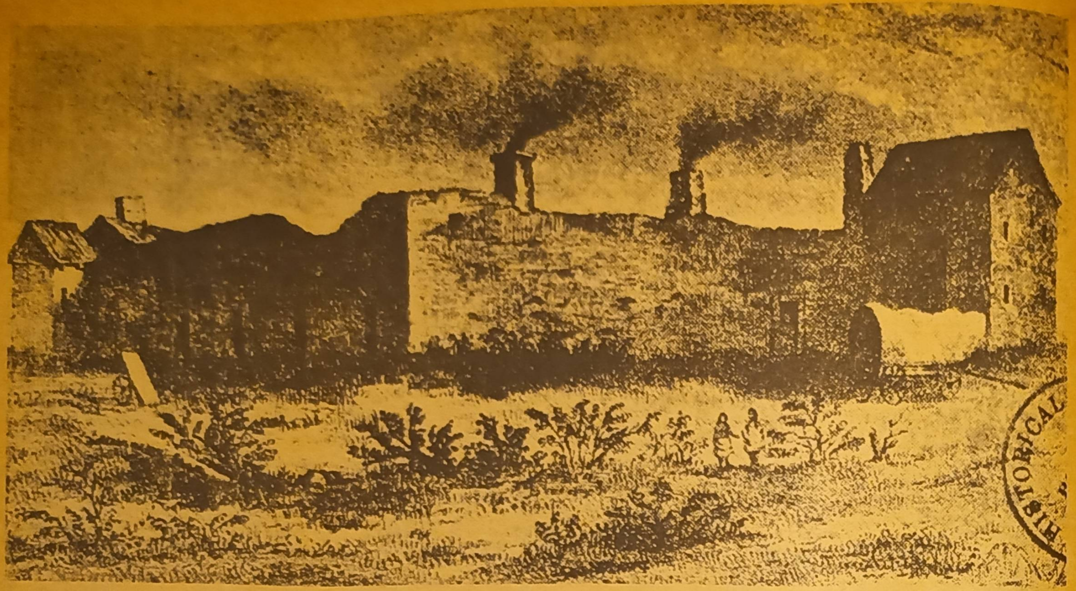
At daybreak the following morning the Rangers attacked, taking the Indians by surprise. Most of them scattered into the brush, as they were cut off from their horses and mules. A few daring warriors tried to stampede the horses and mules and thus prevent their capture. The Rangers quickly drove them off and captured the herd.

John was found still tied to the back of a mule. Gently the Rangers lifted the little lad down, rubbed the arrested circulation back into his numbed arms and legs, and gave him food. Aside from fright, the boy was unharmed.

Sarah slept heavily after her ordeal. Drowsily, before drifting off into slumber, she wondered if the Rangers would find the Indians, or if the red marauders would escape to carry off her son into perhaps life-long captivity. She had done all she could to rescue John; the rest was in God's hands.

Toward late afternoon, Sarah was awakened by a commotion in the yard. She heard the sound of horses' feet, and men's voices. She crawled out of bed and hurried to the door to see the Rangers returning. At first she saw no sign of John, and then suddenly she saw him, held in the arms of a grinning Ranger.

Crying now with joy, she stepped from the door and held out her arms for her son. The Ranger rode up to her and placed John in her arms.



Idaho Historical Society

Early lithograph shows exterior of Fort Hall.

Sky of Brass, Earth of Iron

(Continued from page 15)

Eells were awakened in the tent they shared with the Grays by the furious barking of their dog. Several drunks reeled up to the tent door, where Eells stepped in front of them. They had come to settle accounts with Gray, they said, and for good measure were going to rough up the rest of the hymn-singers. Myra Eells, trembling beside her bristling hound, declared hopefully to her journal, "Had they attempted it, the dog would have torn them to pieces." Gray was less confident.

Crouched in a dark rear corner of the tent, he fumbled shells into a rifle. He did not have to use it. Eells' resolute stand in front of the men diverted them. They tried to make him sing a few bawdy songs with them, asked sarcastically whether they were disturbing him, lost interest, and reeled away. Mrs. Eells gives no indication in her account that anything other than alcohol might have motivated the episode.

Bridger's brigade came in from the Blackfoot country on July 5, whooping with joy because a recent epidemic of smallpox had all but wiped out that once implacable tribe. Hearing that Gray was on hand, fifteen or twenty mountain men (not including Bridger), rushed over the creek and put on a scalp dance for him. The uproar so unsettled Myra's valiant dog that it fled across the Popo Agie and she and her husband had to spend the rest of the day luring it back.

On July 8 Ermatinger's crew appeared. With them rode Jason Lee and Philip Edwards of the Willamette mission. Edwards had recently completed a hellish drive up the coast with the California cattle and had had enough of the Wild West; he was going home to Missouri to live. But Lee was intent on bringing white homes to Oregon. Although two parties of reinforcements had reached him during 1837, he wanted scores more families, together with tens of thousands of dollars' worth of agricultural implements, carpentry tools, and domestic appliances which no doubt would be useful at an Indian mission but which might prove even more handy in helping a white colony to take form.

Lee also carried with him for presentation to Congress the petition which William Slacum had recommended to the Willamette settlers, urging the United States "to take formal and speedy possession" of Oregon. "The country must populate," the petition said. (There were fifty-one settlers in the Willamette then. About half were Americans, including the Methodist missionaries. The others were retired French-Canadian *voyageurs.* Of the fifty-one residents, thirty-six signed the petition urging occupation.) "The natural resources of the country, with a well-judged civil code, will invite a good community. But a good community will hardly emigrate to a country which promises no protection to life or property." Therefore let the Government of the United States make that promise to the world by asserting sovereignty.

Lee, in short, was now seeing himself as minister to future Americans, not to degraded Indians. James Douglas, in charge of Fort Vancouver during McLoughlin's furlough, also saw Lee in that light. After the arrival by ship of the second group of Methodist reinforcements, he wrote the directors of the Hudson's Bay Company (Nov. 15, 1837), "Were we satisfied that the sole objects of these Missionaries were the civilization of the Natives and the diffusion of moral and religious instruction, we should be happy to render them our most cordial support and assistance, but we have all along foreseen . . . that the formation of a Colony of United States Citizens on the banks of the Columbia was the main or fundamental part of their plan."

NEVERTHELESS, the appeal inherent in benighted savages was too potent to overlook. So he was taking with him, as advertising gimmicks, a pair of dramatically peak-headed teen-age Chinook boys whom he had christened Thomas Adams and William Brooks, after popular Methodist divines of the day. He also had with him the three half-breed sons of Thomas McKay of the Hudson's Bay Company whom he was taking to an eastern school.

On his way to the rendezvous, Lee had visited Whitman and Spalding, and had told them his plans. Surely the Presbyterians deserved as much as the Methodists. Enviously, Spalding wrote a letter, which Whitman also signed, asking their Board for 220 helpers—teachers, preachers, mechanics, and their wives, plus a flour mill, iron, steel, hardware, and trade goods. All they ever received, however, was what Gray was bringing them: nine people, counting himself, and no equipment whatsoever.

When the final score is added, include the fact that the men and women of the interior missions endured not only every normal toil of pioneer homemaking but found time also to hold reading and singing classes for Indian children, teach Sunday School, deliver sermons, counsel cleanliness, and nurse the sick. They did it with pathetically inadequate supplies and in the face of a growing awareness that they were certain to fail: the Stone-Age savages of the Northwest could not be turned into either farmers or Protestants before the iron march of settlement, which the missionaries were helping channel, trampled down the very people they had come to save.

Gray read the letter to the Board and was annoyed that Spalding and Whitman had not waited to consult with him before sending it. Besides, its inflated demands made his efforts look picayune, and he might not be properly appreciated. Certainly his traveling companions did not appreciate him.

At that moment Asa Smith was composing a letter to the American Board for delivery by Lee: "What I am now to write I whisper in your ear, but would not say it to the world. We have not found Mr. Gray such a man as we hoped to find. . . . He is rash & inconsiderate . . . has assumed a great deal of authority over us & talked to us in a very harsh & unbecoming & may I say abusive manner. . . . This has rendered our situation very unpleasant."

As events will show, there were times Asa Smith needed harsh and abusive talk.

ON JULY 12 Ermatinger started back toward Fort Hall. In addition to the Mission party, he accepted from the fur caravan a Swiss emigrant who would do more than every preacher in the land to guarantee American civilization on the Pacific. The fellow was thirty-five years old. He had good manners and was attentive to the missionary ladies. He wanted a new life, just what he wasn't sure. But somewhere in the West he would find it. His name was Johann Augustus Sutter. After looking over Oregon, he wandered south into California, obtained a Mexican land grant, and built Sutter's Fort on the Sacramento River. Ten years after his trip with the bickering missionaries, gold was discovered in one of his millraces. It ruined him—but that is another story.

Riding uncomfortably with Ermatinger's unsympathetic fur brigade, Gray and his missionaries toiled over South Pass. In the waterless desert between the pass and Green River, on Sublette's Cutoff, Asa Smith decided he could endure no more and lay thirstily down to die. His wife stood beside him, wringing her hands, and the caravan, not wanting to die with them, left them behind. Along came an American trapper, Joe Meek, hurrying to overtake the English brigade and go with it to Fort Hall. Joe was nursing a mountain-sized hangover by sipping now and then from a container filled with the hair of the dog which had so grievously bitten him. It was the only liquid he had.

He offered some to Smith, who moaned and turned away. Joe grew angry at that and gave Smith a brief lesson in what harsh, unbecoming, and abusive language really can be. He then forced Sarah Smith up into her saddle and dragged her willy-nilly after the caravan. Presently he glanced back. The strategy had succeeded. Deciding not to die after all, Smith was climbing back aboard his horse. He followed the caravan into camp and a little later wrote the Board reflectively that sea travel was far better. "The more I think of our journey, the more satisfied I am that it is improper for missionaries, especially females, thus to travel."

Neither Meek nor the Hudson's Bay brigade was traveling farther than Fort Hall, at least for the time being. During the rest of the way to Waiilatpu, the missionaries would have to depend on themselves, on their hired help, and on an unrecorded number of greenhorns, including John Sutter, who were continuing to Oregon. To relieve this sobering prospect, however, the missionaries found at the fort supplies and fresh horses which Marcus Whitman had sent out from Waiilatpu to meet them. It may be that whoever brought the supplies, perhaps a trustworthy Indian or two, also returned with the travelers without receiving the dignity of a notice in their journals.

While the missionaries were at Fort Hall, Indian messengers from the Willamette Valley appeared, hurrying after Jason Lee with word that Anna Maria Lee, his wife of a year, had died in childbirth. So had Lee's baby. The Indians who had come so far with the news declined to go deeper into lands of enemy tribes. With uncharacteristic charity, Gray released Paul Richardson, the missionaries' patient buffalo-hunter, to ride back east in an effort to overtake Lee. To fill Richardson's place Gray hired a roustabout named Conner. To obtain Conner he also had to take on Conner's pregnant Indian wife.

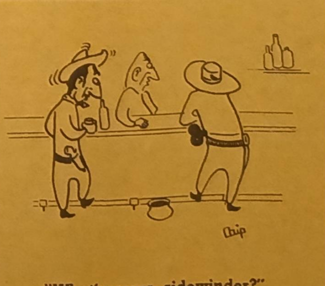
For Mary Walker, all this had particular impact. She herself was five months pregnant, and a fear that would beset many another pioneer wife leaped through her: What if her baby, like Anna Maria Lee's, came when there was no help? The sight of Conner's bulging, cheerful squaw offered scant reassurance. Did coming into the wilderness to help the savages mean that one must live like a savage?

Behind them, in Grande Ronde or thereabouts, Conner's squaw paused to give birth. The next day she was traveling again, but helping her along impaired Conner's efficiency and annoyed the people he had been hired to serve. Nor could Mary Walker keep from visualizing herself in the squaw's position. "Feel anxious to reach the end of this journey," she told her diary.

The party's bachelor, Cornelius Rogers, next complicated matters by suffering a bad fall from his horse. Movement was so painful that he could not hold to the caravan's pace. When he dropped behind, the Smiths lingered with him (willingly, one surmises, remembering the incurable antipathy between the Smiths and the Walkers) and this gave Conner and the new mother a chance to slow down also. Thus the travelers came into Waiilatpu in three segments, Mr. and Mrs. Gray first, the Eells and Walkers next, on August 29; and the Smiths, Conners, and Rogers, on August 30, 1838.

On the thirty-first, after the new arrivals had crowded Narcissa Whitman's kitchen almost beyond her endurance, the men tried to make plans for the future. Arguments were instantaneous. "None of them," Mary Walker wrote, "love one another well enough to live in peace together."

Certainly no one was willing to share the same station with William Gray. Vehemently they proclaimed as much. In the end the Spokane (Tshimakain) mission, which Gray had gone East to secure for himself, went to Eells and Walker.



"What's yours, sidewinder?"

After an antagonistic stay with the Whitmans, Asa Smith and his wife were shunted off to a new post at Kamiah, above Spalding's Lapwai, where Lewis and Clark's old Lolo Trail came down to the Clearwater River from the Bitterroot Mountains.

The Grays and Cornelius Rogers were assigned to the Spaldings.

The Flatheads got no one.

American Indian Gallery

(Continued from inside back cover)

them, you will find me stern in enforcing obedience. Those who would still hold out, can be influenced only by a spirit of revenge, and to this they must not, and shall not, sacrifice the last remnant of their nation. You have told us where we must go, and be safe. This is a good talk, and they ought to listen to it. They shall listen to it."

At the conclusion of the war, a council was held by General Jackson, at which the chiefs and warriors of both factions of the Creeks attended, and the subject of the removal of that people to the lands assigned them west of the Mississippi was discussed. A majority were opposed to the scheme, and several of the chiefs denounced it in bold and eloquent language. The speech of the Big Warrior on that occasion has been quoted as fine specimen of savage elocution. Major Eaton, in his *Life of General Jackson,* from which we have gathered the preceding facts, after describing the speeches of some of the chiefs, adds, "but the inflexibility of the person with whom they were treating, evinced to them, that however just and well founded might be their objections, the policy under which he acted was too clearly defined for any abandonment of it to be at all calculated upon.

"Selocta, one of their chiefs, who had united with our troops at the commencement of the war, who had marched and fought with them in all their battles, and had attached to himself strongly the confidence of the commanding general, now addressed him. He told him of the regard he had ever felt for his white brothers, and with what zeal he had exerted himself to preserve peace and keep in friendship with them; when his efforts had failed, he had taken up arms against his own country, and fought against his own people; that he was not opposed to yielding the lands lying on the Alabama, which would answer the purpose of cutting off any intercourse with the Spaniards, but the country west of the Coosa he wished to preserve to the nation. To effect this he appealed to the feelings of Jackson, told him of the dangers they had passed together, and of his faithfulness to him in the trying scenes through which they had gone.

"There were, indeed, none whose voice ought sooner to have been heard than Selocta's. None had rendered greater service, and none had been more faithful. He had claims growing out of his fidelity that few others had."

The sequel of this interview has become matter of history, and is too well known to need repetition. The Creeks assented to the terms proposed by the American Government and, abandoning the graves of their fathers, sought a new home.

Library of Congress Photo

A cabin such as this, built by her husband, was where beautiful Ethel Berry spent her fifteen-month honeymoon.

LUCKIEST CUSS IN THE KLONDIKE

By FRED HARRISON

ONE THING SET HIM APART—HE MADE A FORTUNE AND *KEPT* IT!

CLARENCE J. BERRY became a living legend throughout the Yukon during the fantastic gold-rush days of the late 1890s. Grizzled miners enviously spoke of him as "the luckiest man in the Klondike."

His reputation was well-earned, not only because he struck it rich and became a multi-millionaire within a few months, but because tenderfoot Berry had one of the most determined, as well as the most beautiful, women in the Territory as a helpmate and to keep him warm during the long, bleak arctic nights. That was where his real luck lay.

In 1894 Berry was a young, poverty-stricken laborer on a fruit farm in southern California. It was a time of depression. He had no money, and it didn't look as though he would ever have any. Often he was unable to pay his meager room rent. To make matters worse, he was hopelessly in love with a comely waitress named Ethel Bush. However, he dared not ask her to share his grinding poverty. Ahead of him he could see only a hopeless life of hard plodding for a bare living.

Then there came down from the frozen lands of Alaska the first vague rumors of untold wealth in gold. It was just lying there, they said, for any man strong enough to run the fierce race with death from starvation and cold. The husky young Berry concluded that he was that man. He had nothing to lose and everything to gain.

He talked it over with Ethel that night as he sipped a cup of coffee.

"I'll wait for you," she said simply.

Berry's capital was $40. It would take all but $5 to get to Juneau. That left as assets two enormous arms rippling with muscles, the physique of a giant and the courage of an argonaut. Presenting these as collateral, Berry managed to squeeze a loan of $60 from a man who who was afraid to go with him, but was willing to risk a little in return for an iron-clad promise to pay back the advance at a fabulous rate of interest.

Juneau was milling with men crazy to get to the diggings at Forty Mile Creek, over 400 miles to the northwest in the Klondike area. A party of forty men was formed to make the trek into the interior. Berry was one of the first to sign up.

Each man took a complete outfit and a year's supply of frozen meat. They heroically packed the stuff to the top of Chilkoot Pass and trudged into the frozen interior. But thirty-seven soon turned back in despair after losing their supplies in a howling storm. Only Berry and two others made it to Forty Mile after a month's incredibly hard travel. Clarence landed at the diggings without a cent in his pockets and only the clothes on his back.

But he soon secured a claim which, although not rich, yielded him a few dollars a day. He worked it for a year, scrupulously saving each tiny fleck of gold. Then, convinced that he was on his way to wealth, he trekked back to California, and to Ethel.

She was patiently waiting, as she had promised. Her eyes shone when Berry told her excitedly, "I know exactly where I can find a fortune."

"I'm going back with you," she said determinedly. "And we'll get that fortune."

Clarence, weighing the hardships that a woman would have to face in that frozen, cruel land, hesitated. "I don't know," he muttered. "It's nothing like California."

But Ethel's arguments could not be resisted for long. "It'll be our wedding tour," she laughed, "and it will certainly be new and far from the beaten tracks of average lovers." Then came the clincher: "I'll be worth more to you than any man who ever lived."

MR. AND MRS. BERRY reached Juneau a few weeks after their wedding. They had little money, but their hearts were full of expectation as they took the boat to Dyea. The rest of the distance, over 300 miles, was made behind a team of dogs. At night they slept under a tent on beds of boughs.

Ethel wore garments of seal fur almost identical to the garb of the Eskimos. Her feet were encased in native moccasins, and over these were a pair of gum boots. Around her shoulders was a fur robe with a hood of bearskin. In spite of this heavy garment, she heroically trudged along with her husband averaging about fifteen miles a day. They reached Forty Mile in June, 1896, three months after their marriage in sunny California. "It was our wedding trip," said Ethel of the backbreaking journey.

Clarence built for his bride a 12 x 16 log cabin on Forty Mile. The floor and roof were dirt. The windows and the door were holes hacked through the logs. Their only furniture consisted of two home-made chairs and a rickety bedstead made of unplaned lumber and curtained with calico. A sheet-iron stove which Berry had packed in over the trail stood by the door.

But Ethel happily took up housekeeping in this hut with her husband. It cost $300 a thousand feet to get firewood hauled, and the couple could ill afford to use fuel except to thaw out the moose and caribou meat which the Indians peddled. It was here that Clarence fully realized the truth of his wife's statement that she would be worth more to him than any man.

The bride and groom kept warm by "bundling"—an almost lost art in civilized communities—but absolutely necessary with the mercury disappearing in the thermometer, and wood worth its weight in gold. Often they awoke with particles of ice around the top of their blankets. Sometimes Mrs. Berry would wake her dead-tired husband so that he could remove the ice from his beard.

Mrs. Berry also saw to it that Clarence was always warmly dressed when working outside. Many miners suffered from frozen feet, fingers and ears. If proper precautions were not taken while thawing out these parts, gangrene would set in, and then followed amputation or death. Ethel vowed that this was not going to happen to her man.

"You are more important to me than all the gold in the Klondike," she said as he continued his dogged search for gold in the frozen ground.

IN OCTOBER the daylight began to vanish. Trees lost their autumn colors; the ivy which had run over the stones disappeared and only drab tufts of moss remained. Frosts became thicker each night and there were frequent snowfalls. Creeks were frozen to their banks; each morning Clarence had to cut fresh waterholes. But the newlyweds did not complain. It was as if they knew that the golden pot at the end of the rainbow was very near.

Berry made his first rich strike in November. They were working along Eldorado Creek, a branch of the Bonanza which empties into the Klondike about two miles above Dawson City. The Berry claim was the fifth one above where the first discovery had been made in the region. It had taken Berry a month to sink a shaft through the frozen ground to bedrock. But when he opened the vein, his heart dropped in bitter disappointment. By the guttering candlelight, the vein appeared valueless.

The first pans yielded only two or three dollars each. But as Berry continued to scoop more dirt, the pans grew to $25 and then $50. Suddenly he was in a glittering pocket with gold all around him. It seemed he had tapped a mint. In one day the Berrys gathered $595 from a single pan of earth. This they saved in a sack by itself just to show any doubting Thomases back in California. Soon afterward they found one of the largest Klondike nuggets of all time—it weighed almost a pound.

Once the gold started flowing in, there seemed no end of it. Clarence shrewdly bought more claims from miners who had only worked the surface. Shafts to bedrock uncovered vast additional riches.

Gold seemed to be everywhere the Berrys trod. Ethel often walked out on the claims and, with a sharp stick, smashed apart the frozen clods and pulled out nuggets of pure gold. Once she went down to call her husband for supper and, while waiting for him to come up the shaft, picked up $50 worth of coarse gold. She collected nuggets almost as a hobby and, upon their return to California, brought a sackful worth $10,000 as souvenirs.

As the months passed and their golden fortune dizzily increased, the Berrys never forgot the hardships and heartbreaks of those who had not yet struck it rich. In front of their cabin along the Eldorado Trail stood a coal-oil can full of raw gold, and a bottle of whiskey. Alongside stood a crudely lettered sign with the blunt message: "Help Yourself."

The Berrys sold their claims in 1899 for $2,000,000, and returned to California. To reporters who met their boat, they were like two excited children. Clarence talked of the farm he intended to buy, the same one where he had once worked as a hired hand for starvation wages. Ethel happily said she would now be able to purchase the diamond ring which Clarence had not been able to afford when they were married.

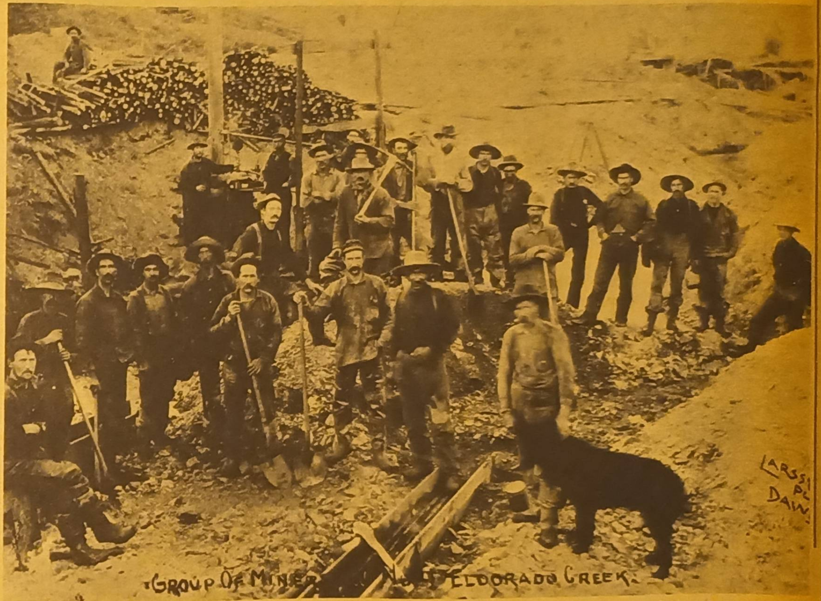
To reporters who besieged their hotel room in San Francisco, Clarence announced that "The Klondike is the richest goldfield in the world," and exhibited four sacks of nuggets on the floor and a variety of jars and bottles on the table all filled with ore to lend credence to his words. He gave all the credit for his huge fortune to his young wife.

"She could have kept me at home after my first trip to Alaska," he noted. "But she told me to return—and she returned with me.

"Our wedding trip lasted fifteen months," he mused. "This figures out to about $1,000,000 a month—an estimate measured in cold cash only—not counting the sentiment."

But the Berry luck had not yet run out. Unlike almost all others who struck it rich in the Klondike, the Berrys did not dissipate their riches, but added to them. Later, Clarence and his brothers moved on to Fairbanks, Alaska, where they struck it rich again on Esther Creek. Then, returning to California, they secured oil property near Bakersfield and amassed another huge fortune in gushing "black gold."

Clarence died in San Francisco in 1930, still worth several millions—and still giving all the credit to beautiful Ethel who had the courage to take a chance.



Miners on Claim No. 1, Eldorado, above, were working the richest placer creek in the world. Clarence Berry made his first rich strike on Eldorado Claim No. 5. Dawson City's Front Street, below, was often a sea of mud when the Yukon River overflowed in the spring breakup.

Courtesy Public Archives of Canada

Hellgate to Tonopah

(Continued from page 65)

OUR JOURNEY to Brougher's claim required six days of walking through sand and rocks. Each morning we started at daylight and each evening we camped at dusk. Upon our arrival we were greeted by twelve or fifteen men from the nearby area, all of whom were anxiously awaiting mail or some item they had ordered through Brougher.

A week or ten days later we loaded our personal things on the wagon and set out for the Northern Camp (this was the actual founding of the town of Tonopah). We found ten or twelve people there, among whom were a Mrs. Butler, two Indian women and a Mexican girl.

During the winter of 1900 Andy hauled water and acted as salesman and builder for the lumber Dad hauled into camp. Soon miners from nearby districts began drifting to the area. By the time good weather came a prospector was perched on every slope and knoll, busily engaged in digging his "Glory hole." The population increase sent prices soaring to fantastic heights but the main topic of conversation revolved about (1) the improvement of a Glory hole (2) the water shortage and (3) how to get rid of burros. (I didn't think they were any worse nuisance than the multitude of saloons and drunks but my opinion wasn't universally shared.)

The little animals' boundless curiosity and cast-iron stomachs got them trouble. They would chew up tent ropes, steal sugar and flour, and at sunrise one of them might stick his head in your tent and bray.

Andy helped erect the first "A" frame on the North Star Mine, then later went into business for himself, contracting and estimating for the newcomers. This consisted of building for the claim holder his house, his "A" frame and then helping him sink his private dreams (as well as his pocketbook) out of sight. It was often said that three dollars was put into the ground for every dollar taken out; within a year the odds went six or seven to one at Tonopah.

Like many another prospector, my opportunity began when I had fortune within my grasp only to let it slip away. Andy cut the end out of a five-gallon coal oil can. Then near the opposite end, he cut a hole and fitted a pipe. This, Andy said, would be the stove with which to heat our tent. I found that by placing a heavy sheet on top of the stove I could control the heat. Two cast iron skillets, one inverted over the other, made an excellent oven. The tailgate of a wagon covered with building paper was my bread board and an empty blasting-cap box became my biscuit cutter.

By careful planning I was able to make pies, biscuits and other delicacies. I can remember having tomatoes, beans, biscuits and coffee all cooking at one time. My "restaurant" business increased by leaps and bounds, the customers providing their own flour, water, and wood. Many a prospector sat in front of my tent haranguing me with a tall tale or two while waiting for a pan of biscuits to cook.

There was, however, a limit to my good fortune; in due time all six cans burned out, liquidating my entire business. There I sat with $300 and many wistful thoughts about the pushcart load of cans I had seen in Reno. I also remember that on Thanksgiving Day, 1900, I baked the first mince pie in the area that is now Tonopah.

I was never able to share my tent with the little desert swifts. I knew they were harmless little creatures but I hated lizards. The grizzled old prospector taught me to close the damper on the stovepipe, thus smoking up the tent and driving away all the reptiles. Thereafter, fumigation of the premises took place at least once each day.

By the following spring, word of the strike on the Little Water (Tonopah) caused many of the nearby towns to become ghost camps overnight. Dad and Andy were making money hand over fist, hauling empty houses to Tonopah and reselling them.

Our home was completed by using a portion of the lumber from each load. We even had three windows with glass in them! The front door on our house in Tonopah came from the little outhouse of the old Miners' Union Hall at Candelaria. The rest of the same lumber was used to build an extension to the bar of the Standard Saloon.

Citizens from every state and walk of life appeared on the scene, most of whom were not miners, all seeming to have one trait in common: to see how rip-roaring drunk they could become in the shortest possible time and, as one old-timer put it, "Go out among the burros to sleep it off."

HOWEVER, there was another side to life in the growing boom camp. I refer to the pitiful plight of widows and orphans whose husbands and fathers had been victims of mine accidents. Ignored by newcomers and soon forgotten by the old, those remnants of once proud families struggled to carry on, stranded and penniless, with from one to a dozen mouths to feed, winter coming on, little or no wood or clothes, and perhaps the mother and others ill. That was Tonopah, too. To a few the town meant gaiety and wealth; to some, the end of the trail; to others it was an empty cupboard surrounded by hungry children and was remembered only as brutal and horrible.

Shortly before we left Tonopah in 1903, Andy was working in one of the mines. One payday the men put in their shots and were getting ready to go home early. Nearly all of the experienced miners were in the habit of crimping the blasting caps with their teeth. (Crimping caps is extremely dangerous but in those days every miner was his own powder monkey.) Powder and caps become very sensitive during cold weather and as a rule must be kept warm.

This was a raw, cold day and one of the fellows had three sticks of powder capped when something went wrong and the one in his mouth exploded. He was instantly killed. The men drew straws to determine who should tell the widow. Andy drew the short one. He immediately threw down his tools and came home to talk it over with me. During the course of our conversation a timid knock interrupted us. In the doorway stood a little chap with a bowl and a dish towel. "Mamma wants to borrow a bowl of brown flour," he whispered. "Papa didn't come home."

The little fellow had overhead our conversation and I knew without question the family was living on their last food, waiting for payday. Andy, not waiting to clean up, gathered the child in his arms and with the bowl of brown flour walked off down the trail to their tent and cabin.

The next day the hat was passed around and I, like the miners, tossed in my gold pieces. The collection amounted to about $400 and the mine owners put in an equal amount. I wish that I could report a Cinderella ending but it just didn't happen that way. The little fellow who had stood in my doorway with the bowl and dish towel, later—along with his brother—lost his life during World War I in the Argonne and Belleau Wood. Still later the mother, Mrs. Logan, drowned in the Snake River at Farewell Bend.

In September, 1903 we again nailed the door and windows closed on our house and tacked up a notice that read like so many others in the neighborhood: "Gone to Goldfield—J. P. Oxford, Andy and Sylvia Dent."

Life was that way for the early prospectors and those who hauled and built for them while they were scrambling across the wilderness seeking wealth and fame. It's seldom mentioned, but women and children were out there too. We provided what civilization there was, I guess, and shared all the hardships and disappointments. But I don't regret a bit of it. I'd go again if I had a chance.

Conquering the Rockies with a Camera

(Continued from page 41)

knife in his belt, and was constantly taking it out and honing it on his boots. We didn't know it then, but within a space of two months that knife would slice up his five comrades one by one, and they would be eaten by this man who would be known forever as the 'San Juan Cannibal.'

"What is not generally known is that Chief Ouray, besides being a remarkable Indian peace-maker had a characteristic generally called second sight. After one look at Packer he said, 'They (the five other men) are foolish to put their lives in the hands of that man. I don't trust him; he won't look you in the eye, and some of the men have money with them.' The chief caused certain of his braves to warn them against going on with Packer, but all to no avail, and the results proved that he was right, as usual.

"Chief Ouray himself was very interested in photographs, and could hardly understand why anyone would not like having his picture made. He was always ready to pose, therefore he was probably the most photographed man in the Rocky Mountains. He continually asked me questions about photography.

"I HAD virtually jumped from the cradle to coloring window-screens—quite the rage eighty years ago—from daguerrotypes to daggers (the war) from Bull Run to bullwhacker, and from freelance to full-time Government photographer. The daguerrotype process—much in use when I was a lad—was the original kind of photography, consisting of sensitizing a silver plate with iodine vapor, and then placing it in a camera obscura previously focused, and finally developing the picture with mercury vapor. It is then fixed by immersion in hyposulphate of sodium. After thorough washing and drying, the picture is covered with glass to prevent its being rubbed off. This process was superseded by that known as collodion.

"The collodion was prepared by dissolving pyroxiline (gun-cotton) in ether, or a mixture of alcohol and ether, which makes a transparent and tenacious film. This not only developed a photograph film, but a medicine as well. It was the first substance used to replace human skin. One can buy it at the corner drugstore now, but then the photographer was the only apothecary who could furnish what is now known as new skin, and he was often called up to apply it to cuts and bad bruises.

"Often we had to fight wild animals before we could make a setting for a landscape picture. I recall once, while photographing in the Gunnison River country, a grizzly upset the applecart. My camera was all focused on the edge of a cliff overlooking the canyon, when suddenly I recalled that I had left something at the tent and returned for it. Coming back up the trail, I heard my assistant call out to me in terror, and rounding an abutment of rocks I almost ran into him. He told me that a big bear had suddenly come out of the rocks onto the cliff where my equipment was set up.

"Telling him to hold the fort at a safe distance, I went back to the tent and secured my rifle, which was a heavy Sharps, the only gun that was then used in the mountains. Upon returning, we went up using shrubbery and boulders as cover, to within about twenty yards from where we had left the camera.

"I soon saw that the animal was a huge male. He was sniffing about, and seemed to know that humans were somewhere near, for he now and then threw up his head and let out a low snarl. He had not bothered the camera, but was walking around it as if he owned it. I knew that with one blow of his paw he could smash the apparatus and send it over the cliff. Old mountain men had told me never to wound a grizzly, but to seek out a place for a good shot that would put him down without too much flailing about. Using the information thus gained, I took a careful aim just behind his left shoulder and pulled the trigger. The beast staggered, let out a snarling roar and fell, luckily threshing away from the camera set-up.

"It was my first shot at a grizzly bear, and a lucky one, for the heavy bullet had penetrated his heart, and my camera was saved. I have run across many hundreds of grizzlies but always, if possible, let them go their way, so that I could go mine—the easiest solution, I have been told.

"Each day of my years with the Hayden Survey brought many adventures, but few were lethal. Fortunately this life during my youth and middle age, in all sorts of climate and under all kinds of conditions kept me in blooming health, and even in old age I can enjoy life to the utmost. It was all hard work, but it took me into the most marvelous scenery in all the world, when it was still virgin and unspoiled. My photographs if placed side by side would be a full panorama if not a relief map of the Rocky Mountains. The era of the first transcontinental railroad building stays so fresh in my mind that it seems only yesterday that I carried my camera and made my set-ups along the work camps of the Union Pacific.

"I still travel the West, and my work as Secretary of the Oregon Trail Memorial Association takes me through familiar scenes, in marking the old sites of historical happenings. Drive a motorcar on at least one trip each year, and expect to do so for many years to come. The transition from the horseback and muleback era to swift-traveling automobiles and airplanes is one of tremendous progress, and by contrast with my early days I recently found myself sitting complacently in one of Boeing's big passenger planes looking down upon the Continental Divide between Green River and Cheyenne, seeming to see down there the long wagontrains being piloted by the masters of the Oregon Trail."

Our interview was over. The old man told me he was sure to reach and pass the age of 100, but he did not quite make it. He passed away June 30, 1942, a couple of months after his 99th birthday, and was buried in Arlington Cemetery.

Some Men Need It Lonely

(Continued from page 57)

be easily trapped or poisoned. To those who sought to preserve the coyote, considering him a harmless, humorous fellow, he had only one answer, "Did you ever see a lamb after a coyote got through with it?"

Gilfillan came to know certain animals intimately, in particular a gray lobo wolf called Three Toes. For thirteen years this four-footed outlaw reigned supreme as a stock destroyer. He killed as many as thirty-five sheep in one night for the pure joy of blood lust. Not even a cow or horse was too large for the fangs and claws of the seventy-five-pound beast to pull down. His kills of domestic stock were estimated at $50,000. How many he killed before a trap took off one forepaw toe, and later kills not identifiable as his, was never known. Gilfillan compiled a complete history of Three Toes, from his first appearance in 1912 until he was finally captured by a government hunter in 1925.

The herder mentions two-legged outlaws only as occasional camp visitors. During his first years tending woollies, several notorious and badly wanted men moved through his near-uninhabited domain. Pausing for a meal and overnight rest, they gave him news of the outside world.

THAT HE was finally forced to retire from sheepherding in 1933, because of ill health, came as a bitter blow. He found it difficult to readjust to an environment of city noises and too many people. The great, azure-domed, silent spaces where golden eagles winged high, he missed just as he did the singing yelps of enemy coyotes serenading his sheep wagon from nearby ridges.

Renting a log cabin in Spearfish, north of the Black Hills, he named it "The Shepherd's Paradise." After it burned down two years later, he unsuccessfully sought peace in a number of South Dakota towns. All were steeped in frontier history, especially Deadwood where he spent his final years.

Unable to follow his career he did the next best thing. He turned to writing about sheep and sheepherders. For some years he produced a newspaper column called "Reflections Of A Sheepherder." It appeared in the *Queen City Mail*, *American News*, the *Igloo News* and a dozen other South Dakota papers.

The best of the articles were published in a booklet, *A Sheepherder's Holiday*. In 1953 Rapid City publishers, Dean & Dean, isued his soft cover book, *A Goat's Eye View of the Black Hills*.

In all his work he gave truly the inside personal story of a herder's life from his wealth of experience. He did it with dry humor, sometimes cake-frosted with penetrating cynicism.

Gilfillan came along at a time when many eye-witnesses to stirring old events still lived. Their statements often rendered a service to historians by exploding many of the thunder-and-gore authors' fabricated myths which had too long been accepted as fact.

In *Goat's Eye View*, Gilfillan reveals that in her ghostwritten autobiography, Calamity Jane tells how in a fight with Indians, while serving with the troops, she rescued the wounded Captain Jack Egan. For saving his life, she said, he gratefully told her, "Jane, you are a wonderful person to have in times of calamity." (According to her this was how she came to be called Calamity Jane.)

Revealed Gilfillan, "If she saved Capt. Egan's life, he must have been singularly ungrateful. For when he found Calamity Jane and a friend of her's masquerading as soldiers in his command, he sent them packing to the nearest military post and was heard to complain that for the past two days he had been returning the salutes of a couple of——chippies.

"Her service as a scout and dispatch carrier seems to have been a figment of her imagination. For a strict search of army records has failed to reveal her name, and the Army was never in the habit of entrusting its important dispatches to floozies."

Gilfillan's close friend, Hoadley Dean, son of the sheepman for whom he worked nearly two decades, retrieved his old sheep wagon a short time before Gilfillan's death. Not only did he write his working chapters of *Sheep* in it, but sheep wagons were then a curiosity of a faded past. It was repaired, restored and placed on exhibit in the museum of the Friends of the Middle Border at Mitchell. Gilfillan followed sheepherding because he worshipped its freedom and exulted in its independence. "This is the land of sheep and the herder," he wrote. "A great land! A free land! And in its own way, a beautiful land. Above all, the opportunity to live life in his own way—that is the herder's privilege and his great reward."

While sauntering along a main street in Deadwood greeting friends from far ranges the afternoon of December 17, 1955, Gilfillan suddenly dropped dead. He was sixty-nine.

The man left behind the heritage of his calling in words that will never die. He made the sheepherder an understandable human being with the same desires, lofty ambitions, loves, successes and failures as the rest of us. As an ex-cowboy, I must admit that once my opinion of a sheepherder was mighty low. But that was before I read a speech written forty-two years ago by a remarkably educated and philosophical Westerner named Archer B. Gilfillan.

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

RATING RARE RELICS

Treasury of Frontier Relics—A Collectors Guide (Edwin House but distributed by Crown Publishers, $6.95) is by a Yankee packrat gone Texian (the worst kind), Les Beitz. He sure is a brave man—that Les. He just up and says what things, old things, old western things, are worth and you don't have to let those demon dealers kid you about the rarity of anything no more! You just slip your copy of Les' book out of your big secret pocket (it has to be big, this is a big book) and take a quick glance at the "Scarcity Factor" and jerk 'em up short by saying "Oh, no! That isn't rare, it's a mere 5." Now "5" is just the middle of scarce and not rare at all, as any reader of Les will soon learn. And he deserves to have a lot of readers. What is a skinning knife worth? A buffalo skull? A bear trap? A whiskey canteen? A Sharps rifle? A Peacemaker? A branding iron? And which of these and dozens of other relics of our western expansion are truly rare? Scarce? Or merely uncommon or even common? You'll have to read Les' book to find out—no trade secrets revealed except in it. Fred Gipson of *Old Yaller* fame wrote the introduction and this book is illustrated with numerous drawings and photos of the relics plus three drawings by Frederic Remington and eleven by N. C. Wyeth (known in the East *nowadays* as Andrew's father and in the West as Pete Hurd's father-in-law). There is an index and tables of value for the various kinds of relics. And Les puts in a plug for those first, or magazine, appearances of a tremendous number of great western illustrations by Remington, Wyeth, Russell and others. Highly recommended.

PIONEER T-MAN

A Western Panorama, 1849-1875

(The Arthur H. Clark Co., $11.00) is by David Michael Goodman and covers the quarter century career of J. Ross Browne in the West. It should do much to restore Browne, born in Ireland but who spent his teens in the Midwest, to a place as a respected critical observer and extraordinary chronicler of the American scene of his day. His writings have largely been ignored by most of our recent historians or dismissed as those of a dilettante traveler. Browne was a traveler—a compulsive one, it would seem—but he usually found a way to make his travels pay and his observations were far from idle. This reviewer confesses that he learned for the first time in this book that Browne was a T-Man for Uncle Sam for seven of the years (1853 to 1860) that he spent in the West. He investigated the customs houses and looked into Indian affairs. He found well conducted offices (Galveston, Texas, for example); over-staffed and poorly located offices; idleness and indifference; and he learned the big problem in achieving economy and efficiency was *patronage.* He wrote lengthy reports to the Secretary of the Treasury (these constitute primary source material for this book) and campaigned for reductions in staff and for the elimination of certain non-productive offices. He found some mismanagement and fraud and he laid his findings on the line. The surprising thing really is that he lasted seven years so forthright was he in his recommendations and his actions. Browne's services as Mining Commissioner and as Minister to China are covered. The appendix reprints Browne's own account of his experiences as a T-Man—is it a gem! There is a bibliography of his writings and a source bibliography for this book, an index and illustrations from Browne's writings. He was quite a man. Highly recommended.

A YELLOWSTONE GHOST

A Photo History of Aldridge

(Bill and Doris Whithorn, Pray, Montana, $8.50 postpaid) is a unique ghost town book. Aldridge was a coal camp in the upper Yellowstone country in the period 1895-1910. This big book tells the story of those fifteen years in very considerable detail in a text enhanced with some 250 photographs made when Aldridge was in its heyday. Despite their age most of the photos are excellent—their reproduction was no small feat. The Whithorns did a tremendous job in digging out the contemporary newspaper accounts of doings in Aldridge and the neighboring town of Horn (changed to Electric in 1904). The finding of the photos must have been an even tougher job. The cooperation of the members of the families residing in Aldridge added much but the Whithorns were well aware that age does dim the memories and checked out the incidents they reported. The former residents of the old coal town got together in 1962—two hundred of them and they promise to meet again. They will be pleased with this book and we think you will be—we were. Recommended.

BUGBEE BIBLIOGRAPHY

One hundred numbered copies of *Books, Pamphlets, Articles, etc. Illustrated by H. D. Bugbee* have been attractively bound in cloth to sell at $5.00 by Price Daniel, Jr. This Bugbee bibliography is the young bookseller's Catalogue Number Twenty-five and may be ordered from him at P. O. Drawer 2450. Waco, Texas. Clyde I. (Pinkie) Price of the Clarendon Press, long-time friend and associate of Bugbee, helped with the preparation of the bibliography and printed it by letterpress. Old Bookaroo Jeff C. Dykes, Bugbee's college classmate, and C. Boone McClure, Director of the Panhandle Plains Museum at Canyon where Bugbee served as Curator of Art from 1951 until his death in 1963, have their say about the artist and his art. There is a fine photo of Bugbee as the frontispiece and reproductions of eleven of his drawings. A collector's item all the way.

GREAT INDIAN

Chief Joseph of the Nez Percé Indians is well-known to everyone even remotely interested in the West. Nevertheless, much confusion and misunderstanding exists concerning his life. As a leader of a proud people in their struggle for peace and tribal liberty, as a diplomatic strategist, as a conciliator in war and peace, and as a counselor in personal and tribal matters, he is known to many as the perfect chief. Now his story, *Saga of Chief Joseph* (Caxton Printers, $4.95) by Helen Addison Howard, has been updated and reissued. This version of the book first published in 1941 makes available much significant material from Indian sources not previously reported. Joseph's philosophy, published in an interview of 1879 tells much of his greatness. "I know that my race must change. We cannot hold our own with the white man as we are. We only ask an even chance to live as other men live. We ask to be recognized as men. We ask that the same law shall work alike for all men. If the Indian breaks the law, punish him. If the white man breaks the law, punish him also." *Saga of Chief Joseph* brings greater understanding of this great American leader of the Northwest.

CALIFORNIA SUES THE U.S.

Kenneth M. Johnson's *K-344* (Dawson's Book Shop, $7.50) is No. 6 in the Dawson series of Famous California Trials. This is a carefully researched account of the suit of the Indians of California against the United States for compensation for lands granted them under treaties made in 1851 but not ratified by the U.S. Senate. The numerous bands (with the exception of the Mohaves there seems to have been no real tribal organization) of California Indians ceded to the U.S. some 75,000,000 acres; were promised 8,619,000 acres and actually got reservations and *rancherias* totaling 624,000 acres. The suit against the U.S. was filed by the Attorney General of California for the Indians and it was thought (by the Californians) that it would be a friendly suit—instead, the U.S. fought it vigorously. U. S. Webb, Attorney General of California for nearly thirty-seven years and his successor Earl Warren (now Chief Justice) were the California leaders and they finally won the case—and while they got all that the law, under which it was filed, allowed it wasn't much. There were some intriguing personalities concerned with the welfare of the Indians of California and one wishes that the author had expanded the text on occasion to give us more than a fleeting glance. This reviewer opened this book with some fears of a dry, matter-of-fact account couched in legal gobbledygook—he read on and on, fascinated with the narrative of the before, during and after of a most unusual trial. The edition consists of 500 copies and it is a must for Indian buffs and for all those interested in justice for the first Americans.

Before the Days of Libel

(Continued from page 29)

capital of the Midwest: "A Chicago journal modestly suggests that the celebration of the fourth centennial of the discovery of America should be held in that city because "it is the pivot city of the U.S." Chicago is the pivot city—in the sense that they get everything turned around."

Neither was there an encouraging word to be said for Boston by the Prescott *Arizona Miner* in its May 24, 1881, issue. It published a letter from an avid reader, one John Johnson: "I wish you would let me know if you can spare the use of your valuable paper, say about one or one-half columns per day for the term of one month, in order to write up what Mr. M. G. knows about Boston. I think it advantageous both to your paper and to the rising generation." The editor replied gravely: "The favor you ask cannot be granted. We do not wish to lend the columns of the *Miner* for the purpose of publishing to the world what Mr. G. knows, or rather doesn't know, about the game of Boston."

RESPECT was not a word to be used in the same sentence with politicians at any level of government. After President Garfield was shot by Charles Guiteau on July 2, 1881, it was two and a half months before Garfield died and Guiteau became an assassin. On July 12, while the Arizona papers printed brief bulletins on Garfield's condition, the Arizona *Miner* quoted from the San Francisco *News Letter:* "While General (sic) Garfield is prostrate there ought to be someone capable of running this country. If we can believe telegraphic reports Vice-President Arthur is not the man. They say he has red eyes and is all shaky, lost his appetite and gazes monotonously out the window. We've been that way ourselves but never from grief. It was from the other thing. You know how it is yourselves, but it is not nice to talk about in a newspaper . . ."

A few of Arizona's territorial governors were more worthy of the rogue's gallery than of gubernatorial eminence and one, Conrad Zulick, was hardly worthy of comment, if you were to judge by the Nogales *Herald* of September 22, 1889. The *Herald* observed: "There may be a community of real mummies in Sonora but recent events tend to justify the suspicion that some of the Zulick 'hold-overs' have drifted down that way."

The Tombstone *Weekly Republican,* Feb. 24, 1883, reported a comment from the *Graham County News* which unleashed a Gatling gun at two of its own politicians: "In vain we appeal to the legislature to cause a lunatic asylum to be established here at Safford, where the supply exists to fill it. In vain we entreat P. J. and Adolph to make timely provision for themselves here on the lotus-lined banks of the Gila. They close their eyes to their own future and take no interest in the appropriation."

The same paper of July 14, 1883, still lambasting politicians, used a story to serve its viewpoint: "A little boy in one of the city schools, while engaged in the delightful exercise of defining words, made a mistake which was not a mistake. He said, 'A demagogue is a vessel that holds wine, beer, gin, whiskey or any other kind of intoxicating liquor.' He was probably thinking of demijohn, but he hit the truth just the same."

Those were the days of free-swinging, rowdy journalism when any citizen encased in a high dudgeon could run screaming to, say, the Prescott *Arizona Miner,* as one Charles L. Taylor did in June of 1881 and place the following ad in the paper: "The undersigned, having been deceived and cheated by a man calling himself J. M. Schryver, warns all Arizonans against placing any trust in said Schryver, as I know him to be a mean, dishonest, lying sneak-thief. (Signed) C. L. Taylor" This seeming journalistic effrontery was a common social practice, to be sure, but it was also a cathartic for the soul who placed the ad.

IF IT be true that when you ask Peter about Paul you learn more about Peter than you do about Paul, then you learn a good deal about the editor of the Arizona *Daily Star* of February 23, 1884, when he applied a glacial fixation to the editor of the neighboring Tombstone *Epitaph.* "Who does the squeaming (sic) party in the Tombstone *Epitaph* refer to when he speaks of the shyster correspondent of the Tucson *Star?* If the writer of the article is that little, insignificant, sawed-off person called Tilden, the *Star* has no more to say. If it is a gentleman, then this paper is ready for discussion. Those unimportant warts on journalism, unprolific and unsubstantial barnacles of a noble profession, pink-nosed persons of questionable praise, and filthy, scorbutic illustrations of putrid expressions are not considered by this paper as worthy of attention." Then, as an afterthought, the editor added, "The *Epitaph* man is the one referred to."

While the Arizona predecessors of H. L. Mencken flourished their pens with great vigor and verbal abuse—such as J. J. Nash of the Tombstone *Prospector* when he remarked, "the utterances of the old drunkard who runs the *Epitaph* at present do not bother us in the least"—they always had space for the light touch. In the *Weekly Citizen* of Tucson of October 2, 1881, under "Fashion Notes," it was reported that "gentlemen returning from summer resorts are wearing their pocketbooks flat."

In the same issue, the philosopher in the editor's chair mused: "A woman's hand is a great trouble to her. When she goes out to walk she must have something to hold in it, otherwise she don't (sic) know what to do with it. No wonder she is ready to give it away at the first opportunity."

In the Tombstone *Republican* of August 4, 1883, it was reported that "a Tennessee landlord has just been forced to pay $700 for kissing an Indiana girl who was a guest at his hotel. As it is only ten cents to kiss the prettiest girl at the church fair, this man will never cease to kick himself for his financial folly."

The Prescott *Miner* commented on the foibles of men in its June 18 issue, 1881: "A miner down in Colorado has a caged leopard that is very savage, but sneaks into a corner and shows great symptoms of fear whenever a wheelbarrow is brought near his cage. It is the same way with some men, and not only do wheelbarrows produce this effect, but shovels, axes, and other implements of labor." The Tombstone *Republican* whimsically joined in, when it reported that, "Curley Welch has been sent up for 11 months in Phoenix for woman beating. Curley always had a weakness for this pastime."

In 1887 a feud erupted between the Tewksburys and the Grahams in the Tonto Basin about 100 miles north of Phoenix, a mutually destructive conflict that lasted three years and killed upwards of a score of men. The range warfare later became the plot for Zane Grey's *To the Last Man.* On September 12, 1887, the Prescott *Courier* was so shaken by the events of the feud in its initial phase that it commented: "The Tonto Basin badmen must be conquered if it takes every non-paying subscriber we have to do the work."

WHEN it was a brawling territory, the small towns in Arizona were few and far apart, but civic pride ballooned nevertheless. The Prescott *Miner* taunted Tucson in its May 25, 1881 edition: "Tucson people toot their horns pretty loud about the metropolitan proportions of their city. They claim for it everything and we should think that San Francisco property owners would feel a little jealous of a city that is about to outdo them. Let Tucson secure a rag gathering cart and she'll be complete in her glory without Military Headquarters."

In another issue, the *Miner* jeered: "The San Francisco *Chronicle* in its telegraphic news ran an account of the burning of the *Citizen* office at Tucson. It spoke of the 'leading Republican journal of the Territory.' When? asks the *Miner.*"

The Tombstone *Republican* often joined in the intercity warfare. On January 13, 1883, it took a swing at Tucson, one of its politicians, and a commercial firm with one blow: "If the skinny firm of L. Zeckendorf & Co. think they can advertise their cheap wares free of charge in the columns of the *Republican* we beg to inform them they are mistaken. Tucson has just committed the gross error of electing one of the members of that firm to the office of mayor and that, too, over a man who in point of ability is a thousand times his superior. Poor misguided Tucson, to set aside such a man as Stevens for this fellow who is going to play mayor for the next two years. We offer our condolences."

Diversion in the Arizona papers also took the form of poetry and limericks, such as:

The naked hills lie wanton to the breeze,
The fields are nude, the groves unfrocked,
Bare are the shivering limbs of shameless trees,
What wonder that the corn is shocked?

Or this limerick taken from the Prescott *Courier* of August 1, 1887:

There was a young lady in Worcester
Who was chased by a big Shanghai rorcester
So frightened was she
That she shinnied up a tree
No one being present to borcester.

While the dailies and weeklies evinced their provincialism in their targets, they were always revelatory of humor at the barrel-cactus level. The papers jeered at the mighty, flouted the pretentious and flattened with scorn men and traditions. They could even laugh at their own territory, as the Nogales *Herald* of September 8, 1889, did in one of its local items: "The territorial Fish Commissioner will shortly send to Washington for fish for Arizona streams. The statement that each minnow will be provided with a canteen is untrue."

LETTER RIP!

Dear Sir:

I am an American geologist working at Mt. Lyell, a large copper mine in Tasmania. Recently my attention was called to the cover photograph of your Fall, 1965 issue of OLD WEST magazine which shows a panoramic view of Virginia City, Nevada.

My home is not far from Virginia City, and the picture, excellently done, does much to help me recall many pleasant hours I have spent walking around those brown sagebrush hills.

I should like to inquire whether or not the photographer, Mr. Lieder, would be in a position to make a copy of this cover picture available to me—one which would be suitable for framing. Mt. Lyell is located at Queenstown, Tasmania, and, as an old mining town, has many aspects which are strikingly similar to Virginia City.—James Haight, Mt. Lyell Mining Company, Queenstown, Tasmania, Australia.

Gentlemen:

Could any of your readers tell me where I could get a copy of the old poster showing Black Bart with his long black beard sitting in a barber chair with a revolver in his lap while the barber shivers with his razor in his hand and a poster on the wall offers a reward for Black Bart? —Harry Bohrer, 82 Westview Terrace, Rochester, New York.

Dear Editor:

I am wondering if some of your readers could help me. My mother was a half-breed Indian, but I didn't know too much about her people. She came from a small tribe called the Iowa Fox and Sac. She was born at Fontanelle, Iowa, September 7, 1889. Her father was a full-blooded Indian. His English name was George Phillips. She told me one time that her grandfather was an Indian Medicine Man. In the Indian language I don't know what her father's name would be. I have been interested in the Indian people for years, and would love to know more about the Fox and Sac tribe. You never read anything about them.—Mrs. A. Laushman, 8110 South 32nd Street, South Omaha, Nebraska.

Sir:

I like the idea of an out-of-print, scarce, or rare and important book appearing in each issue of OLD WEST and would like to see them printed even if they had to be continued in three or four issues. Personally, as with "Cow by the Tail" in your other magazine, I didn't start reading it until I had all the installments. So much for my opinion and I hope it may help you reach a decision. Thanks again for the three best publicatons in the country.—Earle W. Chapman, 701 Grant Avenue, W. Collingswood, New Jersey.

Dear Sir:

This is to tell you that I and many other old-time Marysville people really enjoyed the article in OLD WEST on Silver City and Marysville. I was told that the author of this article got many facts from the daughter of William Brown, who was the man who grubstaked Thomas Cruse when no one else would. He was also one of the first to pan gold on Silver Creek.

We were so glad to hear some of the truth about Cruse, as so many people think he was full of kindness but he wasn't. I knew Nate Vestal and he was just as the author described him. I also knew many of the others in the article and I want to say it is the best ever written on Silver and Marysville. I enjoyed the pictures and recognized some of the people in them.

I live in a rest home here now but lived in Marysville years ago. It was a real camp. I operated a small store and freighted ore.—Thomas Johns, Choteau, Montana.

Dear Sirs:

I get your magazine—each issue. I believe it is tops. The back cover alone (Spring, 1966) was worth twice the price I paid for the magazine. The poem on the inside was the best I have ever read.

I have the poems of Service, Kipling, Browning and many others. But "Whistling In Heaven" is the best. It tells of the fears, hardships, and terrors of the pioneer women. It portrays life on the western frontier, and I liked the picture on the back cover. I don't think you can top that cover page. It was the best I have ever seen.—Harry L. Davis, 936 Orchard Park Road, Hurricane, West Virginia.

Dear Sir:

In your Spring, 1966 issue, I had the pleasure of getting the poem, "Whistling in Heaven," which my oldest sister, Ida Poyfair, recited in 1892 at Ruth Ervin's School, which is located about five miles out of Liberty, Missouri.

I was about seven years old; I am now eighty years old. It had always been a favorite of my father, Joseph Poyfair, and I have never forgotten it all these years. I would like very much to know how old it really is. If you have any information, please let me hear from you.—Orlo O. Poyfair, 805 South East 57th Avenue, Portland, Oregon.

We have had many letters from people who remember this poem from years ago, but the author and date still are unknown.

Dear Sir:

Replying to your recent solicitation of a renewal of my subscription to your magazines in language reminiscent of "Round-ups" in West Texas before you discovered America, let me assure you that I have a copy of every issue you have ever published, but from now on I prefer to buy them on the newsstand. Like Old Scotty who went down to London for a physical checkup, after the doctor finished poking and punching him, he told Scotty that he might topple over any moment—bad heart. "You may not get back to the Highlands alive." So Scotty paid his fare from station to station. I am eighty-four.

In "Old West" (Winter 1965), you published an article entitled "The Medicine Wheel." This article is well done and as nearly true as possible but I would like to add a sequel to it.

My old friend, Dick Dewing (dead many years) who used to live on Shell Creek about seventy-five years ago, told me that he dug up from the base of the central altar enough bull elk teeth to fill a five-pound lard bucket. I asked him what he did with them.

"Oh," he said, "I gave them around to my friends by the handful."

This is a small item, but might mean much to heavy-weight scientists. I just want to get it on record before I head farther West.—J. S. Emmett, 321 South 5th Street, Greybull, Wyoming.

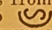
Dear Sir:

I wish to call your attention to an error in the article, "Behind the Donner Monument," Spring edition, 1966. In the seventh paragraph on page 40, it says "little Patty Reed knew she was disobeying her parents by hiding a china doll in her dress." The error is in saying a china doll, whereas Patty Reed's little doll is entirely wooden.

I have personally seen the doll which is on display at Sutter's Fort in Sacramento and can tell you that the doll is a wooden one.

This may seem like a small item but it is not considered so in California where this little antique has great historical significance.—Mrs. D. Beverly Hughes, 229½ 6th Street West, Twin Falls, Idaho.

Dear Joe:

In what was known as No Man's Land in the neutral strip of the Panhandle of Oklahoma, Billy Joy set up cattle ranching on what was then called Plum Creek, in a dugout built in 1864 by buffalo hunters. He started the ranch in the late 1870s and acquired several thousand head of cattle before he was killed by a horse he was riding around 1882. His spread was the Pig Pen (#) brand. After his death one John O'Laughlin acquired the holdings from his heirs, and changed the brand to . Marion W. Eldridge was made foreman of the spread.

They had lots of free range up to the middle 1890s, then the nesters commenced to come in and take squatter's rights. At one time they had twenty miles of drift fence, south over in Texas. The ranch was disbanded in 1897, and Marion bought the quarter-section with the corral and buildings and a few head of cattle. In 1900 he built a four-room rock house, then in 1902 he acquired a U.S. post office and put in a store. This was known as Eldridge Post Office and Store.

The settlers had very little money so Father and Mother had to give it up in 1909. Many years have gone by, the ravages of time has taken its toll, and all the landmarks have about disappeared except the rock house, where I was born and raised.—Marion W. Eldridge, Jr., Box 241, Route 2, Gridley, California.

Scene on the Ranch, (1878-1897), in No Man's Land, Oklahoma Panhandle

Gentlemen:

One of the finest contributions you have embarked upon is the printing of photos or paintings of famous Indian chiefs with a history on the reverse side. A sad aftermath of complete subjugation of a people is the loss of their traditions, pride and identity. As a people they become a body without a soul. Can anyone wonder why the American Indian or the native of Mexico appears to have lost his spirit?

Of the Indians I have known, all have without exception impressed me with their sensitiveness to the true nature of the person with whom they converse. It takes time and a genuine and true concern for their welfare before they will offer their friendship. Even then, one can expect to be on continual probation. God knows they have every right to be reserved toward the white man.

As a part of my small efforts in creating a sense of identity and pride in their own history, your magazine's pictures and commentary are being carefully preserved in plastic folders, to compose a book for an Indian friend who has shown considerable interest in his historic legacy. We owe them a debt, a return of their self esteem. While the propaganda of our school history books will never set matters right, at least publications such as yours can be helpful.

I hope the future commentary on the inside of the cover will be complete in itself rather than extended to other pages. —F. J. E. Mulcahy, 20316 Saticoy, Canoga Park, California.

Dear Pat:

We read with a great deal of interest the story "Silver Creek Reminiscences" in the Spring issue. My wife, Nora, was born in Marysville in 1896. Her father, Everett Ford, worked in the Drumlummon and other mines in the area. Only a small portion of Marysville remains, but a few people still live there.

Nora's uncle, Woodrow Ford, was with Major Reno's troops when Custer and his men were wiped out by the Indians. Uncle Wood told me of his experiences there and I regret that I did not take notes.

"Secret Sorrows of a Sheepherder" also rang a bell with me. I was acquainted with the Carmichael family when I was a U.S. Forest Ranger stationed in Sun River Canyon northwest of Augusta in 1928. As ranger for twenty-three years on four different districts in central Montana, I met many herders and counted many sheep. I have camped with them and eaten meals with them in tents and sheep wagons. The article really tells the story of the herder.—Carter V. Rubottom, Townsend, Montana.

Dear Sir:

I just read the Spring '66 issue of your interesting magazine and the sheepherder story was very true to life, with none of the usual bawdy jokes. However the remark by the author that one Japanese silkworm could easily keep a flapper in clothes was hardly up to your usual high moral standards!

May I suggest an authentic sheep herder cover picture for your publication. It might depict the sheepherder (with the usual ten-day whiskers) sitting on a half-empty case of lemon extract, as he swigs a large bottle of the same. In the background might be the sheepwagon and a faithful dog gazing quizzically at the pet sheep with the ribbon around its neck.

By the way, no one knows what sheepherders spend their money on aside from lemon extract (eighty proof). They certainly don't spend it on useless and cumbersome fancy dress costumes, the way the hired brainless hayseeds on the cattle ranches do. As they make three or four times as much as the cattle farm boobs, they must spend it on something. One plausible theory is that they light their Bull Durham cigarettes with ten dollar bills when tanked up on lemon extract!

A hobo, timber beast, or gambling house cover might also be interesting except that artists seem to have some kind of mental block and never get these pictures right.

I enjoyed the Soapy Smith article very much. It showed the right amount of censure for this evil man with the soapy grin who took the pious pioneers, pimps, cockroach businessmen, and speculators with his sure-thing games. The illustration was an artistic triumph and showed that the Smith thimble rig setup was quite different from that used elsewhere.

The mention of "shouting Faro dealers" in another story was of interest, as most people who have played this game are convinced that only deaf mutes are hired as dealers or lookouts.—Donovan Tuxford, 1905 Landa Street, Los Angeles, California.

Dear Sir:

In 1903, I was six years old and that is when I first remember of hearing this story, but I heard it many times after that. It happened in Dunseith, North Dakota. Dunseith is located in the north-central part of the State on the edge of the Turtle Mountains, sixteen miles from the Canadian border in Rollette County.

They were having a dance that night in Dunseith. The first time anyone saw the bandit was when he showed up at the dance. He was about six feet tall and very well built and had a real nice black mustache. Well, they say he made a big hit with the ladies and was also friendly with some of the men. When the dance was over and the people were leaving he walked outside, and when the banker came out he put a gun on him, walked him to the bank, made him unlock it, also the safe, then he bound and gagged the banker and left the bank with a little over $1,100.

Right across from the bank there was a general store owned by a man named Jake Cotshaver. Jake had left his clerk to close up the night before. I think the clerk was a single man and no one had missed him. Well, when Jake came to open his store in the morning he found his clerk shot in the back, and his store robbed. Jake spread the alarm and it wasn't long before they found the banker. Everyone was quite busy, what with taking care of the dead clerk and getting their guns and horses ready for a posse to go after the bandit.

Between the town and the foothills of the mountains there was half a mile of real flat prairie. About ten o'clock they saw a horseman riding in from the foothills. Everybody watched, and when he got closer the man who ran the livery stable and who had taken care of the bandit's horse the night before, recognized the horse.

Everyone cleared the streets. The town was one of those two-blocks-long main streets. Most of the men were gathered in the block toward the foothills. Well, everybody ran into the stores and hid behind the counters and in the back, and men with guns got ready for action.

The bandit (now known as a murderer) rode to the middle of the first block and dismounted and just dropped the reins, walked to the door of the large department store, and opened the door to enter. Several shots rang out. Eyewitnesses said he turned and staggered and whistled to his horse. The horse was about seventy-five feet away. They say the horse ran to him and let himself down on his front knees so that the bandit could mount easier. He got into the saddle, rode half a block south, then a block east, and a block north to the livery stable, and then he climbed a ladder to the hayloft. The ladder was made by nailing one by fours to the studs and it was the only way to get into the loft, so it was late next day before anyone got up nerve enough to climb up there, where they found him dead.

They got him out of the loft, placed him in a chair and took a picture of him. I had one of those pictures for a long time, but it got lost somewhere along the way. There should be some of those pictures around still in Dunseith. Maybe someone will be able to add something to this story, or correct me if I have made any mistakes in telling it. The picture showed three bullet holes very near to the bandit's heart.

I know a good many people searched in the Turtle Mountains for a number of years for the $1,100 but I never heard of anyone finding it. In 1915 or 1916 I read in the papers where a farmer near Minot, North Dakota, plowed up an iron box with $1,100 in it but, according to the papers, they had not been able to connect it to the money taken from the bank in Dunseith. I don't think it was ever learned who the bandit was.

There was quite a lot of horse stealing in that part of the country in 1904 and 1905, and the road past our homestead in the Turtle Mountains was the main route to take them to Canada.—John J. Jones, Box 726, Cascadia, Oregon.

(Continued on next page)

Dear Mr. Small:

Back in 1899 my parents separated. They had the usual court trial for child custody. There were three of us children, a boy, a girl (me), then a boy. Dad took one boy, Mama the other. They each wanted me and first one had me then the other. After two court trials at Vinita, Oklahoma, Dad learned Mother had gone to Muskogee, Oklahoma. He was afraid she would come back and get me, so he wanted to leave with my brother and me while she was gone.

A family my parents knew when we lived in Missouri had gone to western Oklahoma at the second "strip" opening and filed on land. Brother was five and a half; I was seven and a half years old. Dad thought if he could get out there Mrs. Plummer could care for us children. Several families were getting ready to move by covered wagon to Woodward and Woods County to file on land which was then available, so Dad joined up with them. My father did not have time to fix a covered wagon before we left. He just loaded our trunks and a few other things in his wagon and Brother and I rode in the Phillips wagon.

Some of the trip I remember as though it happened yesterday. Mrs. Phillips' wagon was fixed with an over-all bed of some kind, wide enough for a set of bedsprings. The family had a daughter one year older than I, and we three kids would jump high as we could on the springs, thinking that while we were in the air, we took a-hold of the horses.

They had a cookstove in the wagon, fixed with the stovepipe out the side. Mrs. Phillips cooked biscuits in that oven. I didn't know how she did it but she did.

I remember hearing the horses eat corn at night, in a trough-like thing on the back of the wagon, but I do not know whose wagon we slept in. Everyone had all of the possessions in their wagon they could get in there.

We traveled quite closely together. We had to cross the South Canadian and Cimarron Rivers. I remember well how frightened we were because of tales about quicksand. We had to go through several Indian reservations. All wagons were very close together for this, for we were afraid we would be scalped. Only one time were we accosted.

At night all wagons camped closely together. Extra horses were tied with bridles, alongside of those hitched to the wagons. We always camped close by a river, for water and grass and wood to cook with.

We left sometime in the month of August; it was September when we arrived in Woodward County. The last day my father took my brother and me in his wagon to Mr. and Mrs. Plummer. It was strictly a pioneer country. It must be understood these people of the West were not ignorant, lazy or dull-witted people.

Mr. and Mrs. Plummer welcomed us. They had a large family of boys aged from fifteen to thirty-two. Then a six-year-old girl and a nine-year-old girl. Their house was built of logs; it was large, built in a T-shape, with a breezeway, as it is now called, connecting the rooms. The rooms were separated by curtains strung on wire. Mrs. Plummer had a loom. She wove her own carpet and her floors were covered wall to wall. She had her own geese and ducks, made her own pillows and feather beds. The roof was dirt. In spring weeds would grow on it. There was always plenty of food. Everything always clean, everything was conserved.

In the summer two or three families would go together to the sand hills and gather sand plums. It was a picnic for the kids. The plums were made into butter and jelly.

These farm people would have a fish day every so often. There was a place called Wards Grove on the bank of the North Canadian River, with tables, benches and a large black iron kettle. The women would make salads, pie, light bread, etc. The men took spears and would get in boots and spear the fish. When the ladies turned them in meal and fried them, we ate them like doughnuts.

There was plenty of entertainment—box suppers and toe suppers. At the last kind, each girl stood behind a curtain with a number on her shoe sticking from under the curtain. A boy chose a number and you ate your box lunch with him. There were literary societies every Friday night in the winter. Jokes were read, readings given and other entertainment. My father was a magician. He also had studied phrenology. He was good at both so he would entertain a lot at these get-togethers. Always there was Sunday School and Church on Sundays.

The big times were held the week of July 4. The picnic that was held in Wards Grove lasted three days. We would go home only to do the chores. Always there were the Indians who came off their reservation—men with their hair in braids, the part painted red. Men, the same as women, wore blankets. They made and sold beaded things. At night they danced in a tent. They would bounce up and down and make an "eh-eh-eh" noise. Very colorful.

I have written mostly about the Plummers because we boarded with them longer than the others. They were a typical pioneer family. Some families had log houses with dirt floors and dirt roofs. Some had dugouts. There were cellars with enough logs around the top to put in small windows between the dirt floors and dirt roofs. Some were half-dugouts. They were dug in the ground like a cellar, but built up quite high above the ground with logs or rough lumber and larger windows.

This sounds like everything was dirt. Not so—even people with dirt floors were clean and refined people. My brother and I earned our first money, picking patch bugs for a family who had a dirt floor. It was four years before Father took brother and me back to what is now Pryor, Oklahoma, where we were living when my parents separated.

We lost track of our mother for seventeen years, then my brother found her. He went to see her, and the next week after he went, I went. I was living in Kansas. The irony of this is, at no time in the four years we spent in Woodard were we more than nineteen miles from our mother. Some of the time we were only five miles from her.

Not only that, but often she traded at the same little country store that Mrs. Plummer traded at, taking us kids with her. Neither knew the other was so close.

Mother had done exactly what Dad thought she would. After her visit at Muskogee she came to Pryor Creek to get me, but Dad was gone with my brother and me.

I have traveled quite a lot all over the U. S. I have visited Canada, Mexico, Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands, Cuba, Italy, Germany, France, Switzerland, England, and Holland—by ship, plane, jet, train, bus, car and gondolas in Venice. I could talk all day of the places I have been, of things I have seen, but never will I forget my wonderful trip back, after an absence of thirty-five years, to the neighborhood of the Plummers. I did not see a log house or dirt roof, but all nice homes.

After my dad, brother and I returned to Pryor, I lived there for years. I spent my teens with Indians. My best girl friends were full-blood and half-breed Indians. I loved them, still do. My brother married a girl with Indian blood and I have two little grandchildren with Indian blood who call me Grandma.

The Indians I have known have not been these "How"-speaking people I see on television. Neither were the people I knew, who pioneered in the West, ignorant, gun carrying, drinking men. They were all wonderful.—Mrs. Adolphus W. Ackley, 903 Niblick Road, Longview, Texas.

TUMBLEWEEDS
—by Tom K. Ryan
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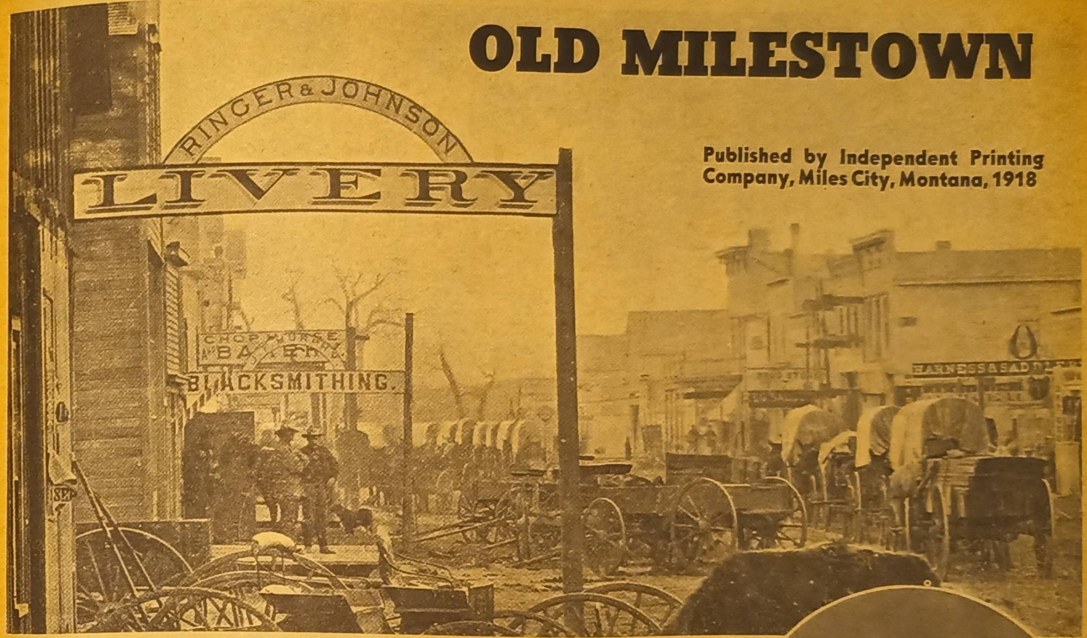

A busy day in Milestown. View shows Main Street looking west from Seventh. "Somewhere along here there was a blacksmith's shop."

Published by Independent Printing Company, Miles City, Montana, 1918

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RARE BOOK!
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The Story of Main Street

By S. GORDON

FOREWORD

SOME YEARS AGO—a half dozen probably—a few of the old-timers met by appointment to discuss the desirability of collecting and reducing to some form of permanent record, the fast-fading scenes and incidents of the early days of this community. It was agreed that it ought to be done, and then and there a committee was named to get the work underway. Each member of that committee was imbued with a personal ardor to push the work thus planned and they parted that night assuring each other that each would take up his or her share of it "in the morning," and keep it in hand until finished. Yet—such is the uncertainty of human proposals—that committee never met again as a body, nor communicated with each other as individuals, regarding the progress of the great work to which they had pledged their best endeavors.

I had been selected as the historian and was clearly the person most to blame. And so it came about that when business cares and responsibilities were lifted from my shoulders, the sense of this obligation became more insistent and finally led to the compiling and publication of these "Recollections." At the inception of the original plan there was no thought of "getting into print" and consequently no thought of illustrations, but once it was decided to put the story between covers, the matter of illustration became an essential feature, and this principally because Mr. L. A. Huffman—himself one of the original committee—had in his possession an abundance of material for this work—"shots" snapped on the spot and at the time written of, having an intrinsic merit that cannot attach to "fake" pictures, no matter how skillfully posed. Thus the story told in the text is illustrated by pictures practically taken on the spot.

And so, this book and its pictures, is in a way the accomplishment of the task undertaken by the committee of long ago, and while it appeals almost entirely to the sentimental side of the old-timers, it is hoped that it will prove to be of interest to those who will in time become "old-timers" and who will feel the same pride in "Old Milestown" that its founders now have.—S. G.
April, 1918

WHOEVER attempts the story of early days in Milestown must spin his yarn around Main Street, where ninety per cent of the incidents dear to the memory of old-timers occurred. Unquestionably Main Street should have been given a more appreciative title, but the founders of the town appear to have been without any conception of what they were building and so perfunctorily followed the usage and christened the main road to the outside world plain Main Street. How much better would we feel today had it been called "Broadway." But they called it Main Street after the manner of matter-of-fact people who have no use for streets except as avenues of traffic and marts of trade and so it must remain; for "Main Street" is written so largely in the early history of Milestown that its memories cannot be trifled with by whims as found exploitation in Billings a few years ago when one of its old-time streets was rechristened "Broadway." But Billings never had anything in the way of a picturesque youth, and so few if any traditions were buried with the change.

Very much different here, as I will attempt to show to the many thousands now resident here who have only the vaguest conceptions—if any at all—of the Milestown of early days. In this I shall not aim to be statistical or chronologically sequent, or more than fairly accurate as to dates, as the incidents and conditions treated of are only "recollections" and in the main do not need to be hitched to a date post to serve the purpose in view, which is two-fold—to warm the hearts of the few still here who were part and parcel of those strenuous days, and to inform our present citizenship of the early and feverish growth of the plant that has rounded out so vigorously. In these recollections the aim will be to paint the picture truthfully and not permit the lapse of years to influence a touching up of the highlights to make the picture more striking. The life we lived was conducted strictly on first principles; each to his trade, calling or pursuit and no interference with others and it is astonishing how fairly the game was played.

It will no doubt be a surprising bit of information to the majority of the present residents of Miles City to learn that the Main Street of the early days began more than two blocks west of the Olive Hotel corner, but that is an uncontrovertible fact. Fourth Street and Third Street were busy thoroughfares then, and there was a fractional block beyond Third Street to the west before Tongue River was encountered.

The Main Street frontage from Third to Fourth was occupied by the "Diamond R" corral, more than half of which, and all to the west of it, has since been gradually eaten into by the hungry Tongue River. Since the "cut-off" was made under the Farr administration, throwing the Tongue River into a new channel, all this lost territory has been restored by the alluvial deposits of the spring floods, though at a lower grade than the area that was taken.

Another surprise will be, that before this end of Main Street was thus cut into, the government maintained a bridge across Tongue River at the foot of Main Street. It was an odd-looking structure of home construction, having been built by soldier labor under the direction of Major T. H. Logan of the 5th Infty., who fashioned it after the style of bridges built in India by the British Army. It was a success as long as it lasted but was carried away by an ice gorge along about '86.

Next beyond the Diamond R corral looking east, in those very early days, came Major Borchardt's store which was also—for a time—the postoffice. This was at the corner now the site of the Hyde Flats. Major Borchardt was postmaster for a long time and during the greater part of his incumbency, J. B. Collins was his deputy and practically acting-postmaster. The Borchardt store was a two-story frame building, but the rest of the buildings up to the Jordan brick, were one-story frame shacks, occupied so variously by the changing population of that day that it will suffice to say that those that were not saloons were vaudeville theaters, and there was one tailor shop.

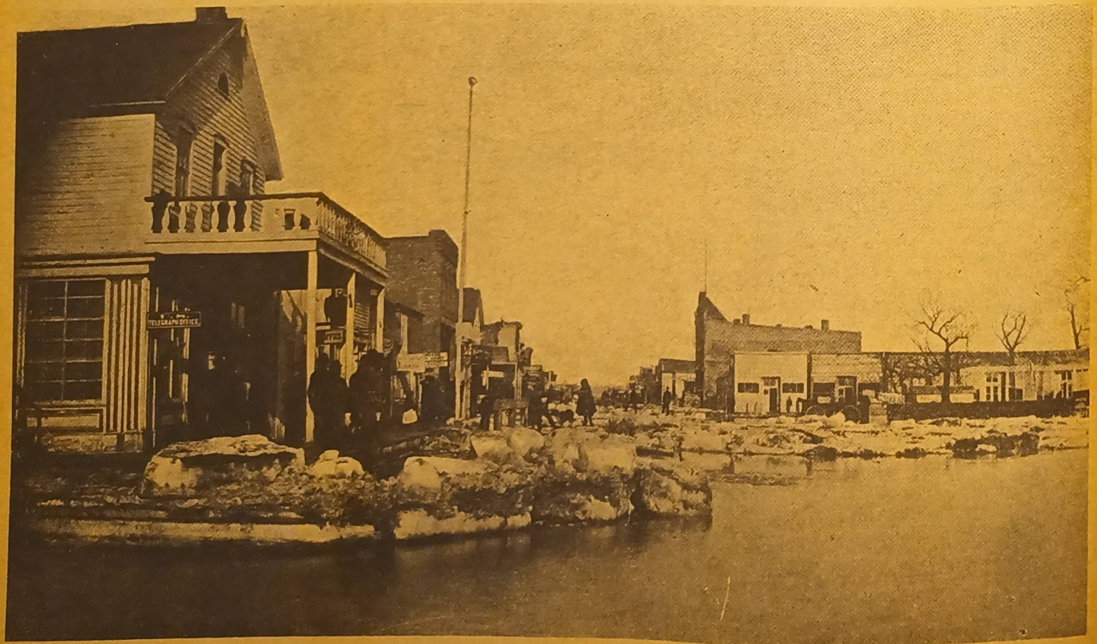
One identity worth mentioning among the occupants of this section, is John Chinnick, whose saloon—and also his ranch home, located in the neighborhood of the baseball park—were acknowledged "hangouts" for all the desperadoes who happened this way. John himself was never misjudged by his fellow citizens. They knew him for just what he was, but in his daily contact with the world he was in many respects a decent sort and always ready and willing to join in public movements. And in those days inquiry into one's antecedents or private business was discouraged.

BUT to get back to Main Street. The Jordan brick was built in '81 and next, to the east, came the "Diamond R" outfit—Broadwater Hubbell & Co. —covering all the area now occupied by the Miles & Ulmer Co. implement buildings and extending back across the alley to Pleasant and Fifth, at which corner was located the Grand Central Hotel, which later served as one of our early schoolhouses under Prof. A. C. Logan.

Recalling the location of the "Diamond R" store at the northwest corner of Main and Fifth (with the park—as now —at the southwest corner) the northeast corner, now the site of the Olive Hotel, was known as the "Charley Brown" corner. There—in a single-story log building extending nearly, if not quite, back to the alley—Charley Brown, a character inseparable from the history of early Miles City, held forth, and there in winter time the old-fashioned cannonball stove was surmounted day and night with an immense tin boiler containing a savory "Mulligan," which was free to all who hungered.

It was in the rear end of this place that the polls were held in the general election of '82, when many soldiers from Keogh were temporarily equipped in citizens' togs and voted. If memory serves, there were about 1,700 votes cast by a population of a possible 1,200 men, women and children. It took the election officials five days to canvass the vote, which procedure was in progress off and on for all of that period, at a faro table in the rear of the saloon, frequent adjournments being taken to indulge in the other attraction close at hand. It was currently reported, at the time, that the delay in announcing the result was in deference to instructions from Helena to hold off until it could be ascertained how much of a Democratic majority would be required from spacious Custer to cinch the deal. This was the election that had for one of its features the "Wooley's Ranch" vote, a precinct that returned a hundred odd votes, all of a kind, that has never yet been located on the map of Custer County.

Borchardt's Corner and Post Office, Fourth and Main, looking east. The view shows the ice left in the streets by the flood of '83.



On the remaining corner of Main and Fifth, where the Leighton block now stands, was located another very popular resort, the Cottage Saloon, John Smith proprietor, and "Jimmy" Coleman managing director. It was housed in a very ornate two-story building something on the style of a Siwash chalet, and was the chief resort of the "swaddies" on pay day. On these occasions the patronage was so large and so urgent that there was no time wasted on drawing beer. It was emptied into a couple of washtubs behind the bar, and dipped up in beer glasses in a continuous service—one shift filling the tubs and another emptying them. Such a thing as a "quiet drink" was impossible in the Cottage Saloon while pay day lasted.

The Leighton block that now adorns this historic corner, is also an old-timer, having been erected in '84 or '85. Thus, with the prestige of these three corners of Main and Park Streets—now Fifth—it is easy to see how Park Street came in for reflected glory. In these days it was built up solidly from Main to Bridge, fronting the park, with a range of frame shacks of one story, with the exception of the Park Hotel kept by Sam O'Connell and the brick building on the corner of Bridge, built for a vaudeville house whose first impressario was "Red" Ward.

One of the incidents of its opening season was the cutting of a man's throat as he leaned half-drunk over the gallery rail, by someone whose identity was never revealed. It is also pertinent to identify the Park Hotel as the locale of the forming of the Eastern Montana Stockgrowers Association, which was the parent of the existing association. This was along in the early '80s, about '83 or '84. Another feature of this block of Park Street was Prof. Bach's place. The "professor" was a connoisseur in things good to eat, drink and smoke, and together with fine liquors and cigars he carried a stock of imported lunch goods that settled the question of where to go for the last bite. The professor also played the guitar with fine effect and thus added to the attractions of his otherwise dingy and not over-clean den.

Park Street's only other bid for fame —if Kitty Hardiman's dance hall, afterwards famous as the "Grey Mule," is excepted—was the Macqueen House, the many excellences of which caused much of the travel on Park Street. It was the fond contention of Miles City in those days that no better hostelry existed anywhere. It was a great loss to the town when it went up in smoke twenty years ago.

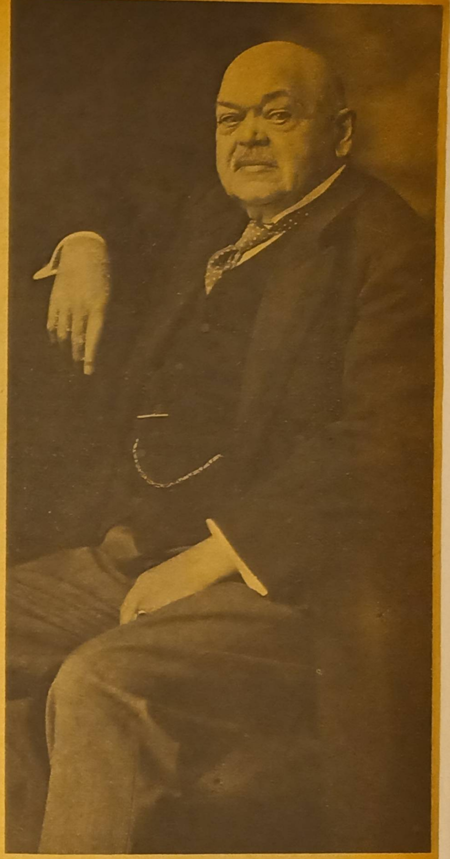
RETURNING again to Main Street, having crossed Fifth going eastward, the present appearance of the block between Fifth and Sixth on each side of the way, fairly represents the early days. On the south side there is no change from the days of '84 except the alterations that have been made in the buildings, though prior to that, a row of one and two-story frames occupied the entire block with one notable exception, and were swept out of existence by a spectacular fire. The exception is the First National Bank Building, now occupied by Al Furstnow, and the fire was the one that closely followed the lynching of Rigney in July, '83.

Where the Commercial Bank block now stands, there was a theater, run but not owned by John Chinnick. The fire started in that building about daylight on Sunday morning, presumably on arrival of the news in town that Rigney had been hanged to a railroad trestle some distance from town. Immediately following that fire, the entire block was rebuilt and as it now stands, the First National Bank Building alone resisting the fire. The north side of this block was likewise originally frame, all of which, with the exception of the Savage corner—now occupied by the First National Bank Building—was wiped out by fire in '82. This included substantial buildings in which the Orschels and Miles & Strevell were doing business. These firms, combining with their neighbors on the right and left, built the brick range that now fills the space between the Olive Hotel and the bank building.

Savage's store did not go up in this blaze as he had taken heed of the danger and constructed a heavy brick fire-wall on the west side of his building which proved effective in that fire; but later the building went the way of the others. This corner was also one of the high points in life in those days. Under the style of A. R. Nininger & Co., Mr. C. W. Savage as resident partner was conducting a general outfitting business in competition with Leighton & Jordan, the Diamond R, Orschel's and other small concerns, the principal rivalry being between the Diamond R and the Savage outfit. This developed into a race to see who could sell the most goods on the most liberal terms and the people, being willing to buy on the very liberal terms offered, financial disaster fell upon both of the competitors.

Later the Hotel Leighton—now the Olive—covered the space left vacant by Charley Brown's place and its easterly neighbors, and the massive structure of the First National Bank covered the Savage site within the memory of quite recent arrivals.

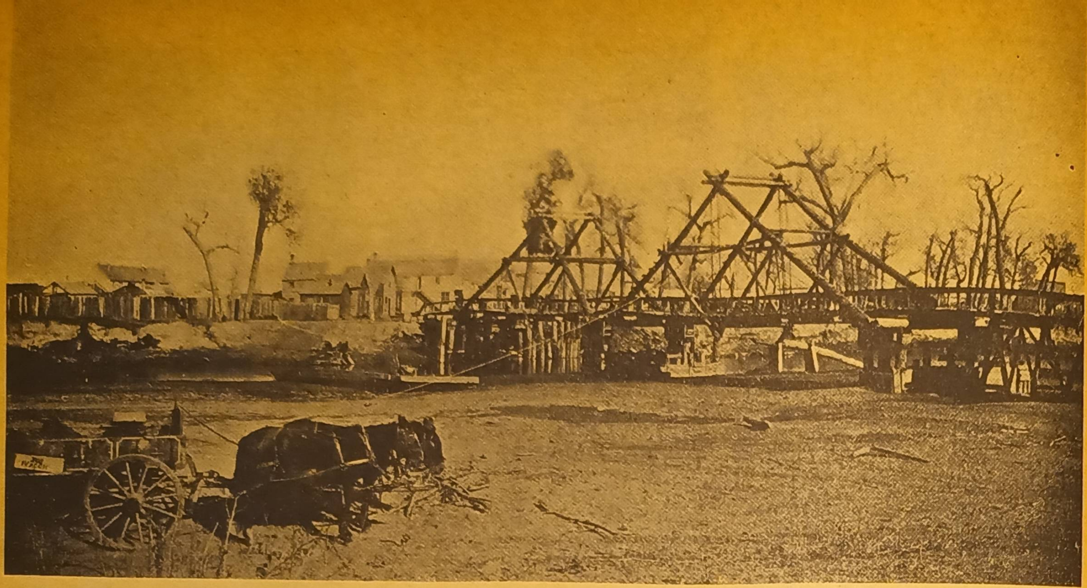
Keeping on toward the east, the block between Sixth and Seventh shows only a few changes from the early-day conditions. On the south side the first hundred and fifty feet of frontage all belongs to ancient history. Schmalsle's building on the corner, Nigros'—built by Colonel Butler of the 5th Infantry, stationed at Fort Keogh—and the Milligan frontage, built by John J. Graham and Konrad Schmid, both early residents, remain about the same except for the addition to the Milligan House in the rear. The shacks which occupied the Kenney and Jones sites were not notably historic and the present improvements are of comparatively recent date. Then comes Sipes' barber shop, pretty ancient but not of the first crop. Somewhere along here Louis Payette's brother-in-law, Murphy, used to have a blacksmith shop. Next, and on the corner, is a real old-timer bedizened out in new logs. When Pat Gallagher conducted a barrel house in it, it was a two-story log and frame, but more recent owners put a veneer of brick around it and now it stands for something new, which it isn't.



S. Gordon, who compiled these "Recollections" and who for thirty-three years was editor of *The Daily Yellowstone Journal* at Miles City.

On the north side, Bullard's building is comparatively recent. Where it stands there was in the early days a one-story frame that had the distinction of being the home of our first telephone system. It was purely a local affair and it didn't last long but while it did last, the wise ones had lots of fun with the innocents. There was a hay-scale out in front with the box that held the scale-beam close to the curb, as usual. This box was covered on top with zinc and had a secret connection with the battery inside. The ground surrounding it was kept properly damp so that when a "fall guy" was steered up against this arrangement and allowed his bare hands to touch the zinc, the signal would be given to the conspirators inside and the guy was due to pipe up a few notes of surprise because of the "shock" he had received. . . . When that game got too well known, a couple of inviting-looking chairs were placed in the shade, one of which was "loaded" in the same way and produced like effects and results.

FROM BULLARD'S down to Jackson's old place the block is fairly old-time, the bricks dating from about the middle



Military bridge across Tongue River looking west from reservation end. "It was an odd-looking structure of home construction."

'80s which were built to replace frames that had been destroyed. Jackson's frame, except its brick front, is a tolerably early construction but subsequent to the fires. Next comes a row of shacks that almost defy the efforts of the oldest inhabitant to properly classify. On this property, in very early days, stood "the courthouse." It was a log building, well built and fairly commodious and it stood back from the street about fifteen feet, so it cannot be identified in this present range of shacks, but it may be, nevertheless. Behind the courthouse there was a "stockade" or a place of confinement made of poles stuck upright in the ground, in which an Indian prisoner hanged himself one night with his gee string because of the dishonor put upon him by such treatment.

At the corner stood one of the earliest constructions of the town. In it Ernest Goettlich had a saddlery and harness shop. Later Andrew Burleigh had a law office there for a while and he was succeeded by Sam Pepper, who operated a saloon for several years. Then the property passed into the ownership of Charley Kelly, who moved the building off when he erected the handsome brick now occupied by the Miles City National Bank.

Many interesting memories cluster around this resort under the Pepper regime, as it was where the "remittance boys" used to congregate when downtown, their other hang-out being the Macqueen House. These were the younger sons of English well-to-do and often titled families, for whom there was no place at home and who were started in the range-stock business over here on a gamble that they might make a success of it. If they did not, it was anyhow the regular and accepted thing to do to banish "the cubs" during the period of their adolescence.

"Syd" Paget will stand out clear in the recollection of all residents of that day as a type of the genius. A thorough sportsman in everything that pertained to the open, he was always game for a horse race, and as he had a few ponies that he thought pretty well of, it was always easy to make a match with him. The very best any of his ponies could do was known, so whenever a horse that could do better came along, "Syd" was given a tip that brought him to town with his ponies and he was "trimmed" as regularly as he went up against the game. He enjoyed the sport, though, and was willing to pay for it.

Whatever his allowance was, he was always ahead of it, but his credit was excellent, for whenever his debts became a matter of anxiety to his creditors, the money would be forthcoming from England to pay him out. There was a blonde pony he called "Flossie" that cost him a heap of money. Along in the early '90s when we had the racetrack down toward the poor farm, the Englishers introduced us to steeplechases. With movable hurdles on the track and a "marquee" in the paddock, with English ladies "serving tea" in broad daylight, and riders prancing around in red coats and caps and those wonderful riding breeches that many of us saw then for the first time, we were scoring a high mark for a small town. At all events it was a phase of our existence that we can look backward to with much pleasure. They were a very decent lot, those remittance boys, and nobody is the poorer for having known them.

The next block, going east on Main Street, is not all new construction. The Foster building dates from the days of '83 or '84, with the exception of the small extension on Seventh Street. It was put up by a man named Maxwell who had the mail contract from Deadwood and who had some interesting scraps with Indians while carrying the mail. Levine's store, next eastward, is another old-timer. It was originally built in '81 by Herman Clarke & Company, who were supply contractors on the extension of the Northern Pacific as a bid for the local trade. A very popular young fellow named Bertrand was in charge but the old-timers were clannish and wouldn't patronize the new place, so it moved on but left the building, which was soon after occupied by another new venture—A. T. Campbell & Company. When this firm sought larger quarters, Ed Arnold's tailoring establishment went in, which only a few years ago vacated in favor of Levine.

Next to this, easterly, was the properly famous "steamboat building," constructed, in major part, of the "remainders" of the steamboat *Yellowstone* that was wrecked on Buffalo Rapids in '79 or '80. The machinery and other valuable stuff was taken out of her, but the hulk and cabin were left. Then in '91, one "Jimmy" Dance, a resident of "Old Town" hauled the big oak timbers of the hull up to town and proceeded to work them into a building, using the four-inch oak planks for the walls. Later he brought up the cabin and rebuilt it as a second story, following the steamboat style of the long cabin and the staterooms on each side, and for a time the ghost of the steamer *Yellowstone* resumed business as a sort of a lodging house. Later, the cabin part was removed, or demolished by some calamity—either wind or fire—and the first floor, or store part, was occupied by C. J. Smith as a feed and produce store. He was followed by Tom Gibb in the same lines, to which he added a coal agency and who remained in the occupancy until the march of improvement caused him to vacate.

When George Miles used the site of this historic building for the extension of the Shore-Newcom store, he removed those venerable oak planks to a lot on Main Street east of the Presbyterian Church and used them in the construction of another building. The steamer *Yellowstone* must have been thirty or forty years old when she was wrecked, and that was close onto forty years ago, so those precious oak planks which were water-soaked for forty years and have now been drying out for a like period, ought to be pretty good timber.

THE FRONTAGE now occupied by the Shore-Newcom store was originally the location of a row of one-story frames with various occupants, the most readily remembered of which are Miss Miner, Cully the plumber, and William Courtenay. The next two brick frontages, now known as the Arnold Block, were built separately, the corner building by L. A. Huffman, in the middle '80s, and the inside one by a Lieutenant Gilman a few years later.

Lieutenant Gilman was stationed at Fort Keogh and had quite an idea of the future of Miles City. He was one of the incorporators of the first electric light service we had here, and the first central station was in the basement of this building, and the outfit consisted of a 400 light dynamo and a 40 h.p. Westinghouse engine. The elevation of these buildings above the "grade" is an indication of the fear, in those days, of a flood. The extreme measure of caution taken is not so apparent now as it was before Main Street was paved, as the paving grade was adjusted to the conditions.

One the south side of Main, from Seventh to Eighth, nothing remains of the old days. The Wibaux Building, and the two adjoining one-story bricks, cover the area that was originally Ringer & Johnson's livery barn and corral. This was a historic establishment and for a while it was the end of the town on that side of the street. Later Steve Manchester put up a frame dwelling and next adjoining was the little log shack where old John Anderson lived with his daughter, Janie. The frames that now are there are recent innovations in that locality, having been "moved in."

One of them is ancient enough, though, being the old Kelly Saloon, long occupied by Sam Pepper and later by Charley Kelly, then located on the Kelly corner. The bricks, from here on to the corner, are new and were preceded by a small frame, elevated two or three steps from the walk—because of fear of high water—in which Milligan & Miller ran a saloon. On the corner the Kentucky Saloon, a building with extra large floor space, became very popular as a rendezvous for laboring men and workmen generally—a sort of an informal and social trades union.

Crossing Eighth on the north side of Main, the block to Ninth is now adorned with modern buildings—with one exception—but it will doubtless surprise a good many fairly old-time residents to be told that the corner now occupied by the Schiesser Saloon and the adjoining frontage where the Miles Theater is located, was once occupied by a two-story-and-basement brick, fifty feet front and a hundred and fifty deep, reaching back to the alley, but such is the fact. The building was put up by J. H. Conrad, one of three brothers who were operating largely in Montana in the early days. It was intended for the business of J. H. Conrad & Co., who in '85 had opened a wholesale and retail outfitting establishment in what was then the Stebbins block, now the Commercial Bank block, renting the two stores next to the alley.

There was not room enough and the next year the big store at the corner of Eighth was built and the business moved into it, where for a while it flourished; but the hard winter of '86-'87 put such a crimp into all business ventures here that J. H. Conrad & Co. closed out and the building remained vacant except when used occasionally for church fairs, dances and other semi-public functions. Then it was wiped off the face of the earth completely a few years later in the big fire that started in the Rink which stood on the corner of Pleasant and Eighth and covered the area on Eighth now occupied by the Y.M.C.A., the Auditorium, Cole's Building and Schlichting's Studio with a spacious balloon frame, making a blaze so intense that not even brick walls could hold out against it. Nothing but the basement was left to mark the site of the most pretentious edifice the city could then boast of.

Next to the Conrad building easterly was a two-story frame belonging to John J. Graham, in the upper story of which Episcopal church services were first held; a two-story frame put up by Col. Gould, then Receiver of the U.S. land office here; a one-story dwelling, the *Yellowstone Journal* office; another two-story frame; and then the Leighton residence, with seventy-five feet frontage extending to the corner of Ninth.

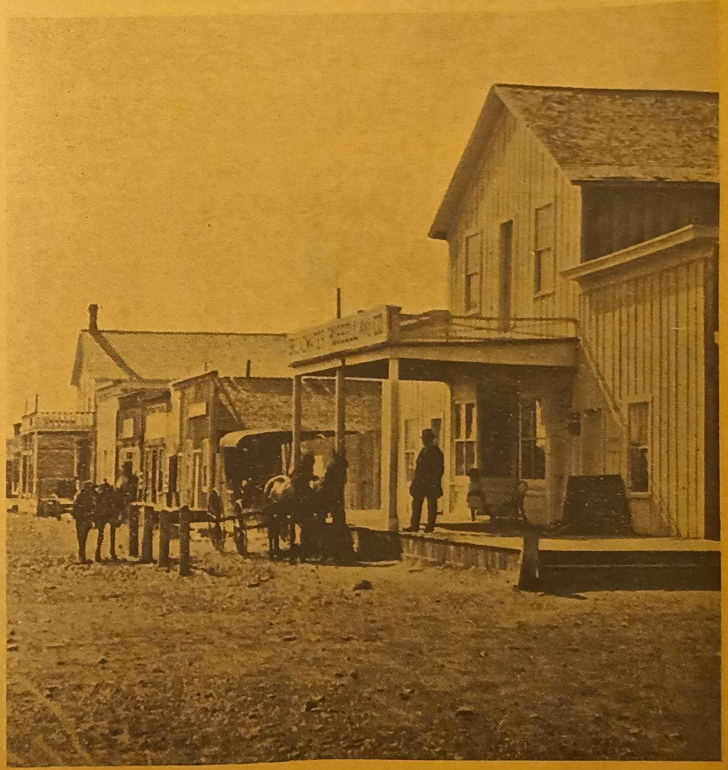
The rink fire destroyed all but the Leighton residence, that being saved by the open space existing between it and the newspaper office. The Leighton residence was one of the first as well as the most ornate of residences of early Milestown. It was built by Capt. John Smith, who was the proprietor of the Cottage Saloon, for himself, but later became the property of Joseph Leighton of the firm of Leighton & Jordan. It was his home during the first years of his married life, and its four walls echoed the first baby utterances of Joe and Alvin. The exception noted as not being modern in this block, is the building occupied by Abbotts, and here is the story.

WITH THE exception of a few piles of mouldering brick lying outdoors in the neighborhood of the poor house, this building occupied by Abbotts, is the sole reminder of the days when Milestown lived in the expectation of rivaling Chicago as a slaughtering and packing center. The De Mores experiment in that line, at Medora, North Dakota, had not exploded at that time, and an Iowa outfit with a fair amount of capital—but not enough—was convinced that range beef, slaughtered and dressed close to the range while in prime condition, and shipped as dead weight to the eastern markets, would be a winner.

It was as plain as daylight that the shrinkage on live weight in transit and the freight on offal would be saved, and a better quality of meat put out. So they built a plant down the river a few miles, brought a skilled crew from the east and opened up. The outfit made one run of about 600 head of Oregon steers and closed down, never to open again.

But the fortunes of the slaughter house are pertinent to this story only so far as they connect with the Abbott building. When the slaughtering business became a fact, a merchant here, "Ikey" Silverman by name, thought he saw a business chance in a store for supplying the employees close to home, and Colonel Bryan put up a building for him at the plant. When the plant shut down Ikey moved his stock back to

The "Diamond R" Corner looking west. Chinnick's Saloon next, Borchardt's Store (then the Post Office) at farther corner.



town and later Colonel Bryan moved the building up on the Main Street site, and although it has been camouflaged and added to, it cannot deny its origin and early history.

The south side of this stretch of Main Street, from Eighth to Ninth, now so handsomely improved, was in the early days the despair of all enterprising citizens, it being given over principally to corral purposes. It was always dirty and foul-smelling and being on the way to the courthouse, it caused our people—particularly the members of the local bar—much chagrin when court sat. For in those territorial days, "court" was quite a function.

The judge—a presidential appointee—was resident generally at Helena and when he came here he was accompanied by a train of lawyers of state-wide repute, who either had clients here with cases in court, or else came along in the expectation of picking up enough business to make it worthwhile. It was a sort of an outing trip for these high-flyers. who were always entertained most hospitably by the members of the local bar.

So it happened that this disreputable corral was a thing to be ashamed of before visitors. The first "improvement" in this block was a one-story brick at the corner of Main and Ninth, built by Dr. Burleigh and occupied first by Brill & Osgood as a butcher shop. Later it became the office of a livery stable in conjunction with the old corral. Shortly afterward, "Pete" Sorenson put up the two-story brick on the corner of Eighth for a blacksmith shop, with living rooms upstairs. Pete was a blacksmith then and a good one, though you would never guess it now. The building is still there. somewhat disguised by the Ionic columns in front but still a monument to the builder's faith in Milestown. With the exception of a Chinese laundry or two, this block never improved any more until it came under the control of W. C. Jackson and Ed Arnold.

From Ninth to Tenth on Main, some interesting relics of the early days remain. On the north side, where the Iris Theater stands, there was a log shack, owner not remembered, and it was along about here that "the first house built in Miles City" stood. The legend is attached to one of Huffman's old pictures and "Huff" must stand sponsor for it. The frontage now occupied by the Masonic Temple had a row of frame shacks built for rental by a Dr. Woods, then resident here.

The two frame dwellings next east of the Masonic Temple are veritable old-timers. They were there from the beginning. The one next to the Temple was originally the home of "Jimmy" Coleman, and the other, now partially obscured by the concrete block building on the corner, originally occupied that location and was used by Dr. Burleigh as an office and sleeping quarters. The doctor was practicing law, not medicine.

The concrete-block building that now stands at the corner is in disguise. It is a frame building with a concrete overcoat, and its story belongs with the other side of the street. To take that up, we go back to the corner now conspicuous as the home of the Midland Lumber Co. It always was a lumber yard. Charley Larsen and Ben Smith were early proprietors and later Geo. M. Miles was interested under the title of the Miles City Lumber Co. Then followed the Midland which largely extended the plant and made many improvements, but there was one of the old buildings that was permitted to remain, perhaps because it had a history. This is the building now occupied by Deschner.

Its grim distinction is that it was for a time the dead-house, or morgue, of the young community. One of the most notable of its uninvited guests was Rigney, the man who was lynched. At a later date it received Red Bird, a Cheyenne Indian, who was shot in an attempt to escape from the courthouse jail where he was a prisoner, held under some charge and awaiting a term of court. Although he was hit squarely in the forehead, he was not "a dead one," but expecting that he would die soon, he was taken to the morgue and through someone's whim, he was placed in a sitting posture on the floor in front of the window. There he sat all of one summer afternoon, dying by inches, a splendid and never-to-be-forgotten demonstration of the stoicism of the Indian. With his brains oozing out of the hole in his forehead, he sat like a statue. There was a feeling at the time that the shooting was unnecessary and this probably bred the report that the prisoner was induced to attempt an escape as an excuse to take a shot at him, but that was never proven. For one thing, Red Bird—old coffee-cooler that he may have been—had no "yellow" in him.

WHERE the Telephone building now stands, was the home of Luther J. Whitney, one of the early comers, who for a number of years cherished the idea that he had a claim to most all of Milestown. And now comes—in its proper place—the story of the building now occupied by the Creedmoor Armory and located on the corner opposite from the library.

The courthouse, during the first years of its occupancy, was a long stretch from the center of the town's activities, and the routine of court proceedings had a tendency to induce a thirst. When court adjourned for noon or evening, and the longish trip downtown was undertaken, there was an almost universal craving among those attendant on court, for a bracer, not then obtainable until Sam Pep's was reached, that being the first oasis on the long and dusty trail. Of course, in a resourceful community such as Milestown then was, such a lack of public service could not long be permitted to endure, and so the Court House Saloon came into being; a one-story frame—the identical building now sporting a concrete overcoat on the opposite corner—and a "first relief" station for judges, lawyers and litigants, established therein.

The first "Central" at the corner of Main and Sixth, later occupied by the Bullard Block.

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After some years of more or less adequate service, the demand fell off, whether because of a lessening appetite or because regular supply stations had advanced toward the courthouse as far as Ninth Street, I cannot say. But the fact remains that the Court House Saloon was abandoned and the building became a common paint shop and an eyesore until the idea of calling Mr. Carnegie's bluff of a $10,000 library was started. The Court House Saloon corner was fixed upon as the most desirable site. The purchase of this site caused the removal of the saloon building to the westward a few lots, and when the telephone people bought it, the saloon building had to move again, this time to its present location, and the fire ordinance required that it be encased in a fire-resisting material, hence its concrete overcoat.

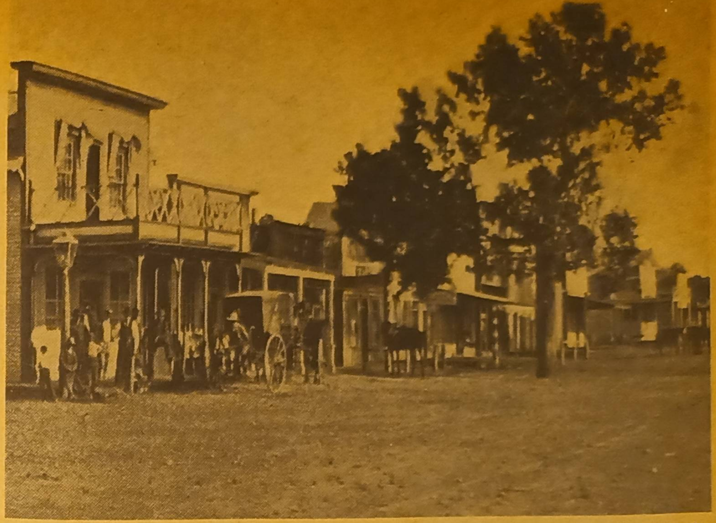
From Tenth to Eleventh on Main, the north side has been somewhat changed from early-day conditions, but not much. The Catholic Church property remains the same, except for some minor changes made to the church edifice about fifteen years ago. The remainder of the block eastward, originally was owned and occupied by Jim Clifford, who subsequently had charge of the Cheyenne Agency. With his family he lived for years in the little house that was removed to make room for the Gregory building.

The Mund residence was built by Mr. Clifford after he had left here, and the concrete block building adjoining was built by his widow. On the south side of the block the courthouse and grounds are practically unchanged since the early days. The courthouse was built in 1881-2 and has since been increased in size by enlargement of the wings and the addition of the jail building in the rear. The trees were set out in '83 under the direction of Colonel Bryan, then a county commissioner, and have satisfied all expectations.

From Eleventh Street to Montana Avenue the north side of Main Street remains the same as it was in '81 except for the additions made to the two residences occupying the block and the improvements to the grounds. Both the Orschel and the Gordon residences are, originally, of the earliest construction, but as seen now, bear very little resemblance to their early appearance. On the south side primitive architecture still holds its place, the Maples & Stuart carpenter shop, now a venerable ruin, holds memories of busy days and a large lumber yard adjacent.

The Brasen residence, though new in appearance, is in part one of the real old-time landmarks. Here the Main Street of Old Milestown ends and the Miles Addition begins, which accounts for the shift in the line of the street, the street in the Addition running to the four points of the compass. And here the story of Main street is ended, but mention should be made of two landmarks that were for a long time the very outposts of civilization. These were Charley Strevell's house, where the garage now stands, and the Presbyterian Church, not the majestic edifice that now occupies that site, but its frame predecessor recently banished to a back street.

MILESTOWN has had several eras, each marked by its own peculiarities and intermediate intervals when the new vogue mixed with the old. First we had the military condition, for the exemplification of which the town was founded. The soldiers, officers and civilian employees of Fort Keogh aggregated about a round thousand, which was more than the town could muster at the start, so the military element dominated for a while. Presently there developed the buffalo hunter. There was never enough of these to make an impression on the life of the community but relatively few as they were, they have a big score marked up against them. They are the men who put the buffalo out of business. It is doubtful if the world's record shows any such inexcusable slaughter of a harmless and useful animal. Scores of fifty and more a day were made by hunters and the winter of '82-'83 saw the last of them.



Park Street in its glory looking south from Main to Bridge. Cottage Saloon in foreground.

The cowboy followed next and he put a mark on Old Milestown that clings to it yet, though the only recrudescence of those early days and days we now have is during the Fourth of July Roundup when the "boys" are given partial freedom of the city and can give way to some of their horse-play. Gradually as we left the "swaddie" and the "bullwhacker" and the "muleskinner" behind, and quiet and orderly people came in, we commenced to pinch off the cowboys' privileges.

First we made him put his gun away on entering town. Next we deprived him of his time-honored privilege of announcing his arrival by a furious gallop up Main Street, whooping and howling and occasionally taking a shot at a street lamp. We tried to enforce the same rules of conduct for departures but as these were never as hilarious as the incomings and, as the culprits were out of jurisdiction in a few jumps, the discipline lapsed and in time the comings and the goings of the cowboy were as quiet and orderly as could be desired.

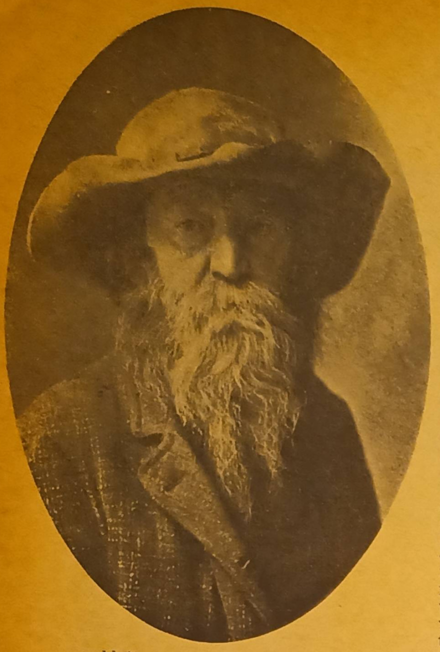
And now we are a railroad town and in a fair way to forget that we were ever anything else. It will not be difficult to do this for those who located here in the ten or fifteen years past, but for the rapidly diminishing "old guard" who were part and parcel of the strenuous days covered by its first fifteen years, there will be innumerable memory cells that will refuse to be plugged up or marked vacant. Faintly and even dimly illustrative of the daily current of events during these eras when Milestown was in the making, there comes to mind a few of the incidents that kept us up to concert pitch all the time; ready and appreciative of the most unusual performances.

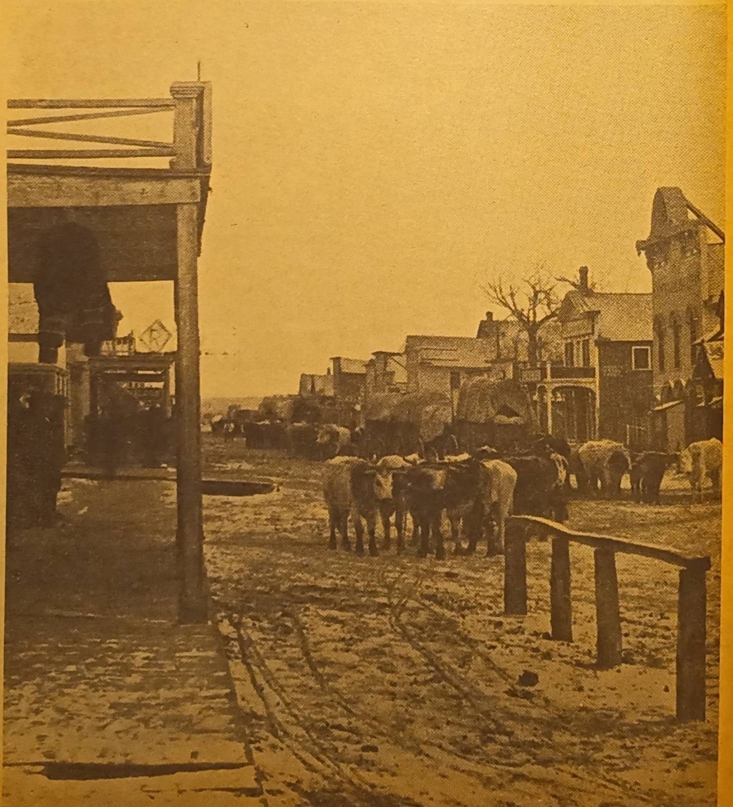
Main and Park was a lively corner in those days, lively in the daylight hours because of the concentration of business and traffic thereabouts, and warming up as the shades of night began to draw and the evening meal had been disposed of. As dusk fell in the long summer evenings, the bands of the several variety shows—there were rarely fewer than three of them—would start out, marching around and blowing their best and loudest in harmonious competition to assemble the crowds that were to take up the risks and pleasures of "the night shift."

And it may be pertinent to note in this connection, that there were individuals living here who were rarely if ever seen in daylight; not because they were leery of the greater publicity that is entailed by such exposure, but because they had to sleep sometime, and as their business prospered better at night, they chose to waste their least profitable hours in sleep.

This peculiarity would be exposed whenever there was a night fire. For mutual protection everybody turned out to help fight fires; and there the man who worked in daylight and slept at night would meet many fire-fighters equally as industrious as he who were total strangers to him. These night-birds were mainly "gams" and "bar-keeps"—Gams who sat in for a full night's session at "stud," and the boys with the white aprons who ministered to their occasional wants. Gambling was as open as selling popcorn is now. Every saloon had its games of stud, faro and roulette, with black-jack or chuck-a-luck and such like to tempt those who hadn't the nerve to go against the real thing.

At times there would be a keno room started but these never lasted long; the rake-off was too heavy and the sports





Oval portrait above is of a typical "bullwhacker," Jim Maddox, who drove the lead team in the Diamond R train. Below, the train just pulled in from Buford and halted at "Diamond R" Corner.

couldn't see what became of their money. Stud was the stand-by, with faro and roulette patronized principally by the fleeting crowd that liked to keep on the move taking "a flyer" here and there as they roamed at will. The men who played stud were stayers. They sat in early and they stayed late, unless perchance a bad guess on the other fellow's hole card caused a retirement from the game. But such retirement was only temporary. The discomfitted one would come back in a short time with another stake, which he had either borrowed or "dug up," and resume his courtship of fickle Fate.

One learned in studying these characters that the gambling instinct, in its full development, is not dominated by a greed for self. It is a test of nerve and skill, the continued strain of which makes the game as serious a problem to the player as the possible strain that may be put upon a new construction is to an architect or a bridge-builder. If there is a display of temper when money is lost, it is not because of the loss of the money but because of the loser's failure to correctly size up the other fellow's strength.

Gambling is a great developer of character, but the trouble is, it develops traits and faculties that have no useful purpose. There were to be seen in Miles City in those days, some men who had the keen eye, the determined lower jaw, and the faculty of quick thinking that belongs to the successful soldier or businessman; but they failed to make a success even of their chosen profession for it is written, "Fortune is fickle."

IN THE EARLY days when the buffaloes were plenty, sun-dried buffalo tongue was a great delicacy—as indeed it would be yet if there was any to be had. Every gam carried a chunk of it about with him and it went far toward sustaining life and vigor during the long sessions at stud. The last of this delicacy disappeared along about '84. All this is a part of the story of Old Main Street, as is also a more extended reference to the fire-fighting of the early days, for the conditions of wooden buildings closely packed together and no water supply except that obtained from force pumps attached to driven wells, made it a first obligation with every citizen to drop everything at the sounding of the fire alarm and take his place in the fighting line.

It was "man the pumps" and "get on the bucket line" for all who were not more dangerously employed in carefully toting out feather-beds and throwing mirrors out of the windows. But it most always happened that the fire ran its race, and most of the early fires cleaned up whole blocks.

The alarm was primitive. Whoever first saw a blaze pulled his gun and emptied it upwards. That brought others similarly equipped to like service and the alarm was communicated quite as quickly as now, though the territory was much more contracted. The bucketline was the main reliance as the pumps were primarily intended for the protection of the property in front of which they stood, and were never equipped with more than a hundred feet of hose. Of course, this kind of fire fighting was more conspicuous for its wholehearted good fellowship than for results, and whether day or night the fire was soon over. Then began the assembling of the fighters at the various places of good cheer and the details were related from all the differing angles; if in the daytime, the rest of the day was a holiday and if at night, the exercises probably lapped well over into the next morning. We were a careless, happy people in those days and the temptation to fraternize and be sociable was improved on every occasion, even if business had to wait.

Our mails came intermittently, whenever the stage from Bismarck could dodge the Indians and make the high-water fords and we didn't feel as if we had anybody to care for but ourselves. We were a pretty well-behaved community, too. True, there used to be some delightful shindigs at the dance-house when the "Diamond R" gang, headed by Big Sandy Lane, Jim Kennedy and Charley Northrup, ran afoul of a bunch of swaddies from Keogh feeling their oats. But it was all fists and boots and never a shot fired or a knife used. Sandy was a giant and in his twenties and Northrup and Kennedy, though small men, were worthy of a ton of "iron crosses" each.

To be sure these affairs were disturbances of the peace, but what could our one nightwatchman do, even had he been inclined to mix in, which he wasn't. And then, there was a sort of a "town and gown" feeling as a *casus belli.* The students at the military institute at Fort Keogh were inclined to be offensive when congregated in any considerable number and the bullwhackers and the muleskinners of the Diamond R could always be mobilized for an argument with the "sogers."

Two other features of the Old Main street on a summer's afternoon, remain to be mentioned. One of these was the "water-fight" which was staged about once a week between the Savage gang and the Burleigh gang, made up of the young men employed in each of these establishments. Burleigh's place was about where Lakin's store is now, and Savage's was at the corner, where the First National is. Each had a four-man force pump in front and with these pumps fully manned and about three or four valiant pipe-men at each nozzle, the boys would "go to it" and the sidewalks would be lined on each side of the street cheering and urging the contestants on.

With George Savage captain of one gang and Lute Dear of the other, it was a case of absolute exhaustion on one side or the other before a score was gained.

Then, on other nice afternoons, a football would be brought out and without choosing sides, everybody present took a kick at it as it flew backwards and forwards. The game lasted until some big window was smashed and then a collection would be taken up to replace the damage.

Old-timers will remember "Teddy, the Leper"—a bar-keep he was—who used to perform prodigious feats of kicking, hoisting the ball once on top of the old First National Building, now Furstnow's. It was a round ball that was used in these games, not the oval, and everybody took a kick at it as it came along. Business was generally suspended while the sport lasted, as was also the case with the pump-fight.

We were a village community in those days, very simple in our tastes and with no aloofness of caste. It was a practical realization of the conditions that blossomed out of the French Revolution—liberty, fraternity and equality—brothers all in our hours of relaxation, free to do as we pleased, and no one better than his neighbor.

ANOTHER SPORT that would take possession of Main Street at intervals was horse racing. Whenever the conditions were favorable—weather and track, and the necessary difference of opinion that makes horse races possible—the street would be cleared from the courthouse westward, as far as the horses were to run, by mounted cowboys stationed at the intersections of the streets and waving people off the roadway. Then, with a yipping and a howling that was typical of the contest, the supremacy of some cow-pony would be established for the time being and the race would be ridden over again at sundry bars. This feature came with the cowboys. Before that, say prior to '84, we had only the swaddies and freighters to add variety to our simple life.

Speaking of freighters, it was surely a sight when a Diamond R bulltrain pulled into Main Street en route to Keogh from Glendive or Buford, loaded with government freight. With from eight to twelve yoke of bulls to a team, hauling two and often three wagons loaded to the top and with a real bullwhacker walking along back by the wheelers, a pageant was paraded to the life of a phase of civilization that was just then passing off the stage.

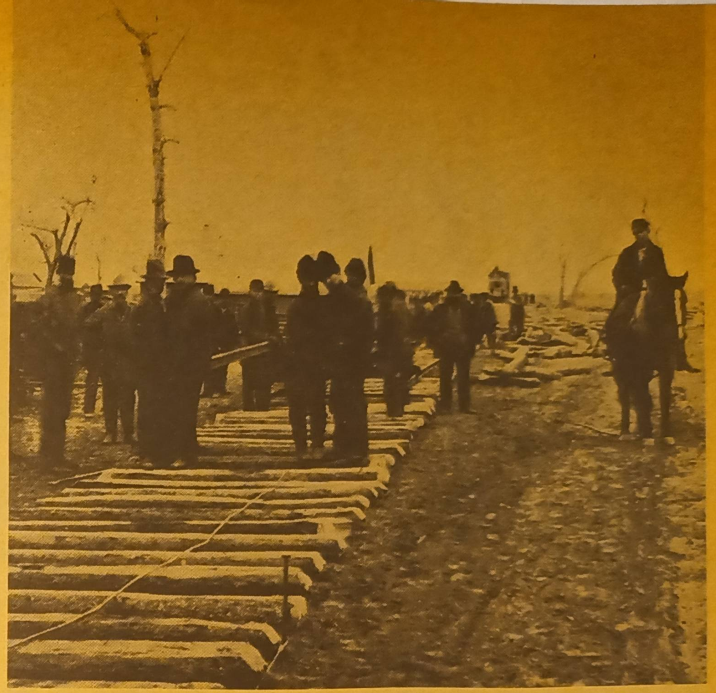
Ranking with the experts in any vocation, the professional bullwhacker in action was a most satisfying sight, and the "pull" up Main Street was their dress parade. With a whip, the stock of which, about six feet long, had been carefully fashioned out of properly tough timber and with a lash that would reach four or six yokes ahead, and a "popper" on the end that would bite out a bunch of hair wherever it landed, the dirty, tousled pilots of the creaking, swaying craft would wake the town with their sonorous and melodious warnings to their teams. This was punctuated continually with the sharp "spit" of the popper as it landed on some poor, patient brute's hide and jumped away, responsive to the backward swirl of the lash deftly imparted by the expert twenty or thirty feet away.

There were old fellows in those trains who had never done anything else but "whack bulls" all their lives. They had started in when the Union Pacific was building across the continent just after the war, freighting to points beyond, and when the railroad took their job away they found it again freighting from rail points into the north; but finally the railroads had beaten them back to this strip of "No Man's Land" in the Yellowstone Valley which the Indians had held supreme control of until a year or two before. Here the faded glory of the bull-train was for a time restored and here it vanished for good and all.

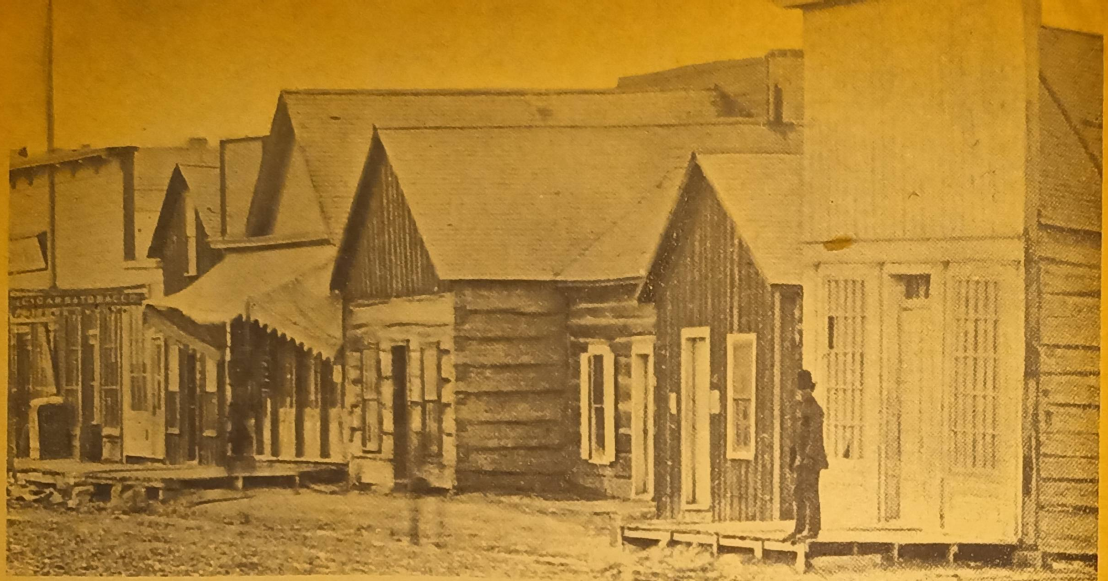
The mule-train, a companion picture, was never as interesting or as picturesque as the bull-train. The muleskinner rode a wheeler and guided his team with a jerk line. Any loafer could do that, but it took an artist to pilot a string of bulls along a side-hill road with a top-heavy load and the trail wagon pulling dead against you. It was a dog's life as far as the comforts and amenities went. The menu rarely went beyond black coffee, sourdough bread and sow-belly fried in a skillet in its own grease thickened with flour. Of camp-shelter there was none for the men who were too tired at night to arrange any but the most primitive protection, and they "pulled" too early in the morning to do any breaking camp.

Summer was bad enough but the slow and uncertain creep of a bull-train on the road in winter was an experience to be endured only once by anyone but a real bullwhacker. Why he endured it he probably could not explain, but there was possibly an element of personal pride and ambition in it that had its brief display on the occasions mentioned, when the train rolled into town and the fine points of the profession were shown. It was a fleeting glory though, for an hour after the train had been parked all hands were too drunk to tell their own names. They were swallowed up in the swirl that eddied around the Diamond R corner and by pure centrifugal force were one by one thrown off into the park—there to lie and sleep off the overpowering effects of the dope they had taken aboard.

Although Milestown did not lack for theatrical entertainment in the early days, there being three and sometimes four "music halls" in full blast every night, the advent of the drama was delayed and of slow growth when it started. It was largely a man's town at first and the taste that was catered to by the music halls was not notable for its delicacy. This condition changed when the railroad got through and made it possible for traveling companies to get through to the coast. Therefore, the territory west of Fargo was unknown to the "profession" and only "barnstormers" ventured beyond St. Paul. The extreme northwest had been served scantily in this line by way of the Union Pacific, but when the Northern Pacific got through and not only opened a new



The advent of the Northern Pacific, showing the entry into Milestown and the horse that was onto his job.



The first courthouse. County offices were in the wings, courtroom in the rear.

trail to the coast but began settling up the country in between, theatrical and operatic companies began to make the route and Milestown was found to be "on the map" for all that came along.

By this time, the variety shows had petered out and the buildings occupied by them had been turned to other uses, so that even the limited and crude equipment that served the early demand for entertainment was not available. The first shows that came along had to put up with the most primitive accessories. I remember attending a performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," given in Charley Brown's place on a stage constructed of two-inch plank supported on beer cases. The outfit carried its own scenery, such as it was, so that it was possible to give that once famous play a measure of stage glamour; but the nerve-thrilling passage of Eliza over the ice-flooded river had to be cut out, all except the bloodhounds which were held at one side of the stage while they bayed at Eliza, who at the other side flourished a rag-baby as evidence of her safe crossing. This waving was, no doubt, the hounds' cue to bark.

Visiting entertainers very seldom gave any prior notice of their coming but dropped in on us quite unannounced and proceeded to bill the town for an immediate performance. Any vacant storeroom that was available was used, but this handicap was abated when a public-spirited citizen—Perkins Russell by name—put a considerable bit of money into the construction of the Rink. We have had rinks a-plenty since, but never one that filled the public demand that this did.

It was when roller-skating was all the rage in "the States" and the main incentive for putting up the building was no doubt to introduce that pastime to Milestown. But the projector looked farther ahead than this and had his building fashioned for a theater also.

The building was 50 x 150 feet, fronting on Pleasant at the corner of Eighth—now occupied by the Y. M. C. A. Building—and extended back to the alley. It had a truss roof so that the interior was unbroken by posts or pillars and the rear twenty-five feet was cut off and fitted up with a stage and dressing rooms, and equipped with curtains and scenery. Here, until it was destroyed by fire, we enjoyed much that was high-class in the way of theatricals by actors and actresses who were then notables or later became such.

In these days we not infrequently enjoyed a pleasure and a privilege that would be inconceivable now. It sometimes happened, either through poor business or failure of remittance, that a company would reach here "busted" and, though contemplating only one night here, would be compelled to remain for a week, maybe, before funds sufficient to move on could be accumulated. As a result, the actor people would get pretty chummy with the townspeople, the great craze of the strangers being to ride a cow-pony, and as it was always easy to fix them out with a real cowboy escort, acquaintance was of quick growth and unshackled by any of the restraints of society. Of course, when a company was marooned in this way they gave performances every night to help pay expenses and with audience and players in such friendly touch there resulted an appreciation and a general state of mind that is not to be enjoyed by those who are patrons of the drama under present conditions.

But one wild September night, with the wind blowing a gale out of the west, a fire started in the Rink and before our then-inadequate fire control could be brought into action, the Rink was in ashes as well as the frontage on both sides of Main Street from Eighth to Ninth. We were then up against it for a place to have shows.

The fire department—regretting, no doubt, their inability to save the Rink—came to the rescue. The department had money in its treasury and it conceived and carried into execution the plan of leasing the brick building at Bridge and Park (originally constructed for a music hall but for years used as a warehouse) and reconverting it into a playhouse. It was a great change from the spacious stage and roomy auditorium of the Rink but it was made to serve for several years. It labored under so many disadvantages—intolerably hot in summer and impossible to heat in winter—that the patrons of the drama were ever on the alert for something better. This appetite was finally appeased by the erection of the present Empress Theater by a stock company capitalized locally and of which the fire department was again the "good angel," giving the enterprise a favorable send-off by subscribing for a large block of the stock.

THE RINK during its existence was notable for many activities other than being the showhouse. During the first year it was thronged nightly—when not in use for other purposes—by the whirling devotees of the roller-skating craze. Everybody skated; that is, everybody who could maintain an equilibrium, and many sedate and grey-haired men and women still enjoying the inestimable privilege of life in Milestown will, at this mention, recall the pleasure and excitement of those nights when dignity and reserve were cast off like outer garments and the mad race entered into, just as if they were kids. It would hardly be true to say that these occasions were not boisterous, but it is the unimpeachable fact that there was no rudeness or loose behavior.

Another occasion when the Rink was filled with a gay and happy throng was the dance given for the purpose of raising a fund to equip a Miles City brass band. This is an ambition common to all new and small communities and it was proper that we should be filled with it. A feature of this dance was the "stepping of the minuet"—which was never "danced" but always "stepped"—by a dozen couples of local young people who went into training for the event weeks before.

The minuet was the dance craze then popular in the East and nothing was too good for us, so we had it too, and had it right—court costumes, powdered wigs and all. That is another function some of our comparatively middle-aged people can look back at with a fond memory. It is worth remembering. Another feature of this dance was the refreshments, principally sandwiches and punch. The sandwiches filled one large-sized wooden washtub and the punch another. There was a sufficiency of both. The receipts totaled $700, which was invested in silver-plated instruments and for a while we had a band, but one by one the performers left for other parts, never failing to take their instruments with them. In the course of a year or two, there wasn't a horn of that outfit in town; and in a smaller way, the public has since contributed toward a similar object with like results.

On another occasion the Rink was the arena of a long-distance walk. It was during the period when such affairs were popular in the East and as a result of the gab-fest concerning what could or could not be done in that line, Sam Pepper obligated himself to do a stunt of that nature; so many miles—the total not now remembered—in twenty-four hours. A track was prepared in the Rink, fifteen laps to the mile, and the affair duly started at noon of a Saturday. Although a one-man affair and with nothing of any consequence pending, it attracted quite a concourse of people and except during the early hours of Sunday morning was at all times watched by an interested crowd cheering the lone pedestrian on his way. From time to time some would join him in his weary tramp for a few laps to help him forget the monotony of his task.

Whether or not "Pep" accomplished his task cannot here be recorded, as the details have faded from memory, but the incident is recalled as but another instance of the communal instinct that pervaded and permeated the town in those days, when prejudices were not rampant.

During its life the Rink also housed the annual meetings of the Montana Stockgrowers Association, whose meetings were attended by many distinguished visitors, among whom was "Teddy" Roosevelt, then in his "20s" and running a bunch of cattle near Medora, North Dakota. It will be remembered that he was the same aggressive and assertive leader then as now.

"The Park"—the unchristened—was, during the open season, a public lodging house and a retiring room for every wayfaring vagrant who had reached that stage of uncleanliness where a change of attire in whole or in part was a stressing necessity. Its surface was cluttered with deposits of discarded raiment, empty whiskey and beer bottles, and an assortment of kindred rubbish. Being a part of the military reservation, the civil administration of the country—there was no town government then—was without authority to abate these nuisances and the military authorities did not consider it worthwhile, as to do this properly and effectively the park would have required "policing" every day.

Its legal status as being part of the reservation led to many nice questions of law which the bench and bar of that day chewed the rag over vigorously, for it was only necessary for an offender against the civil law to step across the imaginary boundary between street and park and impudently defy arrest. Such defiance rarely counted for much, however, as the representatives of the law in those days were men who took no back talk and generally got their men, leaving it to the lawyers to decide the question of asylum.

With offenses committed on park territory, it was different. These were rarely taken cognizance of by the civil authorities and, in consequence, fights to a finish were quite often pulled off there. These were generally impromptu affairs growing out of a clash in one of the nearby resorts, and adjourned to the park to be free from arrest, for civil justice was on the alert for disturbances of the peace, as the constables and the J. P.s had to live and fines were much surer to follow arrest than imprisonment.

The park—now known as Riverside Park—has a history of its own. It was not a part of Milestown until granted to the city for park purposes, by Act of Congress, along in the '90s, through the efforts of Senator "Tom" Carter who always had a warm spot in his heart for Old Milestown. Originally all of the town as it now exists was a part of the Keogh military reservation, and "Old-town," as it came to be known afterwards, was located on the Yellowstone River close up to the northern boundary of the reservation as first laid out, just below where "the slough" opens into the big river.

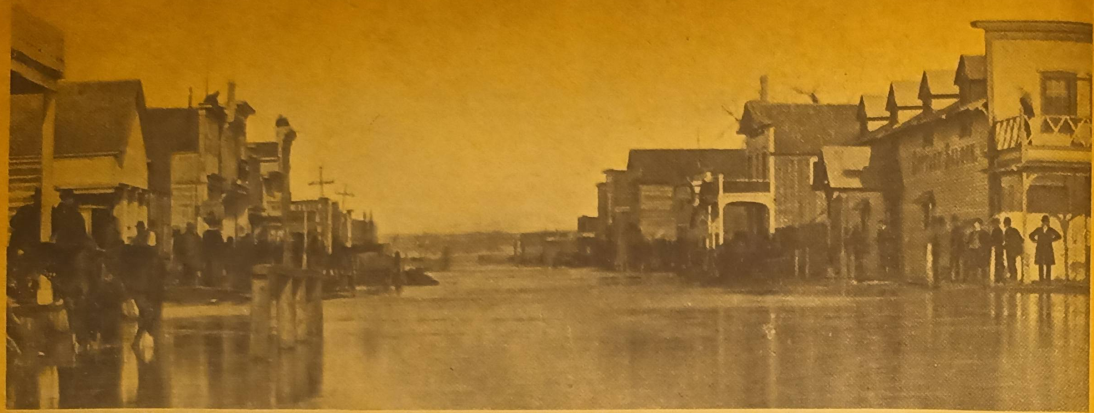
That location was handy enough then, for the troops were quartered in a cantonment just across the Yellowstone, while Fort Keogh was building its present location and a fairly reliable ferry plied between the cantonment and the town. But the time came when it was not so convenient; when the troops had been moved up to the fort and the intervening space had lengthened to between four and five miles. Not much of a trick when going after "a load" but very wearisome when it came to carrying it back.

And so it came about that in March, 1878, a presidential order was issued abolishing the reservation on the east side of the Tongue and Yellowstone Rivers, excepting a sufficient area for a ferry or bridge landing on the east bank, and that "exception" is now the area of Riverside Park. Whoever laid it out did so with no regard to the points of the compass and that is the reason why all the streets in the town that grew up around it run slightly "squegee." The lines of the park were followed in the lines of the streets, a plat of the proposed town filed and a townsite company formed, which made a fairly equitable distribution of the lots at nominal prices to cover costs of administration. Building began and was pushed rapidly, particularly along Main and Park Streets, fronting the park and when these locations were all taken there was much talk of getting the government to content itself with a smaller area for bridge and ferry purposes, so that the park frontage could be utilized for business purposes. This yearning led to one of the most exciting incidents that the young community had yet experienced.

It happened along about a year after the town was fairly settled around the park that a rumor gained swift circulation that the park was going to be "thrown open." Somebody had "seen it"—the order—lying on the adjutant's desk, awaiting signature, and that somebody had done the Paul Revere act to town and when asked "what's the rush" yelled back as he broke for the timber that he "was goin' after logs to lay a foundation in the park."

Frontier custom was that whenever a man laid four logs in a square on an otherwise unclaimed piece of land, it was his; the act was accepted as his having built a house. The report spread and there was a general foray for logs. As those were the days of log construction, building logs were reasonably plentiful and soon the park frontage was about all taken up in twenty-five-foot building lots. That was as much as custom would allow and even at that, some were forced to go without. Among the "trailers" came Simon Basinski with four logs in tow. He had a man and a team and the team was "snaking" the logs,

Riverside Park as it looked when it was "No Man's Land"



Flood of March '81 at its height looking east on Main from Fifth. Charlie Brown's place is in left foreground. Cottage Saloon opposite.

but there was no place to put them. Simon was eager but law-abiding and the unwritten law declared that four logs laid in a square held the land. He was about to give up in despair when someone tipped him off to a locator who had only two logs "in position" and was off after the other two. Here was a plain case of lax performance which Simon felt sure the law would recognize and he lost no time in getting his four logs "in position" inside of the two that were already there. Wisely he did not move these as they represented personal property and he was afraid of inviting any complications that might involve the question of title to the realty, which was slender enough as it was.

Though firm in the belief that the unwritten law would sustain his claim, he carefully avoided raising collateral issues. Another feature of the case was that Simon was a noncombatant and he knew the man whose claim he had "jumped" was of that same school. He therefore had no anticipation of anything more serious than a heated altercation, followed possibly by a suit at law, so, with his logs in position, he determined to hold the fort.

Presently the original claimant came back with his other two logs and found Simon not only in possession but apparently of a mind to resist trespass. Asserting his claim as the original locator he was met by Simon's cool but firm insistence that "two logs counted nothing," thus for his side, closing the discussion. But he had never calculated on the other fellow making a gun-play. With anyone else he would certainly have taken this probability into consideration but not with this man. But this assumption proved to be a house built upon sand, for before Simon could expound the points of the law and the fatal laxity of placing only two logs in position, he was looking into the muzzle of a deadly weapon in the hand of a desperate man and without succeeding in joining issues on technical points he was forced to vacate the premises.

The man who had driven him off had never been known to appeal to force before and Simon—who was one of the most affable and genial members of the community—never could figure out whether it was because it was he, or whether the other chap would have pulled the gun on anyone. He had never gone to that extreme before or since, though still a resident here, and that is one reason why he isn't referred to by name.

But it was all a hoax after all. Vacation of the park was not contemplated and when the military heard of the "invasion"—as they did during the course of the afternoon—a squad was sent down from the fort and the invaders hustled off with scant ceremony.

THE PARK at that time was much larger than it shows for now. The deep curve that the Tongue River then took in front of the city resulted year after year in the scooping out of 10, 15 or 20 feet of bank each year, so that in the course of years the whole city frontage, including the park, lost by this erosion all of 200 feet and numerous fine old cottonwood trees. About 1897 the situation looked so serious that the city government caused the construction of three wing-dams for the purpose of turning the current away from the city front. This was the first public improvement of any consequence the city undertook, and considering the limited resources at that time it was quite an undertaking. It cost about $7,000, but it was worth the money.

The scheme was entirely successful in protecting the riverfront from further erosion. The remains of these piers can still be seen: one at the end of Main Street, one about midway on the park front, and the third farther upstream. The level of the park is about what the grade of the whole town was in the early days and it was not an uncommon sight during the spring break-ups to see the water and ice lift up and flow over the town when there was a gorge below.

Floods from the overflow of the Tongue River at the time of the spring break-ups were in the early days an annual apprehension, though not always an annual occurrence. An early thaw to the south of us would start the water in the upper reaches of the Tongue and its tributaries which, when it reached us, would lift and move the ice here. If the ice were heavy, it would gorge in some one of the bends of the river near town and the flood followed.

The first of record is the flood of '81, made memorable by the fact that then existing conditions made for a bigger excitement than was really warranted. No part of the town had been graded up from the original level and the water had a wider sweep; and there were no previous experiences to guide public opinion. Traditions there were, to be sure, but they were very alarming.

The scarred condition of the bark on the old cottonwood trees in the park was reported to be the result of erosion by cakes of floating ice and there were even those who held that the gnarled branches of these trees, thirty or forty feet up, were further evidence of what Tongue River ice could do "on a bet."

That winter ('80 and '81) was one of very heavy snowfall. It lay two feet deep on a level all over the country hereabouts but was partially "chinooked" early in February, and the river broke only to freeze again a few days after and make new ice, thick and solid. Then about the first of March, the flood water started from up the creek, reaching here about the third. A gorge formed in the bend just above the present location of the N. P. Railroad bridge and the water poured over the low banks and through the town. This is the flood depicted in one of Huffman's pictures, taken from the Diamond R corner and showing a whole river pouring along Main and Fifth Streets, with Charley Brown's place and the Cottage Saloon as a background.

Because of the dire anticipations based upon the evidence of the old cottonwoods, about 200 people, mostly women and children, vacated their homes in favor of tents pitched upon the inhospitable sides of Carbon Hill, where they lived a cheerless life for about a week while the town fairly rioted in the new sensations. It didn't take long to convince those who stayed on the job that the old cottonwoods were liars, and what with the novelty of going about in boats and a general suspension of business, the first flood was a water-carnival pure and simple, and few there were who did not join in the unusual festivities.

This custom was followed in all succeeding floods and the first indication of an overflow was the signal for all good men and true to don their old clothes and their hip-boots and to sally forth to the rescue of the distressed. Having since been present at a carnival in Venice, on which occasion the Kaiser was the guest of honor, I am qualified to state that the Venetian achievement, while possibly surpassing ours in the matter of outward display, fell far short of ours in whole-souled enthusiasm and personal initiative. There was nothing perfunctory about our observances of these occasions. Action ruled supreme and whoever had an idea, no matter how whimsical, found a following ready and willing to carry it into execution.

These outbursts were not all whimsies, either. Unprepared as we were by experience for the first flood, twenty-four hours had not elapsed before we had as numerous a navy as the conditions demanded, including one big flatboat that would carry a hundred passengers, which made frequent trips up and down Main Street under the pretense of rescuing some marooned castaway, but as these were always found in the vicinity of a House of Cheer, the presumption was admissable that rescue work was not the main reason for leaving a safe harbor and braving the terrors of the deep.

This first flood established the fact that the town was in no danger of serious results from these visitations and thereafter, when one came, it caused no apprehensions except in the very nervous or the newly-arrived. As a matter of fact, no flood ever cost a life or did any material damage here, though lives have been lost and serious damage done to stock at Glendive where they have the mighty Yellowstone to contend with. Since the straightening of the channel of Tongue River above and below town and opposite, there have been no more floods and for the past half dozen years the breaking up of the rivers has barely received mention in the daily papers, and yet it was an occasion that in expectations awakened the liveliest anticipations in the minds of the populace.

Tongue River has left its bed and left the bed in our keeping, but we are not taking very good care of it. We have allowed the weeds and brambles to grow up in it and mud to fill it up, but it is still possible to clean it out and let the water into it. and thus give our park a pretty waterfront for boating and bathing in summer and skating in winter.

THE CITY was legally incorporated by an election held in September, 1887. There had been spasmodic movements to that end from time to time ever since the vigilante days of '83 but the idea did not gain impetus sufficient for action until some four years later. Singularly enough, it was in the first year after the "hard winter" when the material fortunes of the town were at their lowest ebb that we decided to take on the costs and expenses of a municipality; but there were many good reasons for taking this step. We had been suffering heavily through lack of fire protection and we needed water for lawns and trees; we needed sidewalks which could not be secured—in many cases—except through authority, and we needed a system of street grades. No doubt an influential factor in the incorporation movement was the interest that stood ready to install an electric light and water plant if a franchise was obtainable, and so we went at it. The preliminary step was a census showing a population of more than 1,500. We showed a slight margin over that minimum by reason of having a very expert enumerator, who—it was charged by the opponents of the move—had spent some of his time in the cemeteries.

However, the county commissioners certified to the accuracy of the count and we became a "city" automatically under the law. Through it we gained our chiefest desire, as the electric light and water plant materialized and, though limited in capacity for a score of years, it was the germ from which our present admirable service grew. The water supply had the hardest job in keeping up with the demands of a constantly increasing population. First it was a well twenty feet deep and of about the same diameter, which, if left alone, could accumulate about ten or twelve feet of water. This well was sunk on the premises now occupied by the light plant. Later another well was added, located on the right-of-way where the old N. P. ice house stood. Then in response to increasing demand, a big well was dug where the Wilkinson lumber yard now is, the marked depression in the lay of the land there being the remaining evidence of this big work. This well was something like 80 x 200, and promised an ample supply, but this promise failed and it then became evident that we would have to go to the river for our water.

The first move in this direction was the laying of a sewer-pipe conduit from Tongue River to the big well, the pipe being laid with open joints so as to collect water from the ground along its route, as well as from the river. The course of this pipe line is still discernable across the stretch of the lowland in Riverside Park. But this failed, too, at times of low water, and an auxiliary pumping station was set up in the park, about where the Antlers Hotel now stands. This was only temporary, the decision having been reached to "go to the river" with the main plant, and this plan was carried into execution in the pumping station and settling well that stood for years at the end of the Keogh wagon bridge and which did duty until the new plant on the Yellowstone was installed.

The electric light plant had an equally rocky and much more costly road to travel in trying to keep pace with the public demands, but inasmuch as preeminent success has been attained in each case. those of us who suffered these trials and tribulations of the past can look back at them as things of only momentary annoyance. Nor do I think there remains now any remnant of the opposition that once existed to the municipal ownership of these plants.

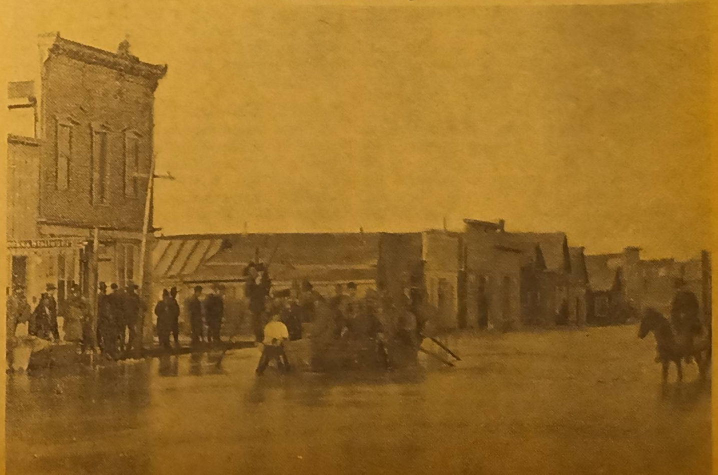
We started out, as I have related, under a franchise granted a private corporation for a long term of years at rates for fire-plugs and street lights that would have been an intolerable burden if we had continued under it and attempted anything like the street lighting and fire protection of the present day. But it so happened that the panic of '94 crippled the owners of the franchise so that they could not operate the plant and give the service required and so it went on the bargain counter and was taken over by the city for $17,000, and the drain on the city treasury for street lights and fireplugs ceased.

There was opposition to the purchase at the time and it never ceased to crop out whenever a breakdown or failure of service caused adverse criticism; and more than once it was in danger of slipping back into private ownership but the volume of public opinion was always in favor of keeping what we had. In the darkest days of its history here, municipal ownership was able to weather the storm. And there were dark hours—literally, for the light service—and many of them. The plant was barely "junk" when we bought it and all that was in sight did not appear to be worth anywhere near what the city paid for it. But the merit of the purchase was in getting released from the bondage of the franchise, and there were several thousand dollars of value in the water mains then laid which are still in service today.

It would be a great injustice to dismiss this topic without a reference to Berthold Ullmann, who was the original and persistent advocate of light and water service. He was an undeveloped genius in this branch of mechanics and eager and willing to work for almost nothing if he could induce some customer to install something out of the ordinary in the pump line. I recall one barber shop on Park Street that pumped its water with an Ericson condensing motor, which Ullmann had persuaded the proprietor (Chris Hehli) to install, and it worked all right, too.

Ullmann's constant advocacy of city light and water, together with the assurance of a franchise from the newly incorporated city. induced capital to take hold of the scheme and there was no happier man in town than Berthold Ullmann during the months the plant was being installed and no more excited or nervous than he, on the day of the test of the water system. The test required four streams, two hours. and the supply depended on the well first above described. To the great satisfaction of everybody, the well stood the test, but

The Life-Saving Service! Rescue party on the high seas in front of Savage's Store—Main and Sixth looking east.



Berthold told me afterwards, "There wasn't an inch to spare." Staunch old friend of Milestown that he was, he never dreamed that in time we would have the mighty Yellowstone River subject to our instant demand.

ONE INSTITUTION that is almost coeval with the birth of Milestown and which is still an indispensable adjunct of the social life of the community, is the Miles City Club. It was founded in the fall of 1883 by a small group of young businessmen who felt the need of a place of social resort not otherwise obtainable. It proved to be a wise and happy suggestion. The membership grew apace and a home was found for it in the Stebbins block (now the Commercial State Bank block), which was then approaching completion. A suite of rooms on the Main Street front was especially arranged for the uses of the club. Here it remained for a time but a rapidly increasing membership, principally of range stockmen making their headquarters in town, demanded more commodious quarters and a lease was taken of the entire second floor of the Leighton block, where it remained domiciled until moving to its present quarters in the Wibaux block about fourteen years ago.

Immediately after its organization, the club demonstrated its indispensibility to the town and its progress by affording a place of pleasant sojourn while in town to the very considerable number of cattlemen then utilizing our ranges, who coming here as strangers found a cordial welcome in the club and an easy way of getting acquainted with our businessmen. Naturally it took on the flavor of a stockmen's organization and its red-letter days were the three days in April of each year when the annual convention of the Montana Stockgrowers Association met here and discussed matters of business.

On these occasions the club set forth every day of the session a royal banquet of "roast pig" and appropriate "trimmings" that gave the town fame and prestige all over the country. I recall a personal incident illustrative of this fact. I was in New York City, a visitor in the office of a railroad official, accompanying a friend of mine who resided in New York. Merely as a matter of courtesy I was introduced to the official, as of Miles City. The name of the town evidently brought something to mind and he said, reflectively. "Miles City—let's see. That's the place where they have the roast pig, isn't it?" I said that it was, very much pleased to know that our fame and hospitality had traveled that far and had made such an impression.

One incident which occurred in the club while still domiciled in the Stebbins block, I am moved to relate because it is so typical of the men and customs of the times. Though verging slightly on what might be deemed personal and confidential, it is connected with a game of pin-pool played in the club rooms by "Joe" Leighton and Paul McCormick, expert players, each of them. and liable to meet in friendly rivalry whenever occasion served. During the progress of this game, it being Paul's shot. he surveyed the layout and announced that he would try for a "ramps."

"Hundred to one you don't make it," said Joe.

"Take it," said Paul.

Two hundred to two; three hundred to three; four hundred to four; five hundred to five, all offered in quick succession as Paul was setting himself for the shot, and as promptly taken. Then he shot.

It was a difficult stroke but there was an expert behind the cue and as the balls sped around on their mission everybody present was silent. Then as the white pins fell over, one by one under the impulse of the moving balls, leaving "the nigger" upright and alone, the pent-up breath of the bystanders was noisily exhaled, accompanied by such expressions as "By George, he made it"—or words to that effect—and for a moment Paul was the winner of the long end. But only for a moment. One ball was still moving and though traveling very slowly it was on the road and knew where it was going. It just had "legs" enough to reach the nigger and leaned against it just hard enough to knock it over. Then victory was reversed and Joe was winner but before the changed conditions had been realized by the onlookers, Joe Leighton's voice rang out in the declaration, "Paul, you don't owe me a damned cent."

It wasn't so much the reaction between losing $1,500 and winning $15, all in the shake of a lamb's tail, but the establishment of the accuracy of his judgment, that impelled his action. And Paul took his defeat as merrily as he would have accepted victory, for he had demonstrated that his cool judgment was all right but his stroke was a shade too hard.

It is no idle boast to say that the Miles City Club was largely instrumental in retaining the annual meetings of the association during the thirty-two years that Milestown held on to it, in spite of numerous vigorous assaults made upon us during the past ten or twelve years by other towns envious of our well-earned prestige. But with the range interest dwindled to a mere shadow of its old-time splendor, the stake was no longer worth fighting for and last year we pleasantly acquiesced in changing the place of meeting to Great Falls for 1918. content to rest upon our laurels which—as I have said—the Miles City Club aided largely in the gathering.

The convention is gone, but the club still flourishes and seems likely to live forever. Aside from its social features and the pleasures it affords its members. it fills a place that cannot be left unfilled in any community that is progressive, in that it affords suitable accommodations and surroundings for the proper reception of any visitor we may have whom we wish to compliment with a reception. During its life the Miles City Club has thus complimented many distinguished citizens of the nation and in this respect has always been a public institution.

NO STORY of the early days of Milestown would be complete without some mention of the Macqueen House. a hostelry enshrined in the fond recollections of all who shared its hospitalities, whether resident or transient. Its reputation was honestly earned and zealously maintained through a long term of years by Major Macqueen, a most affable and genial gentleman from St. Louis, whose southern lineage had bred in his very bones and marrow the conviction that it was a crime to permit any guest to depart feeling that he had been neglected.

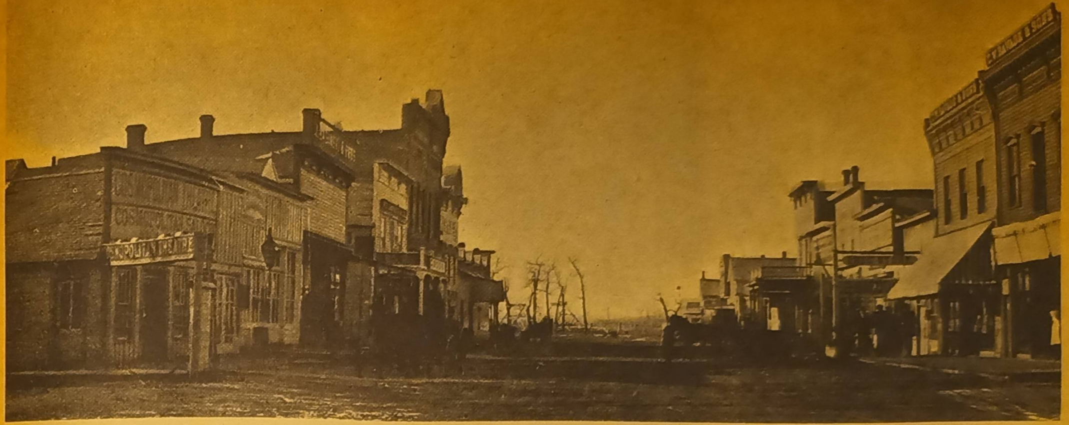
It can readily be understood that a hotel holding this as a cardinal principle would be appreciated, even in a locality where such treatment might reasonably be expected, but in a Wild-West town it amounted almost to a shock to those who had not been forewarned. Not that there was any display of elegance or deportment not in harmony with the general tone of the populace, but there was always and for all who tarried, all the creature comforts the stranger in a strange land yearns for, dispensed and furnished with that winning hospitality that made even the most wary feel at home at once.

The Macqueen House was built in '82 and was destroyed by fire in '97, its demolition awakening the sincere regret of all who had enjoyed its comforts and pleasures. Its location—now marked by the hole in the ground that was once its cellar—was probably suggested by its proximity to the N.P. station, a feature much appreciated by transients arriving in and departing from a strange town, especially a town of such strenuous activities as Milestown in the early '80s. It was only a step from the train to the hotel. The incoming guest was at once relieved of all anxiety as to what was going to happen to him and the departing guest could banish all fears of missing his train. The building was not notably attractive from an architectural standpoint, utility evidently being the aim of the designer, but it had a spacious frontage to the southeast which was adorned with a wide two-story porch that was not only dear to the southern guests of whom there were many, but was likewise highly appreciated by the townspeople who found its many allurements so hard to resist that a trip from town to the Macqueen generally was an undertaking of hours, though the business transacted required only minutes.

In the pleasant summer days the porch would be thronged with cattlemen discussing the many ramifications of their business, the less sedate members breaking away for cards or billiards, with the remittance boys always adding a jolly savor to the proceedings, whatever they might be. Nearly all the unmarried men in the business houses boarded there and at meal times there would be a gathering of this contingent that added to the general gayety of the premises. Dances and banquets innumerable were held in that spacious dining room, a special feature being made each year of the Stockmen's dance given during the session of the Stockgrowers' Association.

It was at one of these dances that a mysterious shooting occurred that defied solution. As the long queue of dancing couples were slowly, very slowly, making headway through the hotel lobby—then crowded almost to the limit—to where the refreshments were being served, a shot rang out and Captain "Jack" Webster of the 22nd Infantry then stationed at Fort Keogh was seen to fall. He was in the waiting line with his partner and in the center of the crowd. Immediately the whole assemblage was in dire confusion and it was some little time before the cause of the confusion became generally known. The shot took effect in the back, in the pelvic region and of necessity was delivered from behind, but no one could tell who was immediately behind the victim nor did he know himself.

The only "clue"—if such it could be considered—was an antiquated "six-gun" that was picked up near where the shooting had taken place, after the crowd had been dispersed by the authorities. It was declared by experts to be wholly unserviceable and showed no sign of having been recently discharged.



Where the fire started. Cosmopolitan Theater at left foreground. Main Street looking west from Sixth.

The wound was not fatal but it resulted in Captain Webster's being retired from active service because of disability. The general verdict was that the shot was accidental and that the person culpable took advantage of the confusion that prevailed to avoid the unpleasant results of his carelessness.

An interesting sequel to the story of the Macqueen House—interesting at least to old-timers—is that the faithful porter of the hotel through all its career of fifteen years, subsequently became the owner of the realty.

ANOTHER SPORT that was short-lived but that gripped us hard while it lasted, was tobogganing. We became infected from St. Paul, where they were having their first Ice Carnival and townsmen returning from there brought such vivid accounts of the sport that we caught on. The Whiteside boys, who were then conducting a lumber yard at the present stand of the Midland, built a "slide" at the corner of Main and Ninth, just alongside of where the Iris Theater now stands. The slide started with a tower about fifteen feet high and sloped north pretty rapidly, taking the ground about half-way to Pleasant Street, and the impetus thus gained carried the light toboggans well beyond Palmer Street. The Whitesides had some toboggans for hire, but quite a number of the young men owned their own toboggans and, in addition, donned a fantastic carnival suit made of gay-colored blankets. They provided a like equipment for their best girls, and there were the merriest kinds of times at the slide every night.

When the moon was not on duty, large bonfires lighted the runway and added to the gayety of the scene. It was an accepted rendezvous for the young people of the town. and as there were no saloons adjacent, the reserved and the sedate mixed with the giddy and hilarious and it was great sport for all. It only lasted that winter though. The tower and slide had to be removed in the spring and a movement to reconstruct it the next winter lacked financial backbone.

During the furor of the first season it was suggested by the *Yellowstone Journal*—merely as a joke—that a corporation be formed to operate a slide from Signal Butte to town, contemplating a continuous downgrade tour of some twelve of thirteen miles, the outward trip to the Butte to be made by "bobs" fitted up for "straw rides," thus affording pleasure for the slow trip to the starting point and exhilaration beyond compare for the homing trip. The plan was considered seriously by many; the only objection raised—singularly enough—was the danger incurred in crossing the N.P. track at such high speed as the returning tobogganers would be under at the end of a twelve-mile run downhill.

Finally someone, who knew the topography of the stretch between town and the Butte, made it plain that while the general dip was toward town, it was not as smooth as it looked, there being innumerable coulees and humps and washouts to be encountered. Then a very un-civil engineer made an estimate on the probable cost, which he set at $20,000. He further stated that the plan was impracticable and that the man who proposed it was either an idiot or a damphool, which was hard on the newspaper man, but he had his consolation in knowing that the un-civil engineer had swallowed the bait, hook and all, in thus treating the matter seriously.

If tobogganing were still in fashion, however, it wouldn't seem too preposterous. The cost of twenty average automobiles would cover it and those devoted to speed could get more of it slipping down the flank of old Signal Butte, than can be enjoyed now in town. But to ask a man in those days to dig up $1,000 or $1,500 for an appliance to take a swift ride in, was indeed out of the question. That, no doubt, is what caused the engineer to be so un-civil.

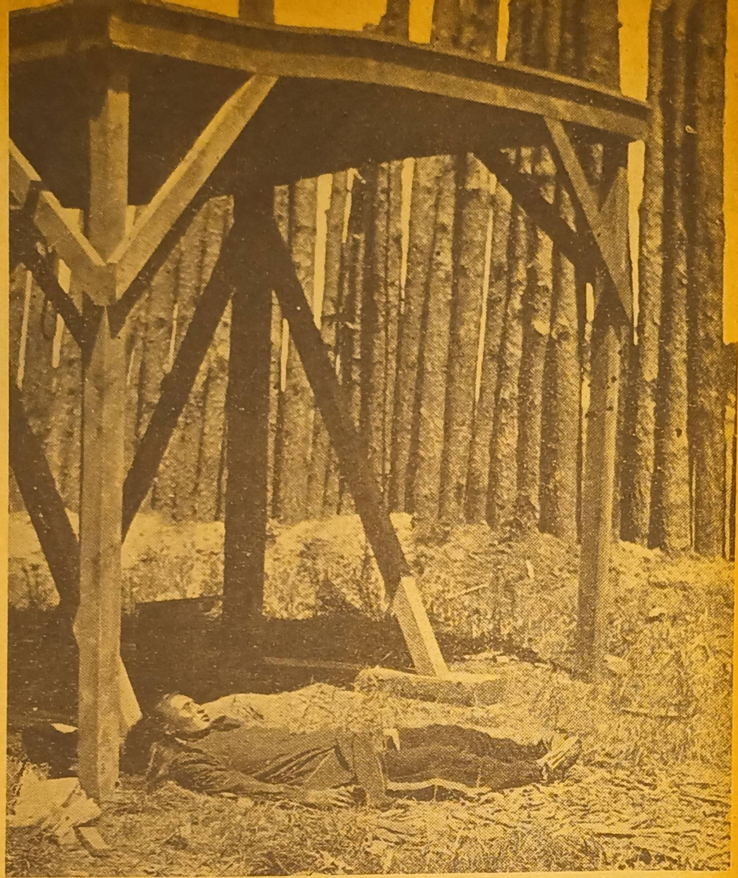
Foot-racing had its little chapter connected with those early days. We had a young fellow named Gott, doing a telegraph shift at the N.P. station, who was something of a sprinter. He was almost a "ten-second" man but never could quite make it. But he liked to sprint and soon had several likely youngsters innoculated so that they fitted themselves out with running shoes and other togs and quite often there would be a handicap race pulled off with a field of local sprinters placed according to their several abilities, with Gott as the 100-yard man. It was great sport.

Growing out of this, the idea took root in the brain of a Glendive horseman that Milestown might think well enough of Gott to back him in a race; and in the development of this idea, the Glendive man cast about him and found a real foot-racer who could make the mark but was so short on reputation that he could not use his own name. He was secured, however, and brought to Glendive in disguise and employed by the horseman in some menial capacity about the latter's stables.

Then talk was sifted around Milestown that Harry Helms had a stableboy that was quite a sprinter and it would be great sport to let him have a try out with Gott. Of course, Glendive had nothing against Milestown but there was the usual rivalry and this feeling fanned the flame until the Glendive people began to say what they thought Harry's man could do to Gott if placed on even terms, meaning a handicap, which—as expected — Milestown sports refused. Then Glendive grew vainglorious and threw back the taunt that Milestown had no sand, and that the Glendive man could run Gott off his feet.

A little of this stuff went a long way and resulted in a match being made for a small purse, to be run at Glendive. The purse was of no consideration and it was to go to the winner, anyway. The sports on both sides were figuring on the side bets. Those on the inside in Glendive had held a watch on the unknown and had seen him do all that was needed 'to bring home the bacon." In the light of later disclosures it appeared that some of the "game" of Milestown had contracted with the stableboy to make a great appearance of running but to let Gott win.

Whether Helms got wind of this or whether he just guessed it might be possible, was never made clear, but it was told afterwards that just before the race Harry took his boy into the seclusion of the barn, and there admonished him of the futility of double-dealing, adding by way of emphasis that he (Harry) would be on the sideline along toward the finish and that if he (the runner) didn't finish with a clean lead, he would put him out of the racing business for all time by shooting his speedy and valiant legs full of holes. And he displayed the gun he was going to do it with. The race was run according to this understanding and Milestown sports dropped about $1,500. Gott lost caste with his former admirers and a debit charge was made to experience.



A Crow Indian who decided that he could not endure the indignity of arrest by the white man lies dead by his own hand.

IT WAS the incoming of the railroad that called the turn on our primitive life and introduced the manners and customs of the older civilization into our little world, deflating or inflating the currency—we never could decide which. For while it gave to the "quarter" the power to buy two drinks where it only bought one before, there were those who denied this increased power and applied the cold logic that while we were getting more liquid for the money we were not getting any more whiskey—and in other ways disturbing the settled current of events. For one thing it brought in a new class of tough, the city roughneck and booze-fighters, whose kind we had not had because of the splendid isolation we had enjoyed. It was out of this contingent that grew our first and only lynching.

The railroad—the Northern Pacific—had been coming for several years and in the late fall of 1880 had gone into winter camp at Glendive and was expected at Milestown reasonably early the next fall. But September found the track only as far as Powder River and there was a hint of winter in a September snowstorm in that year, but it was only a bluff and 1881 proved to be one of the years that has given Montana such a reputation for Indian summers.

Settled crispy weather followed and extra exertions were made by the contractors to reach Fort Keogh with the track before winter set in. Naturally Milestown set out to celebrate the occasion with befitting ceremony. We knew they were laying about a mile of track a day and when they reached Dixon's Bluff, we had our reception committee organized and at work.

The reception was a failure. It was the only time, up to that date, that Milestown had failed to pull off a public function with due eclat. The committee had done its work well. There were washtubs full of sandwiches, kegs of beer on tap, pails of dill pickles and many other snicks and snacks that we supposed the track crew would relish and appreciate. Certain eminent citizens were even loaded with "remarks" on "the potentiality of this significant occasion," but they never got a chance to uncork. From the time the track-crew came in sight at the Main Street crossing—which was about noon—they did much better than a mile a day and were over the Tongue River bridge before dark of a November day.

They didn't pass us by wholly unnoticed; the men all got a bite and a sup, but the boss of the crew was crowding his men for a record; at least that was what he said, but the truth probably was that he didn't want them to get "jagged" on him and so our big occasion petered out and we had to turn to and eat our own sandwiches and drink our own beer, which wasn't as hard on the populace as the choking off of those torrents of eloquence was on the expectant speakers.

The one thing to be pleasantly remembered anent this occasion was the big black horse that drew the iron car. He knew his business as well as any of the humans he worked with and there were some skilled trackmen on that job. That was in November, 1881. The exact date is not important in this connection and is not remembered just now.

The ties and piling used in the construction of the road from Milestown west to Forsyth were furnished by the Diamond R under contract, in the performance of which a big logging and tie-making crew was sent into the woods up Tongue River and the logs and ties were "run" down that stream on "the June raise" and into a boom that was located just below where the Seventh Street bridge crosses the slough, the "drive" being diverted into the slough by piers and booms shutting off the timber from going out into the Yellowstone through the mouth of Tongue River.

Adjacent to the boom on the slough below Seventh Street, was a sawmill of considerable dimensions, where all of the lumber used in construction in town and much of that used at Keogh was sawed. The Northern Pacific built a spur from the main line down to this mill and the "fill" that was made for this spur, later became—in part—Leighton Boulevard, which was in those days pretty bad country.

On the whole, we welcomed the railroad even in the face of the fact that it had spurned our ceremonial expression of goodwill, for it brought us closer to the outside world and in many ways facilitated the transaction of business. But we were slow to appreciate the new class of citizens, the tramp, the hobo, and the city thug, that it brought to us; in fact, we never did appreciate them and eventually made a demonstration of our disapproval that served its purpose during the remainder of our infantile years.

True it is and never sought to be denied, that we were a tough town, but our toughness was largely exuberance of spirit, bred of freedom from the ordinary restraints and responsive to the call of the "wild." The voting majority were of one mind on the point that a too technical enforcement of the law was not desired, and so they elected officials who they knew would not be too officious. Not but that there was due protection for life and property but there seemed to be a tacit understanding to let smaller matters adjust themselves, and into a community permeated by this teaching and in this frame of mind, the injection of the lawless element the railroad brought to us, was distinctly disturbing.

Perhaps it was due to the fact that we were so "wide-open" that this undesirable element chose to congregate here. Be that as it may, it soon became apparent that the decent women of the community were not immune from insult by these newcomers, if opportunity favored, while holdups and "rollings" of drunken soldiers and others were of nightly occurrence. Our own people of all grades had always been scrupulously observant of the respect due the sex and it was a peculiarly offensive breach of this tenet that precipitated the sequence of events that mark the high tide of excitement in the life of Milestown.

ON SATURDAY morning, July 21, 1883, at an early breakfast hour, a tough named Rigney, accompanied by a boon companion, turned up in the residence part of the town after an all-night carouse, drunk and ugly. In this condition they forced themselves into a respectable home while the family were at breakfast. Ordered out, they refused to go and when forced out they gave vent to foul language and fouler allusions to the family on whose privacy they had intruded. A neighbor who was cognizant of the outrage the ruffians had perpetrated, ordered them to waste no time in getting out of that neighborhood, and receiving an insulting retort from Rigney, promptly dealt that worthy a blow that laid him out senseless. His companion thereupon took to his heels. In due time Rigney was taken in charge by the city marshal and deposited in the courthouse jail pending judicial proceedings, but the judge who sat on his case was not the duly constituted official.

During the day public opinion formed rapidly. The story of the morning was told and retold, the incident gaining importance from the fact that the young ladies of the family on whom the outrage had been committed were general favorites. As the day waned, indignation waxed and whispering knots of citizens here and there clearly intimated that something out of the usual course was impending. As it subsequently transpired, the law and order people adjudged the Rigney incident of the morning to be the last straw. Events had been tending toward a lawless state of affairs for some time and the old sentiment of letting such things cure themselves was giving way under the strain of the changed character of the disorder introduced by the criminal influx from the East.

Immunity from restraint operated to encourage this new element to greater license and the invasion of a private house and the offering of insult to the inmates, brought the better class face to face with the proposition that such offenses had to be checked promptly and effectually or life and property would be at the mercy of the mob.

That Saturday night at midnight Jailor "Jim" Conley was "stuck up" by a posse of men who were of few words but determined in action. The keys of the jail were secured, an entrance effected. and Rigney brought out. From that time forward a relation of events as concerned Rigney are merely inferential. No one concerned has ever told what happened, but Sunday morning's sun as it peeped over the pine hills that guard the eastern horizon of Milestown played upon the swollen face of a dead man. hanging by the neck from a railroad trestle about half a mile below town; the same that now has for a close neighbor the present county hospital. The dead man was Rigney. Judge Lynch had held his first session in this community with the usual result.

But this was not the only surprise that greeted the morning sun as he peeped over the hills on that Sunday morning. Just as the dawn was breaking, the Cosmopolitan Theater at the corner of Sixth and Main—where the Commercial State Bank is now located—was discovered to be on fire. The theater was then the eastern end of a row of pretentious frame buildings extending westward to the brick then occupied by the First National Bank. This row contained half a dozen or more stores, including the principal drug store in town, located on the site of the present Savage establishment.

The fire was without doubt of incendiary origin. Almost at the start it enveloped the whole building and shortly afterward a number of explosions spread the flames in every district and terrorized the few who were fighting the fire, but the case was a hopeless one and in a hour the whole row was in ashes up to the bank building, which stood the test. It was never definitely settled whether this fire had any connection with the Rigney hanging or was an independent piece of deviltry. It was thought by many that one of Rigney's pals, skulking about the jail that night, had witnessed his taking out by the Vigilantes and surmising the outcome had spread the news among the gang and that the fire followed as an act of reprisal and intimidation. But for the general public, the story of Rigney's fate did not gain general circulation until after the fire had burned itself out, and a fevered and angry community, made up of two hostile elements, found itself on the verge of serious trouble.

The law and order people generally accepted the fire as connected with the lynching and as meant for a warning of like things to follow, and this had the immediate effect of welding this element into a protective league, out of which came a committee of public safety, whose first act ordained the deporting of all suspicious characters. On that same Sunday afternoon a secret meeting of the committee was held and a patrol force organized, whose delicate duty it was to wait upon the leaders of the "undesirables" and give them a time limit of a few hours to get out.

Sunday evening fell, doleful and threatening. Aside from the cause of anxiety mentioned, a windstorm came up about sundown and threatened to scatter the live embers of the morning far and wide. This, in addition to the unusual occurrences of the past twenty-four hours, had wrought a high pitch of excitement in the community and the chances were against there being any Milestown in the morning. But though the furies were riding the gale waiting to be invoked, the night passed without an outbreak of either fire or temper, and Monday dawned, sunny and pleasant, with no outward intimation that an ultimatum had been announced and that the issue was to be met that day.

THE MAIN reliance of the toughs was on John Chinnick, who kept a joint next to the Jordan store where they hung out, and a feed trough for them at his ranch, out beyond where the ball park was. John ranked as a citizen. He was one of the earliest to come, one of the townsite company, and was to that extent, one of the founders of the town. The new gang took to him, however, and he to them and this association so lowered his standing in the community that he was one of the first to be told by "the committee" to leave. He was due to depart Monday evening. and just to show that he was a good fellow he spent Monday forenoon around town, going the round of the different resorts, discussing the situation with an entire absence of rancor, but at the same time with an air of bravado that clearly indicated that he did not intend to comply with the ultimatum.

In the forenoon he was in his shirtsleeves so that all might see that he was unarmed, and to this fact he more than once called attention during the forenoon as evidence that he was a peaceable citizen. At noon he went home to dinner. His home was on the western outskirts of the town in a belt of timber, wholly apart from other houses and quite capable of being made a fortified position, and it was to this ultimate condition that events pointed, as the gang had all congregated at the Chinnick ranch and report was that they were well supplied with arms and ammunition and intended to make a fight.

At that time I resided at the corner of Third and Pleasant Streets, distant about a quarter of a mile from the Chinnick home, which was clearly in view, that intervening space being open. Naturally I was interested in what might be going on in the camp of the enemy and during the noon hour of that fateful Monday I was watching the place through a field glass. As I looked, I observed a sudden commotion among the many who had been lounging about and shortly a messenger was seen to leave the ranch for town. On his return, which was speedy, he brought a doctor. After a stay of half an hour the doctor returned to town, the bearer of the startling news that John Chinnick had been accidentally but fatally shot.

He had intended coming uptown again in the afternoon, this time packing a gun. His wife endeavored to dissuade him from doing so and a scuffle for the possession of the weapon ensued, during which it was discharged, the bullet entering Chinnick's abdomen, inflicting a wound that proved fatal after a lapse of four weeks.

Just what would have happened in Milestown that night had the shot gone harmless, is hard to guess. Chinnick was a nervy and reckless man. He had a considerable following and had made up his mind that he would not be driven out of town like a yellow dog. On the other hand, the committee was composed of men of nerve and determination. A clash —even more, a battle—was imminent, and it certainly would have been fought but for the accidental shot that put Chinnick *hors du combat* and scattered his following. This rabble needed his nerve and reckless assurance to keep them in line and when his personality was removed they had no stomach for the fray.

They scattered in all directions under the friendly cover of that Monday night and the next day the current of our communal life resumed its accustomed peaceful flow. This event marked the crest of the wave of lawlessness that had been slowly gathering since the incoming of the railroad two years before, encouraged by the lax conditions under which we had existed in the earlier days. The lynching and the subsequent line up against the undesirables established the conviction that there was an authority that could and would punish drastically, and the community felt safer.

The identity of the men who hanged Rigney has never been revealed. For a while it was a subject of gossip—or conjecture rather—as no names were ever mentioned, but it was a general presumption that some of the men who were active in the committee of safety were members of that posse, but conjecture on that subject lapsed for lack of material. While there were those who would assert that they could name the man, or some of them, it never got beyond that interesting but unsatisfactory stage, and as the legal authorities never took any notice of the matter, it soon became a closed incident.

It goes without saying, however, that the summary disposal of Rigney met with the approval of all except the small percentage who were of his breed, and the act was regarded popularly as one that did not require or even admit of investigation. It is only fair to say that the edict of proscription that was issued against the undesirables did not name any of the old-time gambling element of the town, as there had been nothing in common with them and the hoodlum element. These old-time sports of ours were strictly of the frontier and there was a general feeling that in the games that were run a player had nothing worse to go against than hard luck or superior skill, and as the gams themselves were broke more than half the time, it didn't look as if they had any edge on the public. And this general reputation sustained by them saved them from being classed with the other lawless element when the cleanup came.

ALONG ABOUT 1910, when the rising tide of immigration was surely and rapidly submerging the early-day residents, the *Yellowstone Journal* printed a call for such action on the part of those concerned as would result in the formation of an Old-Timers' association, and to that end a roster was opened at the newspaper office and persons interested were requested to call and sign.

As a result the signatures given below were obtained. Eligibility for membership was fixed at residence here before the coming of the Northern Pacific Railroad, which was in November, 1881.

Some six score signers are on the list, which was the best that could be done twenty years after the event, and there were scores of others, veritable old-timers, too, who were barred by the eligibility date, which had for its chief significance that it marked the date when the discomforts and vicissitudes of transportation, overland or by river, was changed to "rolling in" in a padded car over a smooth track. That was a good-enough reason for the eligibles, but it is also the reason why the Association idea never was realized. There was an evident incongrulity in excluding men from membership who had lived through the exciting years that followed '81. The list follows:

1876, June—J. M. Sipes, W. J. Kirley, H. C. Thompson, Jas. Coleman, Mrs. Frank Casey, Chas. Austin, Paul Borchardt, Sam O'Connell. July—Chas. F. Kelly. August—W. F. Schmalsle, G. M. Miles, Henry Hogan.

1877, January—W. S. Snell. February—Ben Johnson. April—W. H. Bullard. May—Jas. McGraw. June—Frank Connolly, Mrs. Elizabeth Ware, Jas. Hogan, Jas. Kennedy. July—Isaac Crabtree, Job Crabtree, Jack Hawkins, John Darcey, Jas. McEvoy, Patrick McEvoy. August—M. Hurley, Mrs. M. Hurley, W. J. Dunnigan, Carlina J. Dunnigan, Mary Dunnigan, Natt Flynn, Peter Curry. September—Ed. Flynn, Wm. Strong, D. J. O'Malley. October—C. S. Young, Robert Johnson, Mrs. Wm. Dominy. November—Dan Levalley, Jas. M. Buckner, G. W. Dearing. December—O. O. Whalen, Jas. Haywood.

1878, May—Mrs. Wm. Bement, Mrs. K. H. Keenan, A. W. Keenan. June—Mrs. Laura Zook, Mrs. F. Brown, Mrs. George H. Ulmer, W. E. Savage, G. A. Brown. July—Gertrude Hollinshead. August—Bill Hawkins. October—T. E. Hammond. November—J. L. Buck.

1879, February—Frank Wilson. April—George Jausauer. June—John Bohling, Mrs. Jas. Coleman, John S. Truscott. September—John McDonald.

1880, February—Mrs. F. A. Stein. March—N. P. Sorenson, Mrs. Lucretia Sorenson. W. N. Haynes, Mrs. W. N. Haynes, P. Haynes, Ella Haynes, Chas. Haynes. April—T. J. Thompson. June—Jasper Straight, S. G. Hotchkiss, Mrs. Margaret Mackenzie, Mrs. Anna McLean, Mrs. Kate Perham, Mrs. Margaret O'Neill, A. G. Mackenzie, F. W. Mackenzie, Sarah E. Thompson, Mrs. Sarah McKay. July—Mrs. Sarah E. Maples, E. R. Maples. C. L. Riley, John M. Holt, B. K. Holt, H. Vander Goerck. August—S. Fred Cale. October—A. H. Swerdfiger. November—C. W. Wilson.

1881, February—S. Gordon, C. B. Towers, Frank G. Sorenson. April—J. D. Cameron. May—Mrs. W. E. Savage, Fred Orschel, Mrs. Ed. Flynn, John Leonard, Mrs. T. E. Hammond, R. Fritz, Boxchlan Fritz, Fred Fritz. June—Albert Kircher. July—E. Campbell. August—A. N. Hotchkiss. September—Wm. Gordon, Marion Gordon, Chas. Oxford, Abe Cahn, B. H. Edwards, W. S. Rolfe. October—H. W. McIntire, Mrs. Rozella Harrington, Mrs. Mildred Clayton.

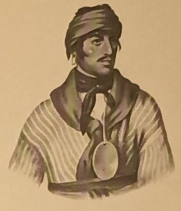
WRITING of only forty years ago, in this age of rapid development, is writing very close up to date insofar as history is concerned, but in the individual life it seems an almost immeasurable gap between then and now. Many who were then full of life and hope have gone "over the divide"; children have grown to be matured men and women and the shadows of age are fast gathering over those who were the active spirits of the Milestown of these "Recollections." But they have lived to see a Milestown far beyond their expectations.

Those who have lived here during that period have had to change their predictions on the future of the city more than once since the days when we won incorporation with a somewhat questionable population of 1,500. Though we forged ahead steadily, it was not until the coming of the Milwaukee road that we began to talk hopefully of a possible 5,000. With the influx occasioned by that event we passed the 5,000 mark without knowing it and have more than doubled that aggregate since then with every material prospect bright for the future. What we may achieve in the time to come is anybody's guess, but there is one thing that we old-timers know—and that is that we are no longer the happy-go-lucky, care-free "kamerads" of the early days, and one purpose of writing these "Recollections" was to portray that life before it had faded into the forgotten past.

The Macqueen House, a famous hostelry popular at home and abroad.

Biographical sketch prepared under auspices of Department of War at Washington in 1854

AMERICAN INDIAN GALLERY



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ONE OF THE most unhappy circumstances attending the late war between the United States and Great Britain, was its effect upon the Indian tribes residing within our limits. That all of these tribes have grievances to complain of, there can be no question; it would be impossible for two distinct races, differing so widely in character and in power, to inhabit the same country without frequent collisions in which the weaker would generally be the injured and oppressed party.

We have said elsewhere, and we take pride in repeating, that . . . . the intentions of our people, and the official action of our Government towards them, has been decidedly benevolent; but irritating causes have continually occurred to thwart the generous intentions entertained towards them. Dishonest agents have diverted the liberality of the Government from its intended direction, and the selfishness or violence of unprincipled individuals has kindled hatred, jealousy and bloodshed. Naturally prone to war, and habitually vindictive, the passions of the Indians are easily aroused, and those who have tampered with them, for sinister purposes, have ever been but too successful in the accomplishment of their detestable ends.

When the War of 1812 was about to break out, the British Government took advantage of the precarious relations existing between the American Government and the Indian tribes within its boundaries; and the agents of that power traversed the whole frontier upon the fatal errand of discord. The famous Tecumthe was the missionary sent to excite the Southern tribes, by inflammatory harangues and lavish promises of assistance. Bribes were scattered among their influential men, and their prophets were seduced to utter predictions such as were but too well calculated to mislead an ignorant people.

Inferior as the Indians were in numbers, and in all the elements of physical power—surrounded by the white population—and dependent as they were upon us for their very existence, we can hardly conceive a more cruel project, than that which would lead them into a hopeless and ruinous contest with the only power which could, at pleasure, protect or destroy them.

The Creek Indians, the most powerful of the Southern tribes, were on this occasion divided into two parties, one of which adhered to the United States and proposed to take no part in the expected war, while the other madly engaged in the conspiracy against their own best interests. The latter were called Redsticks, because, in preparing for hostilities, each individual armed himself with a warclub which was painted red.

The first demonstration of this spirit betrayed itself in a series of murders and other outrages which were committed upon the white settlements, attended by the most atrocious circumstances of savagery. The massacre at Fort Mims was the earliest act of open war. This was a frontier post in the Mississippi territory, containing about 150 men under the command of Major Beasley, besides a number of women and children who had fled to it for protection. Weatherford, a distinguished chief of the hostile Creeks, having procured a supply of ammunition from the Spaniards at Pensacola, and assembled a force of six or seven hundred warriors, surprised this place on the 30th of August, 1812, and slaughtered nearly 300 persons, including women and children, in cold blood and with every aggravation of deliberate cruelty. Only seventeen individuals escaped.

The news of this unprovoked outrage carried terror and indignation throughout the frontier, and in all the neighboring states the people flew to arms. In Tennessee, large bodies of gallant men volunteered their services, and Andrew Jackson, a citizen already distinguished for his abilities and patriotism in civil life, was placed at their head.

Among the Creek warriors who adhered to the United States in this war and rendered efficient services in the field, were Chinnaby, a principal chief of that people, and his son Selocta. The former occupied a fort on the Coosa River—a rude, primitive fortress of logs surrounded by a stockade, such as are commonly resorted to in our border wars. Upon General Jackson's first advance into the savage territory, he was met by Selocta, who sought his camp to fight under his banner, and to solicit aid for his father, whose decided measures had already excited the vengeance of the war faction, by whose forces his fort was surrounded and threatened. From this time until the close of the Indian war, Selocta continued with our army, an intelligent and sagacious guide during its marches, and a brave warrior and leader in battle.

It was during this war that the striking scene occurred between General Jackson and Weatherford, the leader in the atrocious butchery at Fort Mims. After several general engagements in which the Indians had been beaten and their forces cut up and dispersed, a number of the chiefs of the hostile party sought the presence of General Jackson, and offered submission upon his own terms. The victor treated them with clemency, admonishing them to a pacific course of conduct for the future, but demanded as a preliminary to any amicable intercourse, that Weatherford should be delivered up to him.

A few days afterward, an Indian presented himself at the camp, and desired to be conducted to the General to whom he announced himself as Weatherford. The American commander expressed his astonishment that one whose hands were stained with an inhuman murder of captives should dare to appear in his presence, knowing, as he must, that his arrest had been ordered.

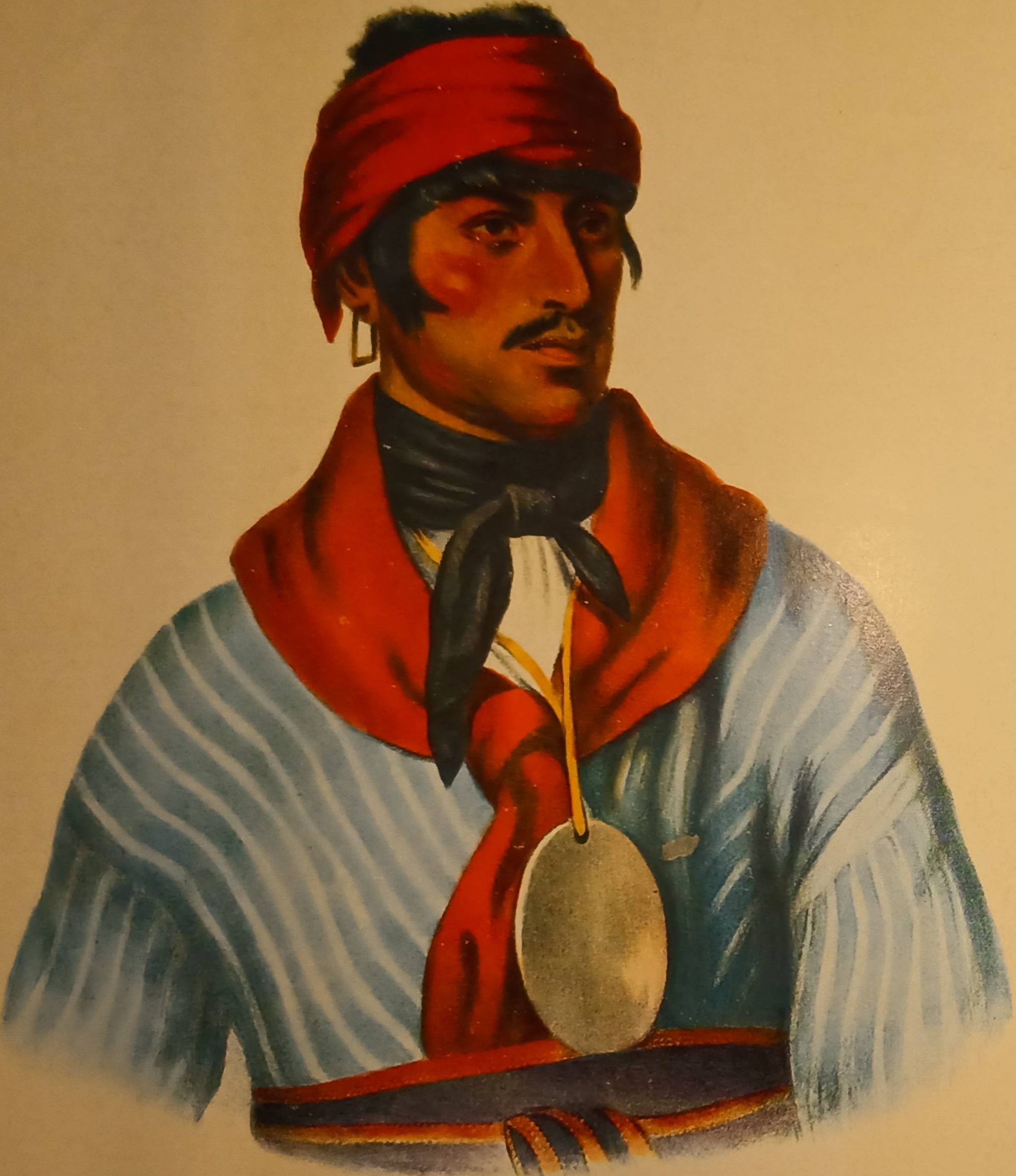
The undaunted chieftain replied, "I am in your power; do with me as you please. I am a warrior. I have done the white people all the harm I could; I have fought them and fought them bravely; if I had any warriors left, I would still fight to the last. But I have none; my people are all gone, and now I can only mourn over the misfortunes of my nation."

Struck with the magnanimity so nearly akin to his own high spirit, the General explained to his visitors the terms upon which his people might have peace, adding that he would take no advantage of his voluntary surrender, that Weatherford was at liberty to remain and be protected, or retire and reunite himself with the war party; but that, if taken, his life should pay the forfeit of his crimes.

The undismayed savage, maintaining the self-possession which distinguishes his race, replied, "I may well be addressed in such language now. There was a time when I could have answered you; I then had a choice, but now I have none. Even hope has ended. Once I could lead my warriors to battle, but I cannot call the dead to life. My warriors can no longer hear my voice; their bones are at Talladega, Talluschatchee, Emuckfaw, and Tohopeka. I have not surrendered myself without reflection. While there was a chance of success, I never left my post nor asked for peace. But my people are gone, and I now ask for peace for my nation and for myself.

"I look back with sorrow upon the miseries and misfortunes brought upon my country, and wish to avert still greater calamities. Our best warriors are slain, our cattle and grain are destroyed, our women and children are destitute of provisions. If I had been left to contend with the Georgia army, I would have raised my corn on one bank of the river and fought them on the other; but your people have destroyed my nation. You are a brave man; I rely on your generosity. You will exact no terms for a conquered people but such as they should accept; whatever they may be, it would be madness in us to oppose them. If any oppose

(Continued on page 69)



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A CREEK CHIEF.